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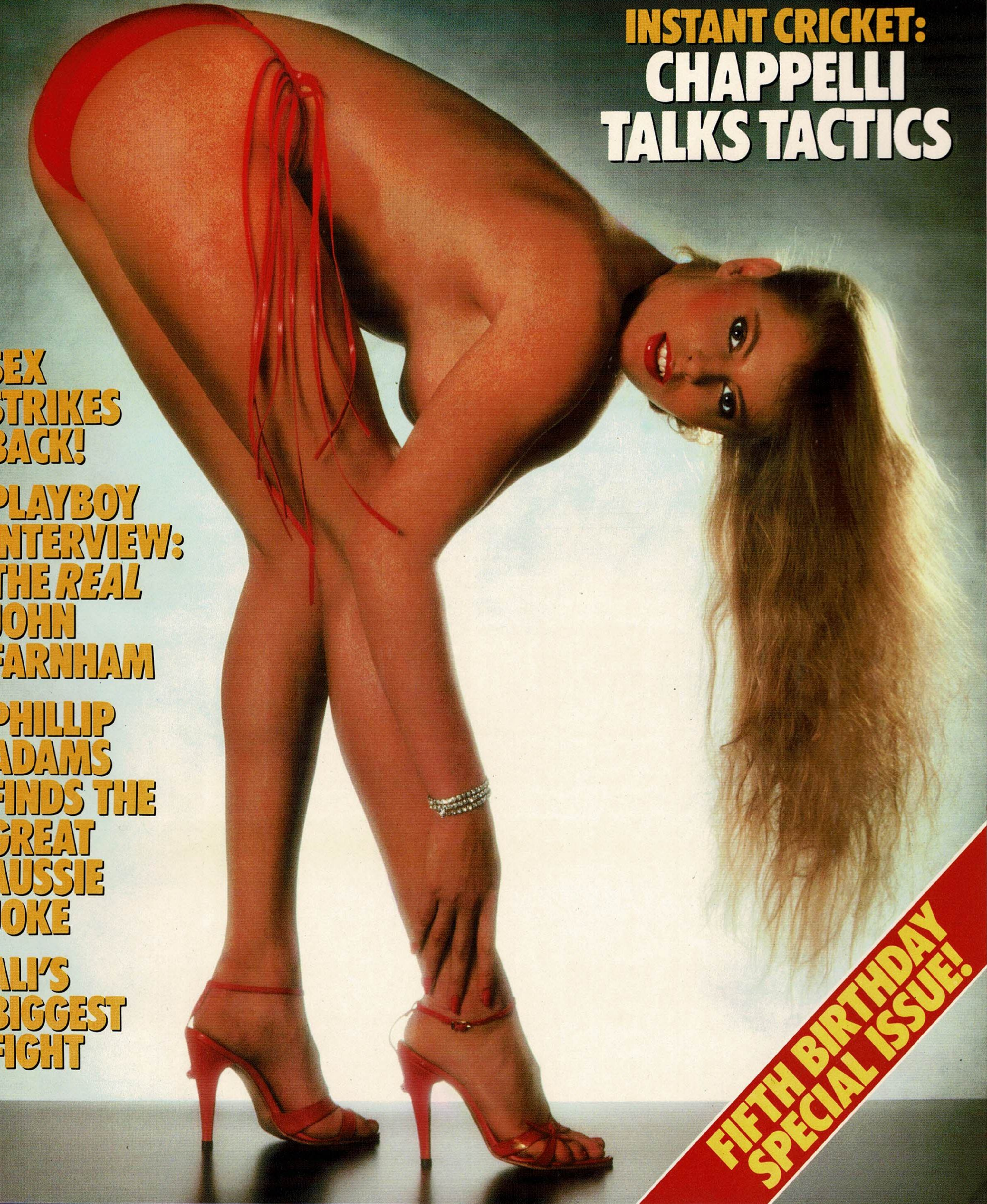
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



INSTANT CRICKET: CHAPPELLI TALKS TACTICS

SEX STRIKES BACK!

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: THE *REAL* JOHN FARNHAM

PHILLIP ADAMS FINDS THE GREAT AUSSIE JOKE

ALI'S BIGGEST FIGHT

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PLAYBILL

It's Australian PLAYBOY'S fifth birthday, reason enough to present a catalogue of some of the glorious girls who have made the past five years so memorable. It was back in February, 1979 that Aussie PLAYBOY hit the stands with Rosemary Paul as cover girl and the dazzling Karen Pini as our first Playmate. Since then, we've made it our business to present the best from home and abroad with a galaxy that's included Jane Priest, Rosemary Paul, Bo Derek, Marianne Gravatte, Barbara Carrera, Abigail, Kim Wran, Amanda Dole, Barbara Bach, Victoria Principal and Belinda Green.

Another starter in that first issue was former Aussie cricket captain **Ian Chappell.** In the five years since then, Chappelli has swapped bat and ball for microphone and typewriter to carve out a powerful career in sports journalism. As part of our birthday treat, we've invited Ian back to supply his thoughts on how to win at one-day cricket. With the Windies and Pakistan here this season, it's a timely insight on the latest trends in the limited-over game. The art came from **Neil Vavoi.**

In Australia he's viewed as a squeaky-clean, highly polished performer. In the US, he's known as "The Hurricane". Can we really be talking about the same man? Sure, it's John Farnham, the Little River Band's vocalist and subject of the Playboy Interview. In a frank conversation with **Peter Olszewski,** Farnham talks about his dual identity, glitter, groupies and the odd wild encounter he's had along the way.

Has what Muhammad Ali vowed would never happen actually come to pass? In retirement the champ is a virtual recluse, struggling to unscramble the memories while he spars at the shadows of former opponents. Specialist sports writer **Mark Kram** met Ali in an attempt to unravel the rumors. His article, Can Ali Come Out To Play?, is probably the most moving ever written on the man who called himself The Greatest.

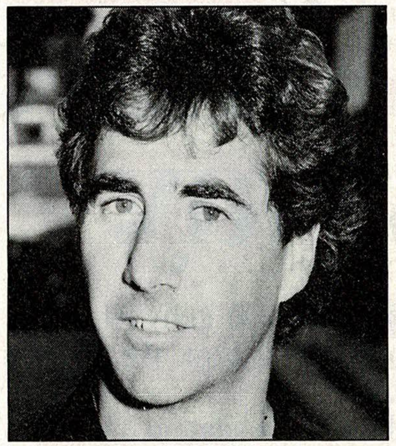
Another former champion on the run is the Australian Liberal Party. In Where's The Party? PLAYBOY'S **Russell Deiley** examines the Liberals' efforts to put the show back on the track and present a viable alternative to Labor's Hawke-led dominance. **Frants Kantor** supplied the artwork.

It is accepted form that a successful father would want to pass on his good fortune to his offspring. In Father's Parting Advice, we run the rule over the kids of famous dads to discover what pearls of wisdom pater might have passed on.

As well as our five-year review of the girls of PLAYBOY we've enough pictorials to make this the best-lookin' February of all. Our Playmate is precious Penny Baker, brilliantly captured by the photography of **Pompeo Posar.** Night Mover is a tribute to the energy and beauty of Sydney-sider Teresa Thompson, a girl who photographer **Brent Melton** discovered blossoms after dark.

In keeping with our celebratory mood we're breaking out the wine. **Ian MacTavish** put his typewriter and taste buds to the test to supply our annual white wine guide. Meanwhile, Brisbane correspondent **Frank Robson** went down to the coast to meet Vic Hislop, a guy with a fascinating and deadly obsession: sharks. If the cynics with their forecasts of doom, gloom and terrible retribution had just about scared you off sex, then **Phil Jarratt** is happy to report that the greatest diversion of them all is not about to lay down and die.

Sci-fi buffs get treated to a dash of **Ray Bradbury** as he introduces The Toynbee Convector, the key to a journey to the past. Along with quality fiction, we've got our regular reviews of booze, music, movies and books plus a health item on a doctor who believes it is healthy to smoke. Fashion editor **Vitek** aims 20 questions at design genius Pierre Cardin; **Phillip Adams,** with the help of Jack Thompson, has unearthed the greatest Aussie joke, illustrated by **Michael Lodge**. That all adds up to a pretty special February issue, which is another way to say we're celebrating. We're glad you've joined us.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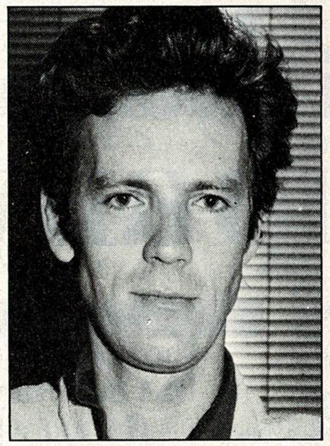
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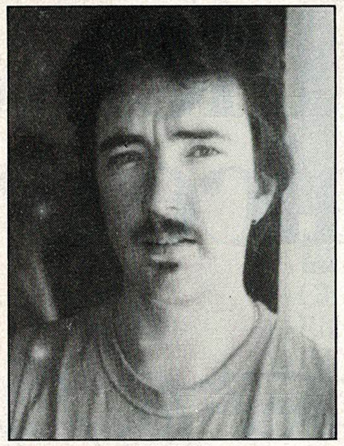
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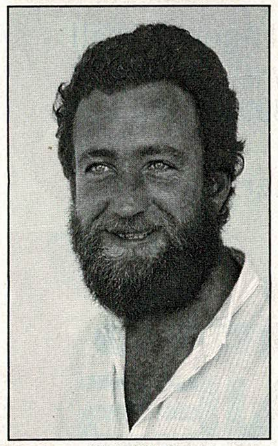
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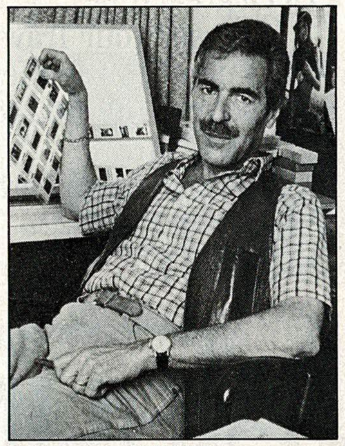
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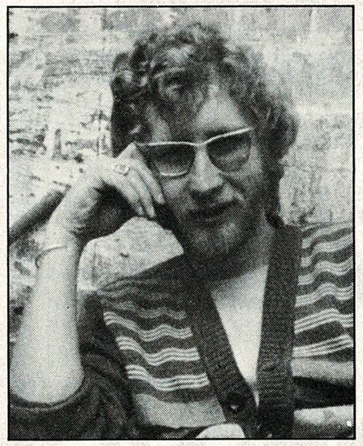
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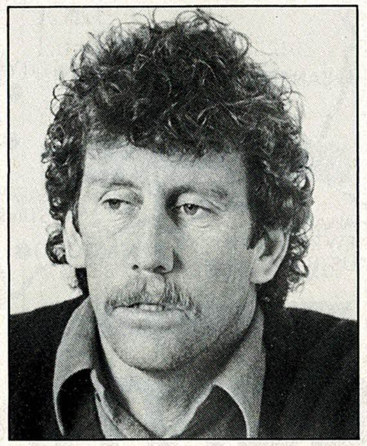
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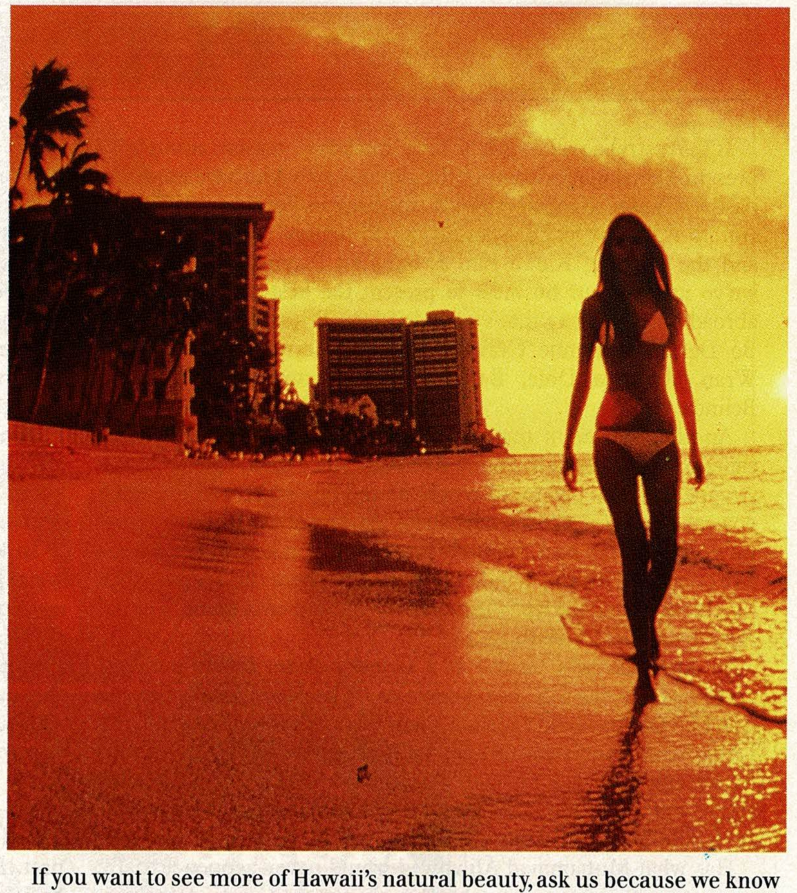

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CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 1984 • COVER: MICHELLE BLIECHER. PHOTO: RICO METTBACH

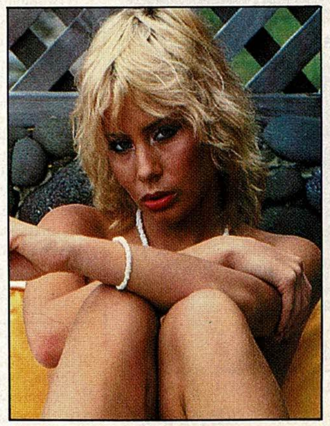
DEAR PLAYBOY 7
AFTER HOURS 9
MUSIC 12
BOOZE 14
MEN 16
MONEY 18
HEALTH 22
MOVIES 23
BOOKS 26

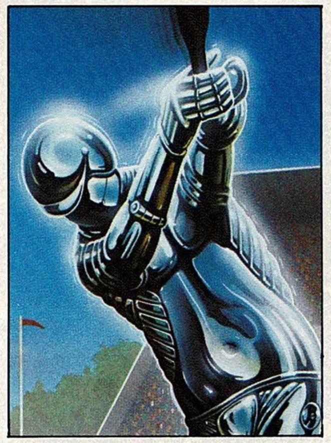
31
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
John Farnham — the singer's *tour de force* career and why they call him "Hurricane".

36
CAN ALI COME OUT TO PLAY?
Mark Kram profiles the champ in retirement, jabbing at shadows.

41
SEX STRIKES BACK
Despite what the wowsers say, the best fun of all still reigns supreme.

45
DELIGHTFUL DEBBIE
When the art student becomes the nude model, the result is perfection.





52
INSTANT CRICKET
Ian Chappell on winning the one-day war.

57
WHERE'S THE PARTY?
Have the Libs become political wallflowers? asks Russell Deiley.

59
PENNY'S FROM HEAVEN
Playmate of the Month Penny Baker, photographed by Pompeo Posar.

74
THE TOYNBEE CONVECTOR
Time-travelling with ace sci-fi writer Ray Bradbury.

79
FIVE MEMORABLE YEARS
A sexy, all-girl review to celebrate our fifth birthday.

87
FATHER'S PARTING ADVICE
Gems from famous dads, as told by their offspring.

92
HUNTER!
Frank Robson examines a man and his shark obsession.

96
20 QUESTIONS: PIERRE CARDIN
Here's a guy with designs on everything!

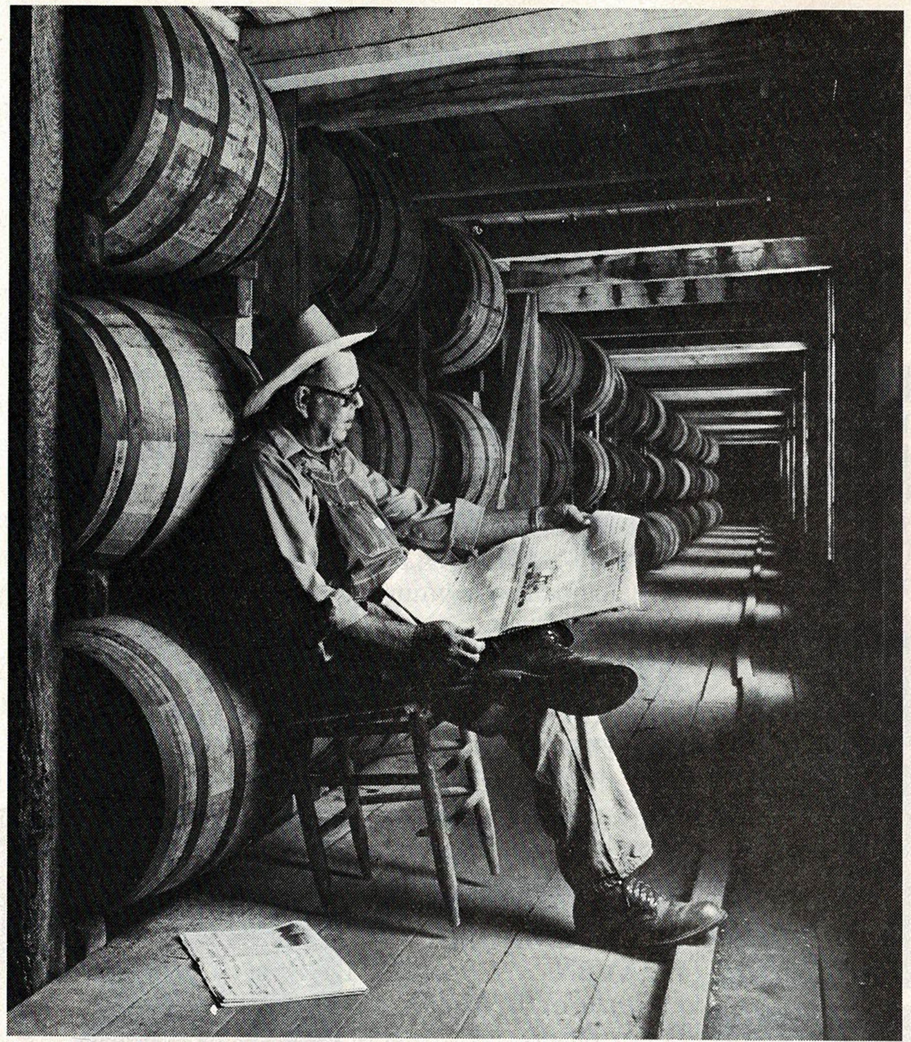
99
NIGHT MOVER
Sydney's Teresa Thompson bares it all — after dark.

106
CLANCY'S CAR
Rob Luck reports on DIY extravagance.

109
THE GREAT AUSSIE JOKE
Eureka! Phillip Adams unearths a ball-tearer yarn.

112
WHITE WINE
The Playboy Guide tells what's right about white.

132
SEX
Bettina Arndt takes us ringside for the great encounter.



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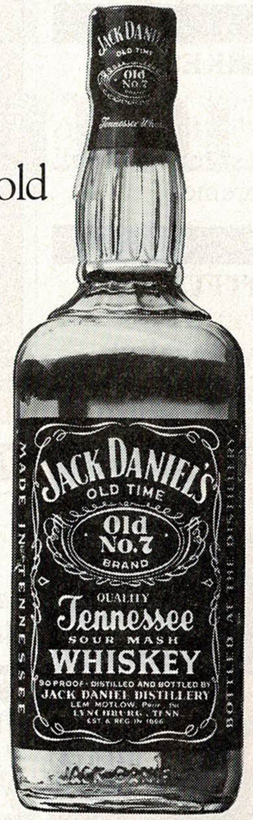

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DEAR PLAYBOY

PIN-UPS

I have to congratulate you on the appearance of Dorit Stevens in your November issue. She's a very raunchy looking lady with a great set of tits (they look like 38-inchers at the least). Only one complaint: because she is so famous as a poster pin-up, I think you should have featured her on the cover and on your newsagent posters.

The centrefold for that month, Lucy Gill, is absolutely delicious as well. I hope she decides to stay in Australia and continues to display her wondrous body on our beaches.

Alan Frazer,
Avalon, NSW

LUCY-OUS LUCY

There's only one word to describe Miss November — LUCY-OUS! More of Lucy Gill in upcoming issues please.

Ivan Slater,
Box Hill, Vic.

You say that "We Love Lucy" (Lucy Gill, November)! Well, I love her too. She's far and away the most sensational Playmate you've yet uncovered. I figure you sold twice as many copies as usual in Wollongong after I'd shown that issue of PLAYBOY around to all my mates at work.

Arthur Knox,
Wollongong, NSW

PICK-ME-UP

You've got to hand it to Steve Bunk. He sure knows how to laugh (just a shade nervously!) at his own insecurities (How To Pick Up Girls, November). What with Bettina Arndt telling us how to do it and Steve telling us how not to do it, I don't know which way to droop!

Brett Scott,
Launceston, Tas.

LA GAMES BOYCOTT?

Impressed as I was by Phil Jarratt's timely article on the environmental problems of holding the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles (Australian PLAYBOY, November), I feel that he failed to address himself to the main problem. At the Moscow Olympics, the US moved heaven and earth to organise a boycott on the political grounds of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and, as one of the all-time medal winners themselves, they were half-way successful.

What happens now if the other significant medal winner (USSR) calls for a similar boycott of the LA Olympics on the grounds of Reagan's blatant interference in Nicaragua, where he is hell-bent on overturning the Sandinista government and replacing it with the heirs to the bloody Somoza oligarchy which the US kept in power for so many years?

After all, Russia can call on the whole of the Eastern bloc, too — and make them come to heel in a way the US can never hope to.

Barry Grant,
Wangaratta, Vic.

FAIRYTALE PRINCESS

I hope that you will be able to comply with my request to see more (both literally and figuratively) of the lovely Sonia Viviani who appeared in your Princess Caroline look-alike spread in December.

What a fabulous Christmas present! I've always been a fan of the real Princess so to see the nude pictorial of Sonia was a real fantasy come true for me. She sure is almost identical to Princess Caroline.

Great idea, PLAYBOY. Any more such pictorials in the pipeline? Is there a Farrah Fawcett double who would take her clothes off?

Reg Lawrence,
Toowoomba, Qld.

Here she is, Reg: lovely Sonia. . . or, hey, is it. . .? — Ed.

OINK, OINK

To a member of the Kiwi colony at Bondi, your interview with our dearly beloved Prime Minister (November issue) made absorbing reading (and was a vast improvement on Chris Pritchard's last effort, Hawke Eyed!)

Even though I disagree with Robert Muldoon's politics, he comes across as much more of a human being than frozen-faced Malcolm Fraser, his Aussie counterpart for all those years.

Buy why, oh why, point out in the introduction that he's not called Piggy any more on his home turf now he's made his mark — and then splash across your front cover, Exclusive Interview: NZ Prime Minister Piggy Muldoon? Have a bit of respect for a leader of a small nation who's proved his worth among Commonwealth leaders without resorting to Fraser's publicity-seeking tactics.

Campbell Brown,
North Bondi, NSW

BODIES BARESQUE

Bodies Beautiful? Huh! Here's one gal who finds those greasy-skinned, muscle-bound males with their swollen pectorals in your feature (November) about as sexy as a prize heifer.

I know your magazine is principally directed at men, but unless you're catering to the gay scene, I think you'd be better advised publishing pictures of real honest-to-god fellas for the girls who like to have a good read.

Or perhaps you should take a leaf out of Bettina Arndt's book and do an office survey of penis size. Then you might feel secure enough to portray men as they really are and be proud of it!

Tracey Wells,
Rockhampton, Qld.

PRO-ASIO

In regard to your article (October) on the operational value of ASIO, I think that people reading this adverse propaganda should think twice.

The writer of the article obviously has no idea just how hard it is to keep an organisation of this kind off the media chopping block.

Would the Australian people prefer that we have no knowledge of internal activities which may be detrimental to the security of this nation? What ASIO needs is governmental backing, but political intrigue as it is, politicians think that a stand for ASIO is an invitation to have their phones bugged.

Let's have some positive support for a very hard and difficult job.

Name and address
withheld.

"I'm for Peter Jackson."
Peter
Jackson
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KING SIZE
25
FILTER
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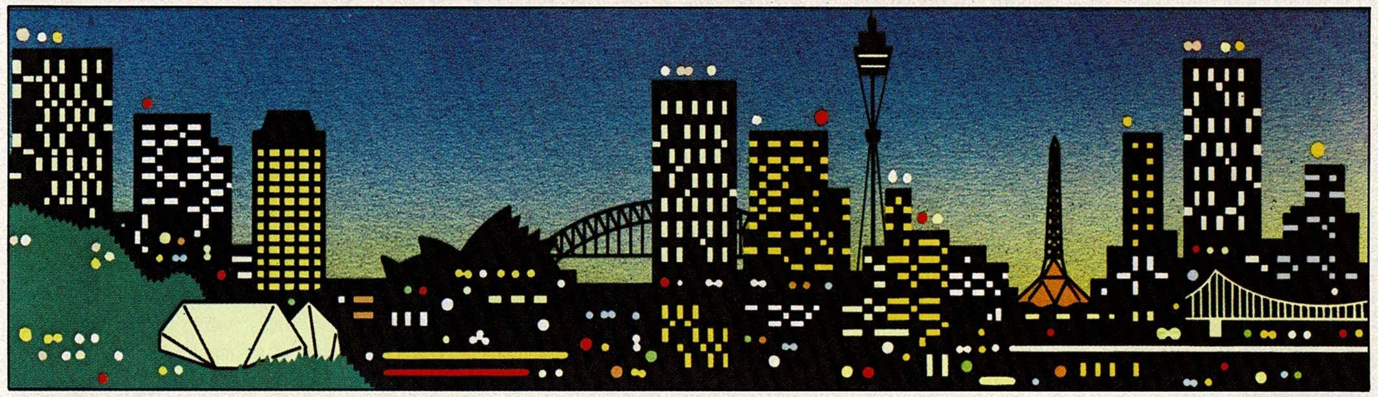
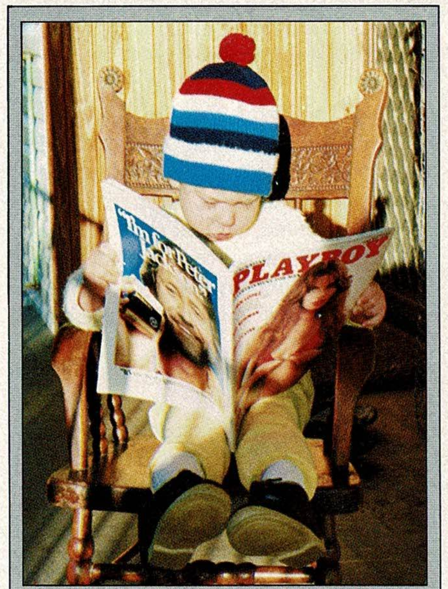
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS





"So that's the difference between boys and girls — girls always get to play with no clothes on." At least it saves mum and dad one of those embarrassing conversations later on.

At 20 months, Gregory Neded is on the right track. It was Gregory's aunt, Katie Royds of Brisbane, who snapped this candid shot of one of our younger readers. Seems he picked up his dad's Australian PLAYBOY and couldn't put it down.

You're not alone Gregory, thousands of other red-blooded Aussie males have the same problem. Remember to send us your off-beat pix and earn yourself an Australian PLAYBOY subscription.

HOTLINE

This one belongs in the Laughter Is The Next Best Medicine Department. The telephone number of the VD hotline for San Francisco gays is 495-OGOD.

BUT ARE THEY REAL?

Remember the days when your parents warned you would go blind if you didn't stop playing with yourself? Blind people in America have solved that problem too.

There is now an edition of PLAYBOY in Braille. No kidding. Customers are eagerly awaiting the first Dolly Parton centrefold.

BURNT OFFERINGS

Sick of predictable eating places? Looking for something really different? Then you'll love the latest brainwave of the Brisbane City Council: a cemetery and crematorium complex with built-in restaurant.

Now being developed in the outer suburb of Parkinson, the eat-in graveyard is described in council documents as, "a cemetery, crematorium, caretaker's flat, mortuary, public dining place and shop."

Ald Brian Walsh (ALP Carina) was effusive in his praise of the project at a council meeting: "I only see some of my relatives at funerals and because of the Irish in us, we're keen on wakes. This gives me an opportunity to meet my relatives, have a barbecue and do my shopping afterwards."

POETIC JUSTICE

A couple we know has just returned from a grand tour of Europe, the highlight of which was a trip to Florence, Italy. It wasn't the art that will engrave the visit on their minds forever though it *was* a form of artistry.

While strolling through one of the lovely piazzas, he was strafed by a passing pigeon. She thought it was all terribly funny as he wiped off the offending poo. A few minutes later they continued their stroll and she was saturation-bombed by a passing stork. As you will know, a stork is nowhere near as compact nor as neat as a pigeon. She had to go to a public lavatory and wash her hair while he returned to the hotel to bring a change of clothes.

He's still laughing. She isn't.

ONE LUMP OR TWO?

What strange minds some PLAYBOY readers have.

Globetrotting C.J. Macmillan of Meadowbank, NSW, was convinced he was in for an unforgettable afternoon when he entered a building in Lemgo, West Germany.

The sign promised him a Muckefuck. Like all sensation-hungry Aussies travelling

It was love-all when Playmate Of The Year Amanda Dole met the French Davis Cup squad during a champagne cruise of Sydney Harbor organised by Patrick Benhamou of the French Tourist Bureau. Photographer Brendan Beirne was on hand to snap Henri Leconte, Benhamou, Amanda, Gilles Moretton and the unmistakeable Yannick Noah. So that was the secret Aussie strategy to take the steam out of the French squad!

overseas, he expected all-nude mud-wrestling, at least. To his acute disappointment what he got was a cup of coffee. And not very good coffee at that. C.J. tells us Muckefuck is an ersatz coffee made from turnips or beets which was widely used during World War Two.

Now, if he'd been in Hamburg. . .

HOT FEET

Love it or loathe it, running is the sport of the '80s. Unfortunately some people don't know when to stop and we've just heard of one couple with a truly dire attack of the runs.

Having agreed to jog through the marathon of life together they planned a sweaty little ceremony that went like this:

The bride wore lace-trimmed running gear and jogged into church to the tune of *Chariots Of Fire*. The groom was waiting at the altar wearing an orange tracksuit. They exchanged vows, then jogged fived kilometres to the reception.

They gorged on a wedding cake topped with figures depicted in various running poses. The cake was loaded with carbohydrates, of course, to supply instant energy for the real exercise coming up. Not the honeymoon, stupid — the marathon run the following day.

We can only presume the wedding night was measured by a series of personal bests.

CHECKING IN

What does a former world champion surfer do once the halcyon days of competition are over? ***Nat Young*** *does plenty — runs two surf shops in Sydney, designs surf boards and snow-skis, makes movies (an example is his documentary* Fall Line, *featuring surfing, skiing and hang-gliding), surfs and skis with the energy of a true fanatic, and occasionally writes a book.*

A book? Sure. Nat's latest effort is A History Of Surfing, *an in-depth look at surfing's roots and the developments that have turned the sport of Polynesian kings into a high-tech professional occupation. For someone who says, "I'm not some smooth writer," Nat puts together an interesting peek into surfing's past, brimming with the obvious affection the man holds for his favorite pastime. What's it like for a former world surfing champion to write a book? Read on:*

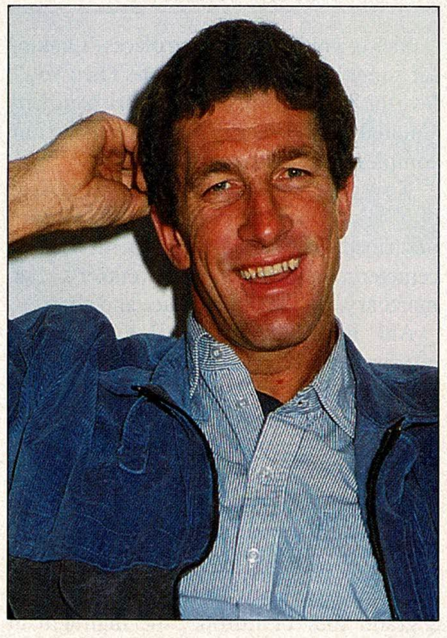
PLAYBOY: You've written two books before this one, right?

YOUNG: Oh yeah, but I wasn't really as involved in them as this one. The first one (*Nat Young's Book Of Surfing*) came out of a program I put up to Sydney's Warringah Shire Council on teaching kids to surf. I put six months into the program before realising there was a book in it. The second one (*East Coast Surf Guide*) wasn't actually my idea. Someone said it'd be a good idea if I put together a guide to good surf spots around the coast. I think the only thing wrong with that book was it used to fall apart in your hands. It's being reprinted and they reckon it'll stay together this time.

PLAYBOY: Did you get any help in doing *A History Of Surfing?*

YOUNG: I got together a really good team on this one. John Witzig — he's a close friend of mine, I think I went up the coast with him on my very first trip when I was about 13, and he's been in surfing magazines for a long time. It was important for someone I had a lot of respect for to play a hand in the History. And I had Craig McGregor's professional experience — advice on what to include, how not to go off on tangents — because he's really good at his craft.

There's been a lot of research in this. You know in surfing, like in anything else, nothing's really original. All people do is battle away with all that collective energy trying to do the same thing — ride waves better. All at once, several individuals will arrive at the same point independently. The concept is to . . . increase the fun!



PLAYBOY: That's what it's all about. . . fun?

YOUNG: Well, yeah, but nowadays surfing has two sides. Y'know, professional surfing can detract from it. If the kids start to think that competition is everything, they'll lose the essence of surfing — which is *fun*. To be a dedicated surfer is to make a commitment to something different, and that's why people with a more conventional attitude find it very hard to understand. In surfing, practically your whole life is dictated by the natural environment. You're creating a different society which has one eye on the weather map and on what's going on outside; that's such a different level of thinking.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of levels, there's almost a whole chapter in the History about surfing and drugs.

YOUNG: Well, drugs were new in the '60s. Some of them had been around for a long time, but the mind-expanding drugs like marijuana and LSD were just arriving in the early '70s. And, to steal a line from the book — "back-to-nature surf stars" — we were all trying for mental and physical perfection. Everyone was going country, cold showers, yoga. Personally, I was just trying to improve my surfing.

I suppose we were really emulating our heroes. You'd read about someone like Timothy Leary going surfing and you'd go, huh, Leary surfs? This guy I've been reading about in *Rolling Stone* magazine *surfs?* You'd relate to that and go: "Hey This is a direction for me." We were all just part of a generation.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the effect of surfing on the average person?

YOUNG: It's hard to say. Personally I think surfing is underrated as a cultural involvement. That's why it's never been played up for its spiritual advantages. The very essence of going surfing, on a certain level, can be a religious experience.

PLAYBOY: That might not be something the average person can relate to.

YOUNG: No, sure, but surfing can be anything you want it to be. In a sense, anything — tennis, skiing, whatever — can be almost religious, but they're all contrived situations. Surfing is not contrived, you just get out there and *do it*. It's just a straight involvement with nature — you haven't had to rent a court off someone. People derive benefit from that alone, from just having gone and done it.

PLAYBOY: You've personally played an important role in surfing's history. Was it hard to get that into perspective?

YOUNG: Yeah, it was, only because everyone's got an ego. I really tried to play it back a bit. Friends and family were a big help with this, I could bounce things off my close friends and get support and advice.

A lot of the book is really my viewpoint. In that respect, maybe the thing should have been called "Nat Young's History Of Surfing". But I've tried very hard to be fair about everything and everyone's contributions. That's probably why I underplayed my own contribution — because I really didn't do much compared to the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the concept together?

YOUNG: Well, I'd been thinking about doing a movie, so I did a huge amount of research, talking to a lot of people, collecting old film. I had all that, trying to get it all into order, and I realised it was a much bigger project than I'd thought — like instead of $100,000, it was a million. I tried to raise the money, but, well, my agents were coming back and saying: "Look it's a very ambitious project, maybe you should do a book first." That was when the penny dropped; I'd honestly never thought of it.

PLAYBOY: What about the production?

YOUNG: One thing about the book is that finally I've got control over it all the way down the line, right through publishing. Witzig and I aren't cutting any corners on this one.

— NICK CARROLL

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MUSIC

Step forward for a gong if, out of the confusion of 1983, you've learned anything at all about modern music's direction.

It was a year of gross contradiction, innovation, nostalgia, nationalism and nonsense. Some call it rock'n'roll and maybe the term *still* applies. The year might best be remembered from this end as the season of the **national flex.** Two years down the track from the release date of *Business As Usual,* Men At Work had their aggressive Aussie stance picked as a winner by the mighty US market. The band's local detractors were nonplussed but it all seemed to make sense in the wake of nationalistic euphoria generated by the America's Cup victory. Meanwhile, the fans of more critically-acclaimed Aussie acts were left plucking at their Chesty Bonds in disbelief. Not least among them were the Midnight Oil loyalists who by year's end had the satisfaction of seeing the *10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1* album in the charts for a solid 52 weeks: a significant lesson in the merits of low-key marketing.

The Comedy Commando, Austen Tayshus, got it all into perspective with his super-punny 30cm single *Australiana,* leaving us all wondering wattle he do for an encore. Also in '83, Dragon revived, Cold Chisel demised, Men At Work dumped *Cargo* on us and Redgum (like the Franklin Dam debate) came and went with the Vietnam War soliloquy, I Was Only 19.

Recording execs still hark back to '78 (*Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*) as the last great year of the movie soundtrack. But '83 scored well for **film scores**. The sleeper was Robbie Robertson's *King Of Comedy* with the critical winner being Mark Knopfler's *Music From Local Hero.* No disputing the mass appeal prize — it went to *Flashdance.*

> *it was a queer year*
> *for modern music,*
> *but that's rock'n'roll*

The popular press, perhaps worried that The Police's bottle-blond appeal was rotting at the roots, latched on to Culture Club. They need not have worried because Sting and company (due here this month) came out with *Synchronicity*, their best album to date. To prove that even the dumbest ideas can make a buck, Boy George and his(?) Culture Clubmates went for an anaemic extension of what Marvin Gaye and proponents of the Philly sound did brilliantly 15 years ago.

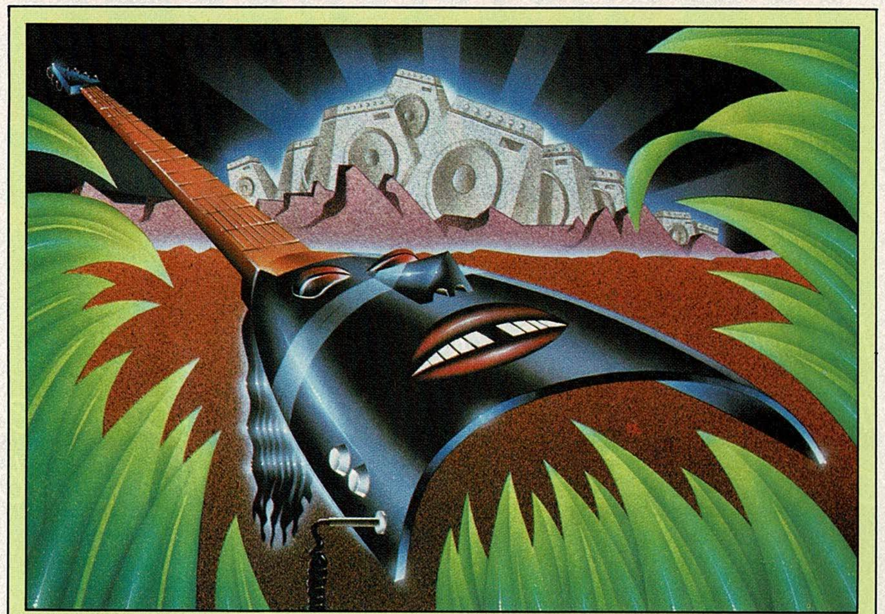
Blurred sexuality got a fair run in '83 with Brit-synth band the Eurythmics mysteriously pumping the confusion with their *Sweet Dreams* supported by a compelling video clip. As far as image was concerned, it was the **year of the video** with film-makers emerging as the new technocrats of rock.

For all-round performance, the greatest kudos goes to **David Bowie.** It was his year from the time he revived his act with the *Let's Dance* album to his last outstanding live performance back in November. He featured in the Japanese POW movie *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* and came to Australia to make the Let's Dance and China Girl videos.

New bands abounded but **older hands,** including Dire Straits, Robert Plant, Elton John, Billy Joel, Jackson Browne and Mike Oldfield, cast the odd imposing shadow.

Rockabilly revived via Neil Young (looking like the Stray Cats' dad), and, of course, Dave Edmunds. Everybody discovered they really liked Michael Jackson, after all, and Malcolm McLaren proved original thought has nothing to do with making money from music. All in all, it was quite a year.

— NEIL JAMESON



MUSIC FROM THE DARK CONTINENT: Once it extended to little more than the ominous drumming that told the Phantom Diana was in trouble. Recently, a few more scraps of the real thing have drifted into our grasp suggesting that Africa could become as big an influence on Western music as South America and the Caribbean. In a rather indirect way, Africa has already had a profound effect on popular music via the transport of slaves to the Americas.

Lately, performers and producers have been going back to Africa for inspiration while the continent has produced its share of home-grown artists. Like Western music, the African product runs from traditional to jazz and pop.

Among the latest Anglo-African connections are Juluka, a multi-racial South African act doing much to lighten the apartheid load in their role as SA's most popular group.

In the pure **African pop** vein, Fela Anikulapo Kuti might be described as Nigeria's Bob Marley. His work abounds with raves against white imperialism and social statements. He's backed by Africa 70, one of the hottest rhythm sections anywhere.

Rocafil Jazz, led by Prince Nico Mbarga, are the foremost proponents of **high life.** It is exuberant percussion prodded along by horns and guitars. The effect is one of dance-celebration. Ask at your import shop for the *Sweet Mother* album (available in the US on the Rounder label) and get dancin'. Perhaps you've already been turned on to high life by *Sound d'Afrique* (Mango) or *Sound d'Afrique II.*

Malcolm McLaren knows how to plunder the best from sources other than his own, and among the Buffalo Girls, deejays and Double Dutch off his *Duck Rock*, was a good dose of real African music. We hope the royalty cheques found their way to the right sources. Mick Fleetwood was a little more fastidious when he went to Africa to make *The Visitor* (Warners) on site with the aid of hot local musicians and singers.

Somewhere between the real African product and the transitory efforts of Western performers, there are a few great introductions to music of the dark continent.

— PETER ASHELL

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BOOZE

Of the handful of liqueurs acknowledged throughout the world as "greats", two were invented by monks — Benedictine and Chartreuse. Going without one of the major pleasures in life was obviously a great spur to come up with good substitutes to occupy the mind and hands.

To most of the planet — except such well-known sophisticates as the Siberians, Outer Mongolians and the majority of Greenlanders — Benedictine is one of the mostly widely consumed of liqueurs bar none. Amber in color and with an indescribably refined flavor, the contents of those long-necked, dark green bottles that flare out at the base of a red seal atop the initials DOM, account for over 30 percent of French exports.

The formula for Benedictine liqueur originated in 1500 as the result of patient experimentation by Dom Bernardo Vincelli, an enthusiastic botanist at the Benedictine abbey at Fecamp in Normandy. It incorporates 27 different herbs and spices including hyssop, balm, coriander, saffron, thyme, artemisia and angelica. And despite the fact that it had begun life as a restorative and "cure" for malaria, it was entirely a matter of good taste that prompted that famous appreciator of the good things in life, Francois I, to make a special trip to the abbey in 1534.

During the French Revolution, the abbey was destroyed and the monks were forced to flee, but not before entrusting the recipe for the liqueur to the *procureur general*. Seventy years later, one of his descendants, Alexandre le Grand, a wine merchant, found the recipe and, after patient research, succeeded in reproducing the old elixir.

Monsieur le Grand, a great believer in the new-fangled concept of advertising, then went on to build a huge business and equally huge distillery and museum on the site of the old abbey. To this day, the le Grand family still supervises the making-up of five different mixtures that mark the beginning of the liqueur's manufacture, the distilling, the blending of the fine brandies and the final maturing in oak casks.

The Benedictine people may feature DOM (which means Deo Optimo Maximo — to God, Most Good, Most Great) prominently on the label, but an interesting twist to the legend began as a suggestion from a different sort of spirit. During the early part of the century, Benedictine became extremely popular in the US and people began mixing it with brandy to make a sweeter, more palatable drink. So, in 1938, after numerous requests, the Benedictine company developed the ready mixed product of Benedictine and the finest Cognac, known as B and B.

Benedictine has long passed into temporal hands, but even today Chartreuse is still made under the auspices of its religious originators.

two enduring legacies of old monastic habits

The original formula was given to the Carthusian monks nearly 400 years ago by one Francois Annibal d'Estrees. A boon companion of the womanising French king, Henry IV, he knew a lot about sensual pleasures. There are two schools of thought as to why the monks did not produce the liqueur immediately. The first is that 50 pages of almost illegible handwriting made for involved deciphering rather than reading. The second is that the formula was so complicated that it took the monks many years of experimentation to come up with a drinkable product. But whichever is the real reason, it is Brother Jerome Maubec who is most often given the credit for finally working things out. One story rather colorfully tells of his dictating the precious formula on his death bed.

As with any ancient formula, the original has been added to and improved upon over the years. The first brew was the fabled Elixir Vegetal. A blend of about 130 rare and aromatic herbs combined with a base of fine brandy, it was the prototype that first earned Chartreuse the title of *sante* or health liqueur. Credited with being efficacious during a local cholera epidemic, at between 132 and 140 per cent American proof, it is more likely it worked by producing a blessed numbness and euphoria rather than actually curing anything.

The Green Chartreuse we know today was a later development and thankfully rather lower in proof, although at 100 per cent American proof, it is still one of the world's most potent liqueurs. Yellow Chartreuse is lower in proof again, more mellow in taste and was first produced in 1838.

Obviously such estimable drinks were never destined to remain a local health remedy. They were "discovered" by military officers who stayed at the abbey in the mid 19th century and wider popularity soon followed. Chartreuse became a favorite drink at the French court of Napoleon III while the cosmopolitan diplomat, Prince Metternich, gave it the requisite "trendiness" in Austria.

There have been many attempts to copy the two types of Chartreuse, but no one has yet produced an adequate challenger to the originals with their 130 or so different herb, fruit and flower flavorings. The green version is the most complicated of the two as it contains more herbs than the yellow variety. Today both versions are produced at Voiron, near Grenoble, after a landslide destroyed the original distillery at Fourvoirie.

There is still an engaging element of monastic secrecy in the production of Chartreuse, in that only three of the brothers actually know the formula, and only monks can actually enter the "hall of herbs" or pick the herbs on the monastery lands. However, since the mid '60s, visitors have been allowed to view certain production techniques.

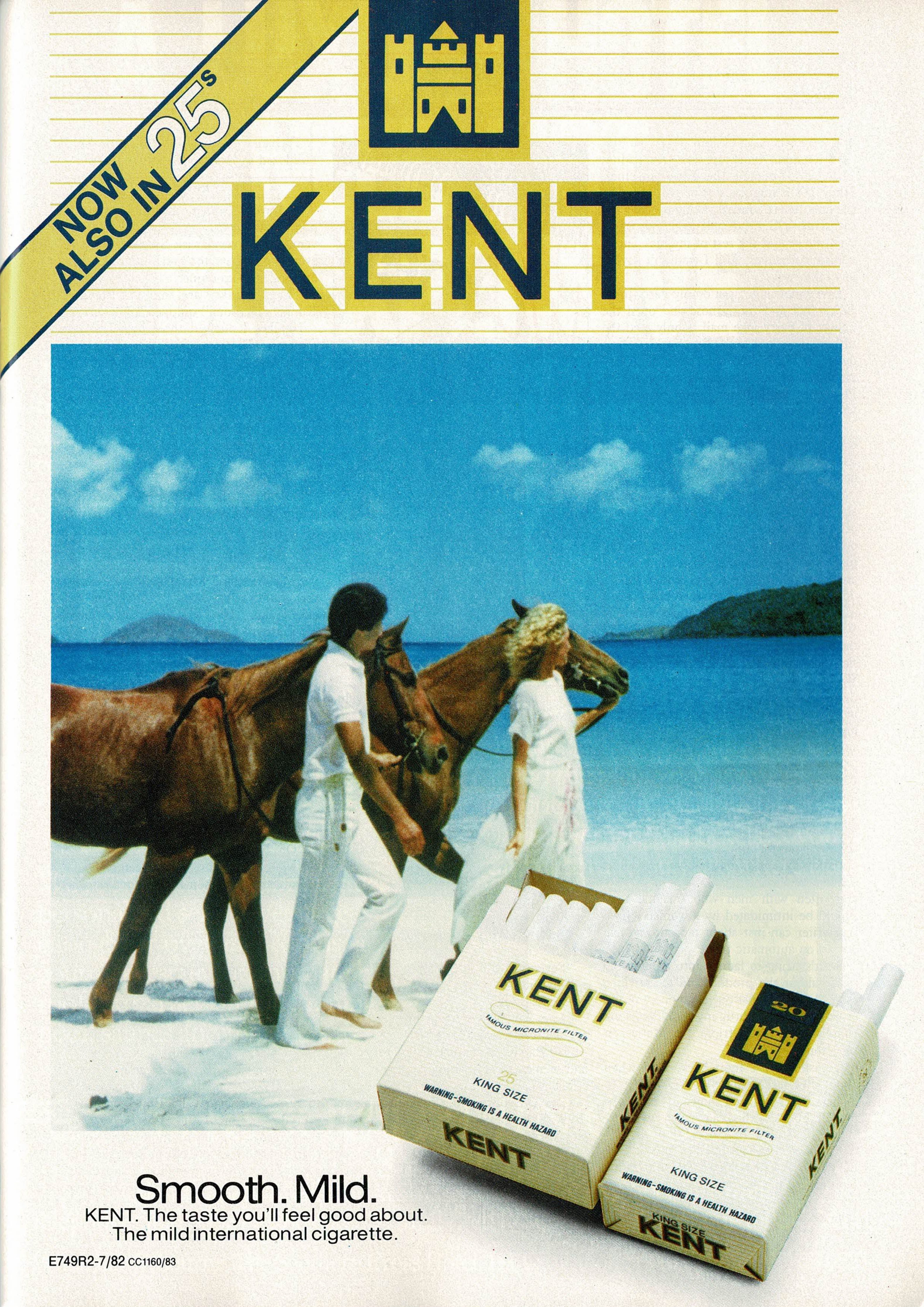
Richly mellow and intense in flavor, Benedictine and Chartreuse radiate feelings of luxury and high living. The French still believe in their therapeutic value as *digestifs* — strong spirits supposed to settle the stomach and aid digestion.

A Francophobe would say that this unshakeable conviction from a country that leads the world in liqueur exports should be viewed with a less than favorable eye. And while you may agree with Ivor Novello that there is something Vichy about the French, it is still a great excuse for having a drink after dinner, as if any were needed.

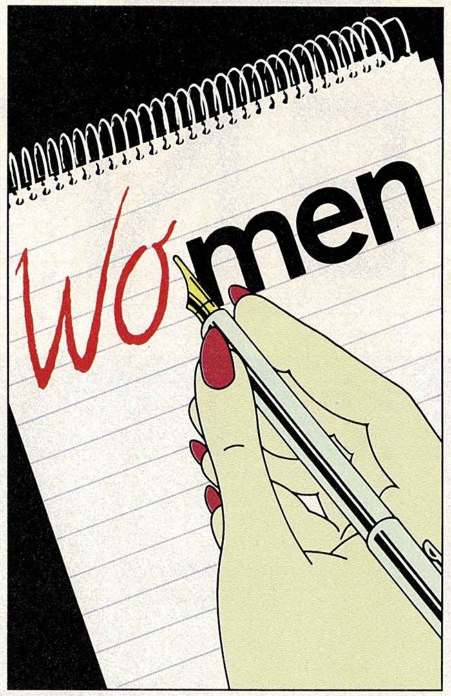
Monk's Pleasure: Place a half measure of peach brandy, Benedictine and curacao in a cocktail shaker or glass jar. Add one measure each of orange juice and cream, a dash of amaretto and ice. Shake vigorously and pour into a highball glass. Add more ice-cubes to chill further.

Green Seducer: Place 3-4 ice-cubes in a highball glass. Pour in one measure of Benedictine and half a measure of lime juice. Add a strip of cucumber peel and top up with champagne. Stir with the cucumber peel to blend.

— ELISABETH KING



MEN



enter the girl from playboy and the quips come fast

Write a column on how men react to a woman working for Australian PLAYBOY," boomed the editor-in-chief. Hmn. It's a singular sort of problem. I'm the only female journalist employed by the magazine: a fact that is largely ignored by Neil, Steve and the rest of my male inter-cubicle colleagues. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

Every morning, I put on my Party Jokes Editor hat and funny nose and open the deluge of party joke mail. I only read the filthiest ones out loud. I've learnt to lean over the light-box and peer at transparencies of our amazingly proportioned Playmates without too many twinges of feminine envy.

I have a lot of fun, I get around, I join the rest of the team for an almost-daily fettucine fix at the local Italian and I meet lots of people.

And that, I guess, is where the problems start. Once outside the Australian PLAYBOY office cocoon, I'm a more vulnerable oddity. I feel fine about working for the magazine but some men I encounter often are sceptical, if not scornful, about what I do. Am I easy? Do I approve of so called sexploitation? Am I preoccupied with sex? Worse still, do I know more than they do? If they get me into bed, will I start quoting slabs of the PLAYBOY Sex Survey at them? Would I discuss their performance with all those dirty old men at the office next morning? How the hell can I spend most of my life surrounded by tits and pubes anyway?

How can I take my work seriously? C'mon, Kurosawa, justify your existence, for Chrissake.

Most of these questions come from males who aren't familiar with our magazine's content but have nonetheless slotted us into the pornographic pigeonhole. So I'm dealing, usually, with preconceived notions and often with men who imagine they should be intimidated by a woman whose typewriter can just about tap out *multiple orgasm* on automatic pilot.

So it's tiring to launch into a defensive tirade about the product and to convince them that sex is just one component of the overall scheme. I shrug my shoulders, look vampish and order triple Tia Marias on *their* round.

Occasionally, I fight back. And when you're five feet nothing with a pair of 38-inchers that have been known to get caught in belt buckles, this can be an awesome sight.

I'm no sex symbol but I'm also no bra-burning, lawn-mowing, apple pip-eating feminist. I'm an open-minded female getting on with her job. Justification time again?

Oh well, it does make for some amusing confrontations in even the most unlikely places. Read on:

RABINDRA

I was at a cocktail party in New Delhi. Now, all editions of the magazine are banned in India so the males there do have a rather distorted concept of what it's all about.

The word had spread around the room that a lady from PLAYBOY would be attending. The guests waited and whispered. I arrived. Six inches too short and 10 years too late, maybe, but a small circle of portly men soon formed.

"And what exactly are you performing there?" quizzed Rabindra.

"Well. . ."

"She was Miss April, 1962," quipped friend Pamela.

"Seventy two!" I retorted.

The Indians pressed closer. It was too late to backpedal.

"I am having every copy of PLAYBOY in my house. I was stationed in New York," smiled Rabindra. By now he was very close and seemed to be wearing a curry-scented aftershave.

I started sucking the ice cubes in my drink. Even Pamela had the good grace to look perplexed.

"And," he continued, "I am remembering you very well. There was a horse, too. Yes, definitely a horse." I could practically count the hairs in his nostrils.

"You never told me about the horse," frowned Pamela.

Turbans flew in all directions as I bulldozed my way to the buffet table.

BOYS IN THE BATH

A travel seminar. Delegates were a mixture of agency and media folk. The venue was a very swish Sydney hotel and everyone had had too much to drink at the opening slap-up dinner.

"The drinks are on in Playgirl Kurosawa's room," quipped some clown.

Ho, ho. I allowed three men into my room for a Heineken apiece. One fell asleep in the bath, one on the bed and a third, so help me, on the toilet.

At 3am, the night manager and house detective established that the drunken trio were best left where they were and moved me to a nearby room. At 9am, another delegate noticed all three chaps stumbling out of what he presumed was still my room.

Gossip crackled around the conference room like the proverbial bushfire. It was useless to try and talk my way out of it.

THE SCOUTMASTER

"My mum and her ginger pussy are in this month's PLAYBOY," announced my elder son. He was referring (fairly innocently, I think) to a Playbill photo that included my cat.

The scoutmaster seemed to be having trouble straightening his woggle as we fled from the hall.

THE MINISTER

"I've heard you're a magazine journalist," he chirped on parents-meet-Sunday School-teachers-day. "*New Idea, Women's Weekly. . .* ?"

"Um, no, it's a. . . special interest publication."

"Oh, like gardening, perhaps?"

"More like fertilising, actually," I mumbled as the choir broke into a rousing hymn.

●

Maybe all this sounds like a cop-out. I get sick, I suppose, of trying to explain that I'm not a nymphomaniac, and I can be infuriatingly flippant. But *I* don't confront bricklayers in the pub or lifesavers at the beach and demand to know why they're into cement or seagulls.

I'm a female who thinks PLAYBOY is a pretty special sort of publication. I have children and cats. I sunbake topless and make a mean carrot cake. I'm an ordinary, everyday person. I subscribe to *National Geographic.* I've heard more dirty jokes than just about anyone else in Australia. I'm a girl, I suppose, in 15 million. I've said my piece. If you ever fall over me in a bar, give me a break. Please. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

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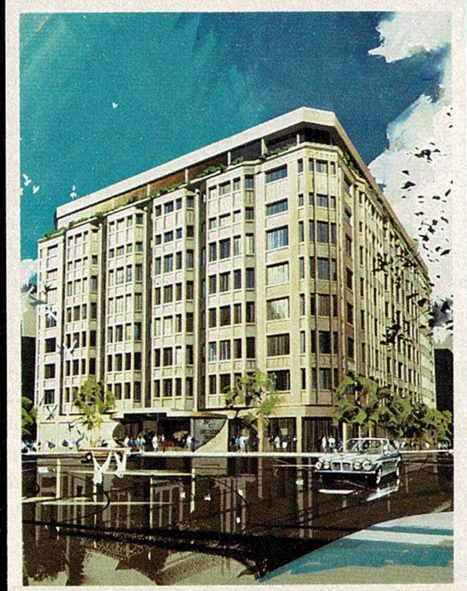

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MONEY

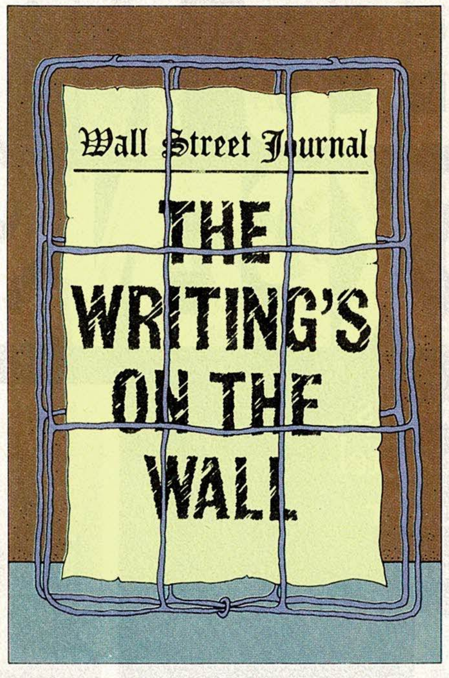
One thing has always puzzled me about psychics, seers, astrologers and others who claim the ability to predict the future. Why don't they predict anything really worthwhile? If I could tell the future, I'd concentrate my efforts on predicting horse race winners and high-flying shares. A few sure things and goodbye work forever. But not our astrologers. Instead they make general predictions like "a leading politician will lose power in 1984" or "new weapons will be invented". And sometimes they even get those wrong.

Of course, there are handicappers out there trying to pick winning horses. Some do quite well, but their success rate is nowhere near perfect. There are also investment advisers and analysts trying to predict which shares will rise in price, what gold and real estate will do and where interest rates are going. On the whole, their record is worse than racecourse handicappers', but few would ever admit it. Few ever have to. The public has a short memory. All analysts need do is remind clients of their successful predictions and conveniently ignore or explain away their mistakes. In the public interest, I have resurrected predictions made by several analysts over the past few years so that we can examine for ourselves just how accurate they are.

Let's start with the *International Harry Schultz Letter.* Schultz, who bills himself as the world's highest priced investment adviser, puts out a monthly newsletter which contains a combination of right-wing political rhetoric and investment advice presented in a fractured syntax with idiosyncratic spelling. Schultz, however, is braver than most advisers. He actually highlights and numbers his predictions. In his newsletter of 4 January 1982, Schultz lists 31 predictions. Some are difficult to evaluate as it isn't clear what he is predicting ("Cash will be king in 1982," for example.) Other predictions, like "micro-electronics. . . will prosper", are so obvious, anyone would have made them.

Schultz has the habit of making several related predictions. For example he says that unemployment will be up in 1982 and that productivity will be down. Although Schultz counts these as two separate predictions, they really aren't. If one is true, the other must be as well. Separating them tends to inflate his accuracy.

Here are some of Schultz's other predictions: a "major bank" will fail; the US prime rate will reach 22 percent in 1982; relations between Israel and Egypt will deteriorate and perhaps lead to hostilities; Japan will step up armaments manufacture and produce a defence-led boom; gold will reach $520 and perhaps $600 per ounce; significant new oil will be found off Australia; the Australian dollar will become a "haven" currency.


Wall Street Journal
THE WRITING'S ON THE WALL

foresight is the most prized currency of all

While some of these predictions were clearly wrong (far from being a haven, money fled Australia in 1982), the status of other predictions depends on one's definition of a major bank, a significant oil find and so on. From my perspective, not one of these predictions was accurate.

Australia has no shortage of investment analysts of its own. The *Midas* newsletter, edited by James Cowan, is one of the most successful. In the 3 September 1982 issue, the *Midas* letter noted in capital letters that "GOLD IS RESUMING ITS ROLE AS THE PRINCIPAL MEDIUM OF CAPITAL APPRECIATION."

Now it is not at all clear that gold (which Lord Keynes, the doyen of modern economists, called a "barbarous relic"), ever was the "principal medium of capital appreciation" but *Midas* obviously believes it. The issue contains a list of all the reasons "why gold is again at the top of the investment opportunity tree". *Midas* indicates that the gold price will rise although there is some hedging about when: ". . . it is not altogether beyond the realms (sic) of possibility that the present extreme strength could carry the price of gold much higher in a short time". Nevertheless, readers are told that gold will move up "in the months ahead". On the day the issue appeared, gold sold for US $470 per troy ounce. One year later the price was $414.

It is still possible that in the long term, gold will rise to new heights. But how long is long term? To quote Keynes again, "In the long term, we are all dead."

James Cowan, editor of *Midas*, was also quoted in an article entitled "Inflation Hedges: How to Make Your Nest Egg Grow" which appeared in *The Bulletin* in July, 1981. According to Cowan, Bank of NSW shares met his requirements for a good investment. At the time these shares were selling for $3.20. Two years and a name change later, Westpac shares were still selling for $3.20. Some nest egg. At least, Westpac shares didn't decline in value like many of those suggested by other consultants quoted in the same article.

Another famous Australian investment adviser, Adrian McCabe, recommended buying colored gemstones (emeralds, rubies and so on) just prior to the collapse of the gemstone market. In late 1979, he also predicted lower unemployment for Western Australia over the following three years as a result of the North-West Shelf development.

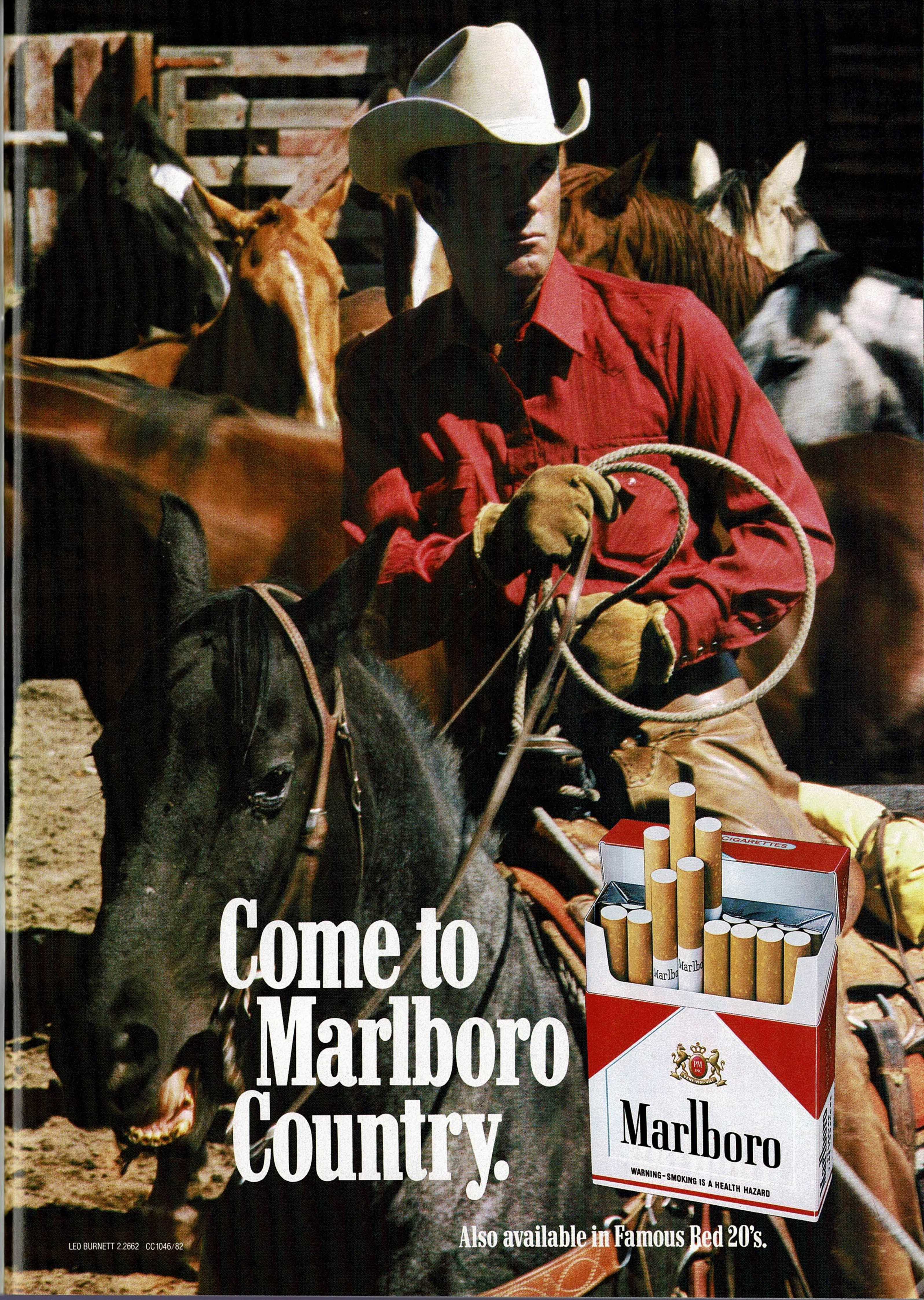
Even the prestigious Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development with its huge staff of economists has trouble forseeing the future. In 1981, they predicted Australia's unemployment rate would get down to 4.5 percent by the end of 1982.

I could go on, but you get the idea. Experts are often wrong. Sometimes the fault lies with events. How could McCabe know the North-West Shelf project would be cut back? This is just the problem, he couldn't. Unexpected events are always intervening, rendering much advice valueless.

Not all predictions made by advisers are wrong, sometimes they are spot on. But, this is not evidence for an adviser's special ability to see the future. In most fields, consistency is taken for granted. Marksmen who shoot accurately in one match tend to shoot accurately at the next match. This is not true for investment advisers. They can be correct about some things and wrong about others. They can be accurate one year and way off the next year. The reason is that much of their success is just plain luck and everyone gets lucky once in a while.

Some years ago, the editors of an American business magazine pasted the stock market listings on a wall and threw darts at them. They invested a hypothetical $1000 in each share they hit and found that their "portfolio" performed better than professionally selected shares. If throwing darts is as good as professional advice, why bother with advisers? No one can predict the future.

— SETH GREGORY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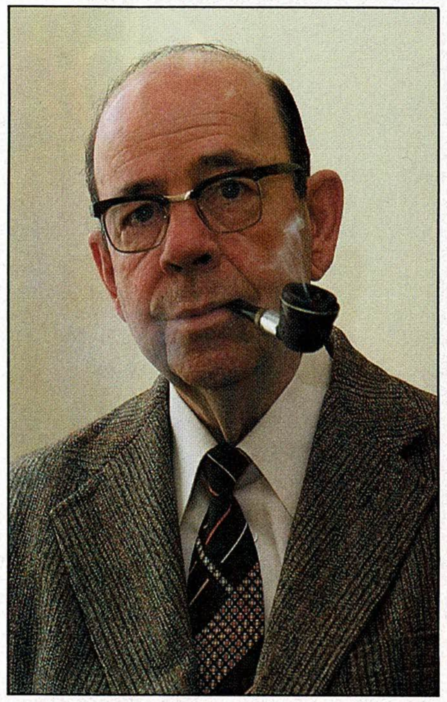
HEALTH



smoking hazardous? no way! fumes the rebel doc

"He needs a cigarette. That'll fix him." I was seven or eight at the time. Bronchitis had been diagnosed. The family physician considered the most appropriate chest-clearing therapy would be to let me inhale deeply from a cigarette. Any cigarette would do, though it probably would have been one of the cork-tipped numbers in vogue at the time. My parents, however, ignored the good doctor's advice, perhaps believing he'd been smoking vegetable substances of an altogether different sort.

"That advice wasn't ridiculous at all," says Dr William T. Whitby, general practitioner of Bondi Junction, NSW. "It's pretty good treatment, in fact. I started smoking 40-odd years ago because I had chest problems. Now I don't even have a cough."

Dr Whitby is Australia's Mr Smoking, the author of *Smoking Is Good For You* (Common Sense Publications, 100 Old South Head Road, Bondi Junction, NSW, 2022), a volume that foreign publishers have had printed in eight languages. The overseas editions on his bookshelf include Japanese and Spanish.

Australia's Marlboro Man is no craggy-faced, denim-clad macho figure on horseback. Nor does he cling to the side of a cliff-face. He doesn't light up in the company of svelte but high-priced dames. The closest this 74-year-old grandfather gets to a Sterling Idea is going to work each day. He's a tallish, stooping, rather pale physician in a green suit, with a pipe clenched firmly between his teeth.

His waiting room isn't the latest thing in Doctors' Office Chic. But signs on the peeling walls declare: PLEASE SMOKE IF YOU WISH. And the doctor's patients seem mostly middle-aged men in plain, pastel, open-necked shirts who study why-you-should-smoke leaflets or the yellow bits from inside Sydney's tabloids that list names of horses.

The consulting room is devoid of modern gadgetry. You get the impression Dr Whitby's blunt-spoken, earthy patients wouldn't have much time for a lot of it anyway. The doctor isn't always easy to understand because of the pipe that's locked into place as he speaks. "It goes in first thing in the morning and it comes out last thing at night," he explains proudly. "Only time I take it out is to fill it." Part of the bowl is crumbling. It's, well, a well-used pipe. "Wouldn't matter if I smoked cigarettes instead," he affirms. "Smoking is smoking — won't do you any harm."

Vice-president of the Smokers' Rights League of Australia, Dr Whitby contends there's evidence smoking relieves bronchitis; could actually prevent lung cancer; tends to prevent heart disease; may well reduce the likelihood of high blood pressure, arterio-sclerosis and strokes; prevents obesity, which can lead to dangerous diseases; allows greater pain tolerance; keeps women beautiful by relaxing them and thus preventing wrinkles; improves efficiency in boring, monotonous jobs. He quotes research indicating Parkinson's Disease is "more common in non-smokers" and that smokers "get much less thrombosis of the veins after operations".

He rails against anti-smoking fervor as "a new religion" and maintains people "have been smoking since before the dawn of history without any apparent harm".

What's more, he argues, "not one of my smoking patients in 40 years has, to my knowledge, got lung cancer, although some non-smokers did."

In Dr Whitby's view, an increase in the incidence of lung cancer coincides with the beginnings of nuclear testing. "There's far more radiation about now but government would not want to admit it is the carcinogenic culprit. Tobacco is the scapegoat. "Big Brother," Dr Whitby declares, "has a compelling need to have people believe in the tobacco scare."

Simple misunderstanding is part of the problem, according to Dr Whitby. For example, many people may have chest problems and smoke as a means of relieving this congestion. But tobacco then is widely blamed for *causing* their coughs when, in fact, they are smoking to *relieve* a pre-existing condition. Statistics showing lung cancer patients are heavy smokers ignore "the important fact" that "many people with a chest complaint smoke more because they find it relieves their cough."

Much of Dr Whitby's book is a collation of clinical study findings from around the world indicating that the case against smoking is unproven, that no links between smoking and particular diseases were found or that statistics used in earlier research were wrongly interpreted. The chapter titles include: "The Bogy Of Lung Cancer", "Antics Of The Smoking Haters", "Frightening The Ladies", "Medical Censorship" and "Persecution Of Smokers".

Dr Whitby is particularly angered by "fanatical campaigners" who want smoking outlawed in public places. Their argument that "passive smoking" (involuntarily inhaling other people's smoke) is harmful is "really groundless", he says.

From Dr Whitby's corner the whole anti-smoking fuss seems just another fashionable but poorly-researched cause, another attempt by those who support Big Government to control our lives.

"It's quite simply a matter of civil liberties," Whitby declares. "People who would never *dream* of surrendering their freedoms meekly when other subjects are involved seem all too anxious to be bossed about on the issue of smoking — just because they're told it's for their own good. So, with no convincing case, the anti-smoking lobby is able to sweep up support from large numbers of people who should know better."

The Whitby argument was taken up by Australia's publishing and tobacco industries which bought large chunks of advertising space when it looked as if Western Australia would outlaw tobacco advertising. The theme of the ads: It's tobacco today — what will it be tomorrow?

Indeed, there's freedom to advertise, with little objection, the paraphernalia (bongs and the like) connected with the use of illegal drugs such as marijuana. This tends to add weight to the Whitby assertion that the perfectly legal pastime of tobacco smoking is being singled out for trendy victimisation — another entry-point for use by those who object to a libertarian society to try and control our day-to-day existences, supposedly for our own good. *They* know best. . . though why this should be so is never explained.

"If they outlaw smoking," he fumes from inside his defiantly big cloud of rich tobacco smoke, "it'll be something else next. It's not smoking they're against — it's freedom!"

— CHRIS PRITCHARD

MOVIES

folklore, up the creek and born-again 007

The most enduring stories are inevitably those simple ones featuring the basic components of mystery, surprise and sufficient human vulnerability with which we can identify. The story of Martin Guerre has certainly stood the test of time and those same basic ingredients give Daniel Vigne's *The Return of Martin Guerre* as much power as a film as it's shown in 400 years of storytelling since the actual incident.

It's the story of a peasant lad from a rural commune in the foothills of the Pyrenees in south-western France who, in keeping with 16th century custom, takes a 12-year-old bride when he is just 13. Taunted about his lack of sexual performance on the wedding night, he becomes withdrawn and sullen, a condition not improved even when his child bride Bertrande produces a baby son. A family feud over a missing sack of corn is the last straw for Martin and he disappears. His parents die of grief and Bertrande and her son are cared for by his Uncle Pierre.

After eight years' absence he returns to the commune and is, as they say, a new man. The personality disorders have gone and he is a strong, confident war veteran familiar with much of France and Spain. His virility, tenderness and wit, plus her eight years of chastity, make Bertrande a very happy girl indeed and Martin becomes the toast of the commune until he seeks his share of the commune's profits from the years he was away. An itinerant soldier passing through the village then relates how Martin Guerre fought alongside him and lost a leg to cannon shot and the returned hero is accused of being an impostor.

There is something almost disconcerting about the way the sombre simplicity of this story disguises the power of its grip on the audience. The compelling nature of the story very nearly parallels that of Gerard Depardieu's performance, a powerful pillar on which the whole production safely balances. The bluff, rugged exterior of Depardieu is a perfect foil for the sensitivity of his acting and his command of fluctuating moods. There is a bonus here, too, in the partnership he strikes with Nathalie Baye as Bertrande, particularly in the absorbing final court scenes in which she protects his identity.

Not once is Daniel Vigne's direction either lacking or intrusive, and only in retrospect do you realise the deftness of his control at the helm. *The Return of Martin Guerre* is a stunning reminder of what cinema can be but so rarely is.

•

Never Say Never Again is really only interesting in tandem with *Octopussy* as a comparison for the styles employed by Sean Connery and Roger Moore respectively in portraying the 007 agent James Bond. Apart from that, it is purely a piece of formula film-making, in this case the formula being the same one used for the earlier *Thunderball*.

Sean Connery puts his toupe to the test in Never Say Never Again.

Mary Steenburgen and Rip Torn park out in the Florida Everglades in Cross Creek.

Director Irving Kershner thankfully can't resist the temptation to make his comment on the resurrection of the ageing Connery. He begins his restoration comedy with Bond's dissipated reflexes getting him into a spot of bother and the agency sending him off to an agony camp to get into shape before giving him another mission. Nice touch that. Otherwise it's pretty much *Thunderball* revisited.

Klaus Maria Brandauer, who created such a fine impression in *Mephisto*, makes a marvellous threat to "free people everywhere" as a man with a blackmail note and two nuclear missiles to back it up. Bond still, of course, resorts to a bizarre taste in transport to outmanoeuvre the forces of evil and among the obligatory set-piece chase action, there's a memorable piece of motor cycle stunt riding that's worth the price of admission.

The reassuring aspect of all this is that Connery, at 53, looks in such good shape that for once it's the chase action rather than the boudoir gymnastics that look likely to finish him off. Kim Basinger is the new Bond girl image but, if you like your women mean, Barbara Carrera as the dangerous Fatima Blush is irresistible. She beats up men with such panther-like grace that you feel positively jealous it isn't you.

So, what is the difference in styles between Moore and Connery? Moore squeezes the script for every outrageous laugh line and double entendre he can find. And for Connery, it's acting out the total pleasure trip and the ultimate fantasy.

"Gratuitous," says Connery, ". . . is that bad?"

•

Cross Creek is as fey and wispy as, but a good deal less fascinating than, Mary Steenburgen, the star who has made it a long-awaited release. Much closer to *We Of The Never Never* than *Gone With The Wind*, it is the memoirs of American novelist Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings who won a Pulitzer Prize for *The Yearling*. Miss Rawlings turned her back on big city life and disappeared into the lush camouflage of remote Florida, and *Cross Creek* bears the hefty cross of being an inspirational little melodrama contrived to convince us of the character-building and soul-restoring qualities of battling in the bush. The purification process of sustained rural recession has always been a difficult package to promote and somehow even the struggle of indomitable spirit against the turmoil of failed crops and strained family loyalties loses its excitement.

Director Martin Ritt and his screenplay author have injected vast reserves of sentimentality into the production in an effort to revive it but eventually it is this terminal blood sugar imbalance that drags it down. Sociology and experience both tell me that there are as many arseholes as decent souls living in noble little houses on the prairie and that if flood, fire and pestilence are just God's way of reinforcing our faith, that at least explains the profusion of alternative faiths.

The camouflage somehow swallows Miss Steenburgen up and Rip Torn and Dana Hill probably emerge with least damage to their reputations. It's clear to see why Marjorie didn't win the Pulitzer for her memoirs. As Martin Amis recently observed in his review of Isaac Asimov's autobiography. . . "How could anyone dare to record a life with such fidelity to the trivial?"

— ROBIN INGRAM

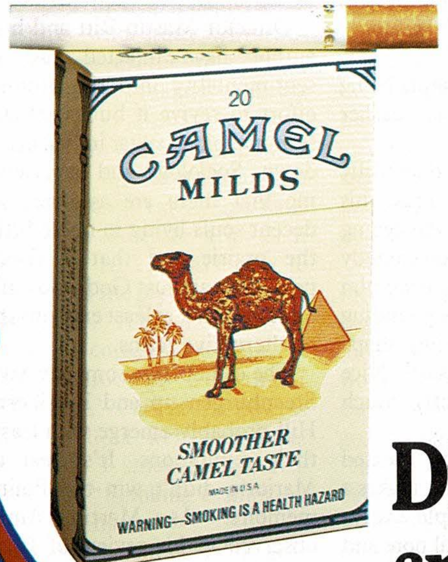
CAMEL CALENDAR

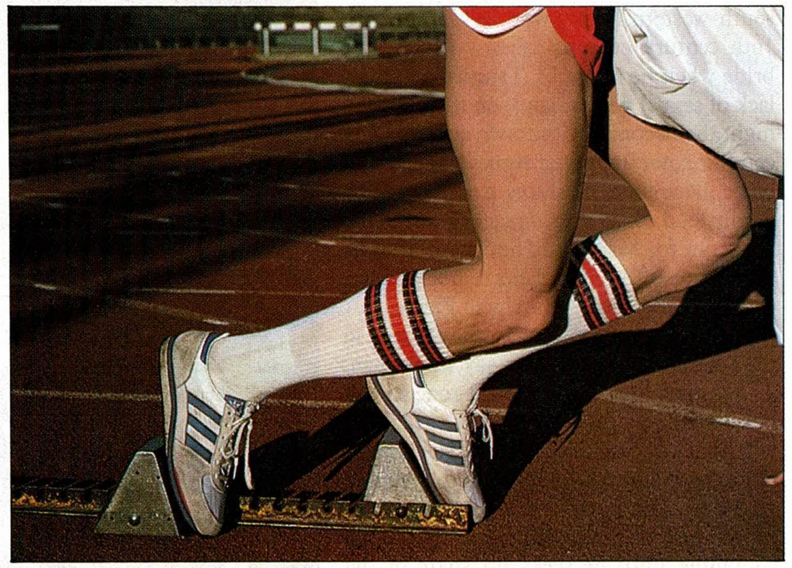
World Cricket: The World Series Cup continues with Pakistan vs West Indies in Perth on February 4 and Australia vs West Indies in Perth on February 5. The first of the finals will be played in Sydney on February 8, the second in Melbourne on the 11th and the third, if necessary, on the 12th in Melbourne.

Sheffield Shield Cricket: Interstate cricket matches this month include NSW vs Tasmania in Sydney from February 3 to 6. From February 17 to 20 Tasmania vs WA in Launceston, Victoria vs Queensland in Melbourne and South Australia vs NSW in Adelaide. From February 24 to 27 Tasmania vs Queensland in Hobart, Victoria vs. South Australia in Melbourne, and NSW vs Western Australia in Sydney.

Athletics: The NSW Track and Field Championships are on at the Sydney Athletic Field on the weekends February 4 and 5 and 11 and 12. The State Multiple Events will be on at the same venue on February 18 and 19. These include the 100 yards, 1 mile and 10,000m walk championships.

Camberwell Antique Fair: If you know a lot about art but don't know what you like, this fair might help out. Antiques ranging from jewellery to furniture will be on show at the Camberwell Civic Centre in Camberwell, Victoria, from February 10 to 12.



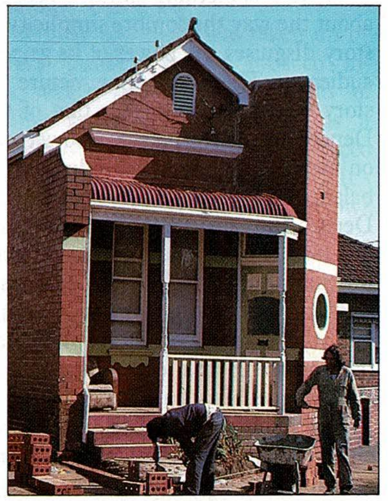


Mount Compass Cup: Forget the horses and dogs, this is a cow race. The annual Mount Compass Cup is on February 12 at the Mt. Compass Oval, about 50km from Adelaide. It takes three people to race a cow, one to ride, one to push and one to pull. Each to his own.

Top Girls: This play begins with a mad dinner party where the guests are famous women from the pages of myth and history. The themes of this play include the claims of children, the balance of the sexes and the price of independence. It's on at the Russell Street Theatre in Melbourne from February 28 to April 7.

Festival of Perth: The budget for this festival is $1.6 million and it includes 400 performances and events with artists and companies from ten countries including Brazil and Finland. It's on from February 10 to March 3. From Brazil there's the Grupo de Teatro Macunaima and from Finland the Finnish National Orchestra. Brazilian jazz musician Edberto Gismonti will also be there. The Actors Touring Company from London will perform Don Juan and Twelfth Night. The "Nylons" from Canada and the Polish Chamber Orchestra will also appear. For a festival brochure phone (09) 386 7977.

Home Improvements Exhibition: If your house is falling down around your ears, why not go along to the Home Improvements Exhibition to find out what you're doing wrong. It's on at the Royal Exhibition Building in Melbourne from February 18 to 26. You'll find everything from furniture to building materials.



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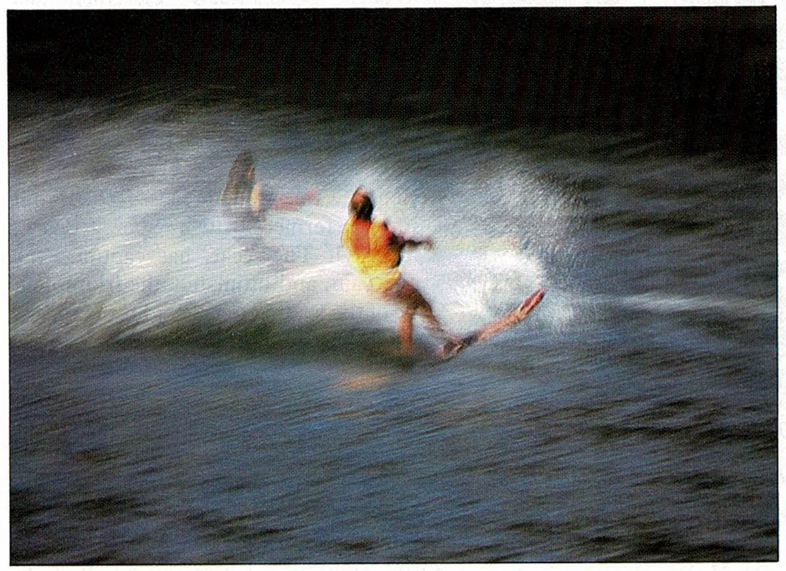

Waterskiing: Tournament waterskiing is on for one and all at Deniliquin, NSW, on January 28 and 29. The Masters includes competitions in slalom, tricks and jumps. Competitors from around Australia will attempt to break world records. Good luck to them.

Australian National Gallery: Here's a rundown of exhibitions on at the Australian National Gallery in Canberra. "A Decade of Australian Photographs, 1972-1982" is on until January 29. A print exhibition called "Rauschenberg: Multiple Objects, 1970-1978" is on until January 31. And a show of Contemporary Australian Decorative Arts is on until February 26.

Chinese New Year: Well, it's the year we've all been waiting for — The Year of the Rat. Celebrations will be held in Sydney on January 28 and 29 in Dixon Street, The Haymarket, with lion dancing and entertainment. Book for a Chinese banquet in honour of Willard.

South American Festival: It's Rio time in Bondi on February 19. The South American Festival with musicians, singing and dancing is on at the Bondi Pavilion in Sydney. Just wear anything that sparkles and you'll feel right at home.

Golf: In the world of slices and hooks, there are major golf tournaments coming up. The Tasmanian Open is on from January 26 to 29. The South Australian Open is on from February 2 to 5 and the Victorian Open from February 9 to 12. The Australian Masters will be held at the Huntingdale Golf Club in Melbourne from February 16 to 19. Prize money is around $100,000. Overseas players will be rubbing shoulders with Australia's best.

Brisbane International Motor Show: All the latest models in motor vehicles, four-wheel drives and motorcycles will be bumper to tyre here. Every imaginable accessory will be sported as well. You can see it at the R & A Showgrounds, Brisbane, from February 10 to 18.

Swimming Championships: The Australian Open Swimming Championships will be held at the Chandler Pool in Brisbane from February 23 to 26.

Victorian Country Tennis Carnival: More than 1000 players from the country will take part is this huge carnival at the St. Kilda Fitzroy Sports Ground from February 6 to 10 in Melbourne.

Motor Racing: A round of the Touring Car Championship and a round of the Australia Formula 2 Championship will be held at Sandown, Victoria, on February 18 and 19.

Softball Championships: The first ever Australian Men's Softball Championships will be held at Oriole Baseball Park in Sydney from February 9 to 12. Teams from every state will take part.

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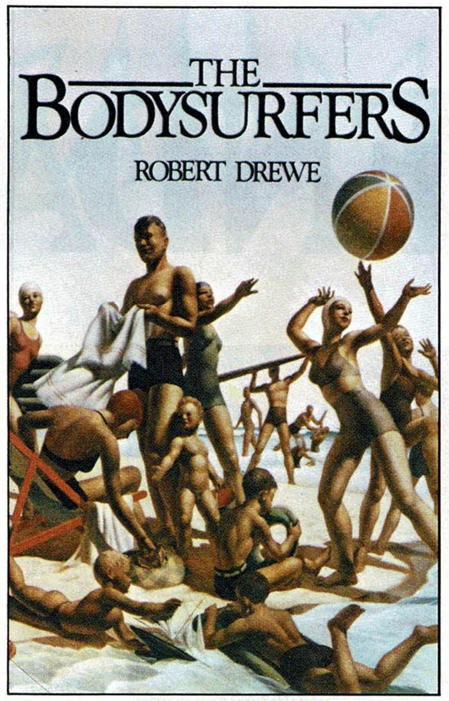
BOOKS



the bodysurfers makes a splash; winning women and inflammable adams

I don't know about you, but my idea of New Year holiday bliss is a decent-sized stretch of sand, sizzling sunshine, generous dollops of tropical tanning oil and a dazzling good book.

It's not the least bit difficult to arrange the right venue or weather in Australia in summer: the only hitch can be finding a suitable book to complement the scenario. But look no further, because if you share my beach-bum tendencies, then I know you'll love *The Bodysurfers* (James Fraser, $6.95) by Robert Drewe. It's the first publishing venture by Sydney-based Fraser and he couldn't have chosen better. Drewe, of course, is known for his novels, *The Savage Crows* and *A Cry In The Jungle Bar* and has been the recipient of various national writing awards during his distinguished journalistic career.

But let's get back to the beach because there's where it all happens in Drewe's 12 short stories which interrelate in a continuous narrative fashion to give the feel of a novella rather than a collection of self-contained stories. They are dramatic tales, usually with disturbing outcomes, replete with sexual overtones, often deliciously languid and at other times downright hedonistic. The sometimes recurring characters, too, fairly ripple with sensuality, their passions swelling and surging like breakers at Bondi Beach.

Drewe has a fixation with our coastline and sees it, rather than the outback, as a major influencing factor on the development of the Australian consciousness.

"Most Australians have their first sexual experience on the beach, they retire to the coast and in between times the family unit goes to the coast for holidays every summer," he says.

"In the book I wanted to get across the smell of suntan oil, the sensuality of Bondi on a hot day when you are feeling randy and you have a swim and feel refreshed. . . I wanted to capture the effects of the beach on the Australian psyche."

And capture it he does. So much so that when Fraser showed Drewe's original manuscript to film producer Pat Lovell, she snapped it up for a six-part TV mini-series to be screened later this year by the Seven network.

No need to wait for the visuals to get the picture. Just dip into the book for some refreshingly good reading.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

●

As a follow-up to last month's reviews of Omnibus Press's Bob Dylan and Frank Sinatra biographies, let's look at two more significant titles from this thriving publishing outfit.

Firstly, in *Elvis Presley,* writer Robert Matthew-Walker takes a fairly academic line on the career of the Pelvis and thereby avoids comparison with the expose books that followed the singer's death. As an analysis of Presley's work, the book sticks very closely to the merit of the product rather than the personal intrigue that turned a simple country rocker into a gross middle-of-the-road monster.

Matthew-Walker's probing of the music explores its origins, details recording sessions and backing musicians. In this vein, it stands as an achievement to the author's research and a highly credible reference point.

By contrast, Malcolm Doney provides far greater background material in his study, *Lennon And McCartney.* As songwriters rather than mere performers, the need to portray the influences that shaped John and Paul's work is paramount. In so doing, it finishes as a personal history of the pair, their families and the many others who came in close contact with them.

●

The Body And The Dream (French Erotic Fiction 1464-1900) is Jennifer Birkett's translation of a collection of France's most enduring erotica. A fitting description might be Decameron a la Francais with bawdy bishops, nymphomaniacal nuns and gullible young girls abounding. Birkett's selection deals with eroticism in its most fantastic (as in fantasy) trappings to the most academic leanings of Honore de Balzac, Francois Rabelais and Donatien-Alphonse-Francois, the Marquis de Sade. It might be further proof of man's basic erotic flair, or it could endorse what the practitioners of pure Victorian morality always believed: dirty buggers, those Frogs!

— O. MADARASS

●

As the LA Olympics approach, we're going to hear plenty about anabolic steroids and sex tests and muscular ladies from East Germany. It is timely, therefore, that Queen Anne Press has published a collection of photos by Tony Duffy which tells the other side of the story. *Winning Women* is a fascinating insight into female sports stars, always energetic, often erotic. Granted, there are prettier sights than a frontal view of a group of lady hurdlers, but Duffy, a former British Sports Photographer Of The Year, has captured the sweat, pain, and ultimately the triumph of some of the leading female lights of modern sport.

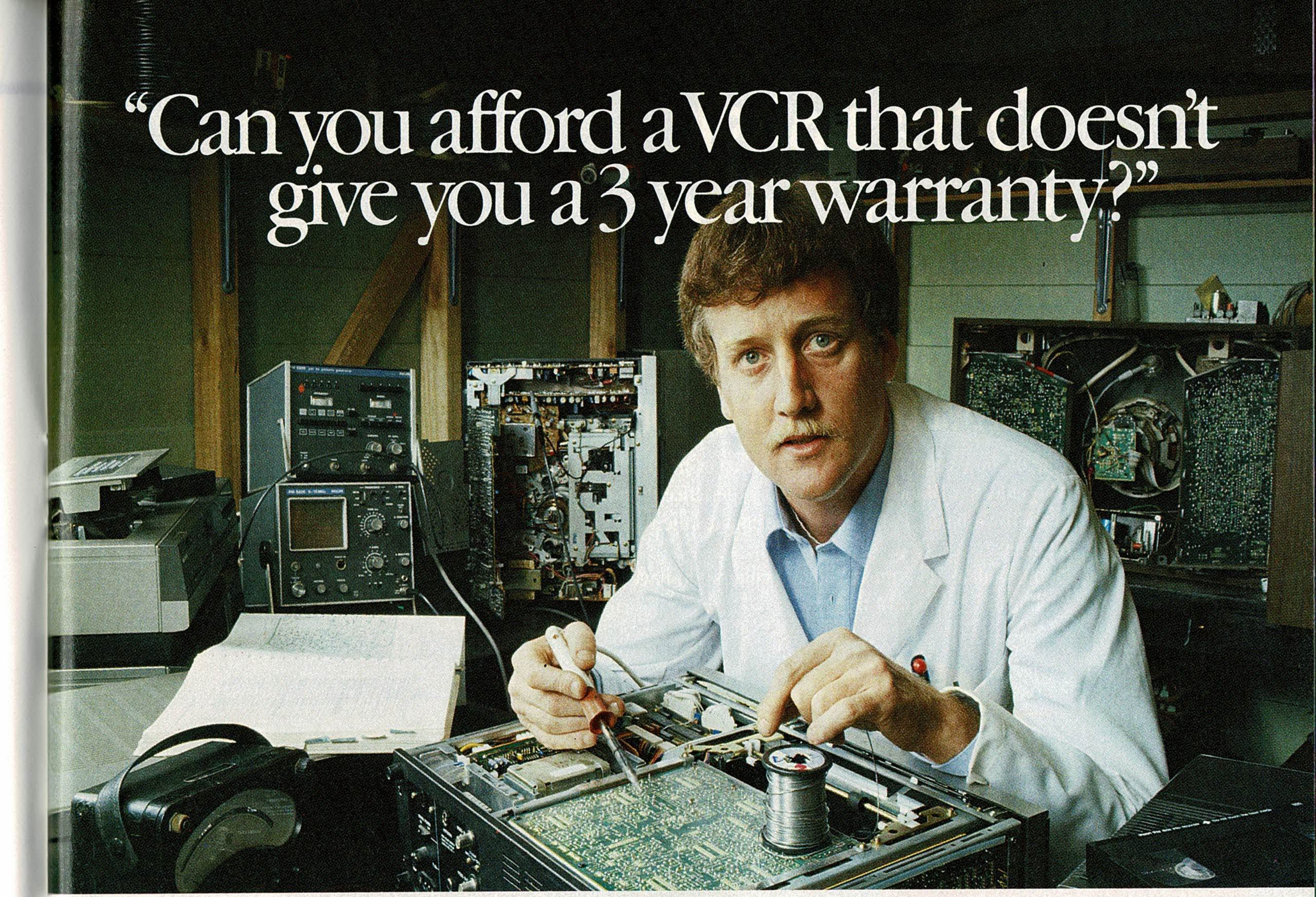
●

Yet another collection of witty pieces by Phillip Adams has graced my desk. This time, in *The Inflammable Adams* (Nelson), the sometime Australian PLAYBOY contributor is introduced by the subject of a recent Playboy Interview, Justice Michael Kirby. How cosy, I hear you say. Well, to complete the trifecta, let me, a former PLAYBOY editor, say that I thoroughly enjoyed rereading some of Old Black Shirt's funnier pieces.

There is no doubt in my mind that he is our foremost comic essayist, as well as being just about everything else you can think of in the area of art, literature and public affairs. The man's output is as stunning as his girth. Giving away millions on behalf of the AFC one day, chatting with Parky the next, if you live in Australia and you blink, you will have missed Phillip Adams doing something important. Through no real fault of his own, the ubiquitous Adams has become a cliche. . . a bit like Bob Hawke congratulating the winning team.

●

At last, a combination of *Quincy* and *Sale Of The Century* in book form. *Who Killed The Robins Family*? (Angus and Robertson) is a fairly mundane murder mystery which is unlikely to have Agatha Christie fans changing allegiance, but as a gimmick it is red hot. Readers have to work out the mystery, see, and send their findings to the publisher. The winner gets $2500, which is more than the average author of Australian fiction. The brainchild of literary agent Bill Adler, *Who Killed* is adequately written by Thomas Chastain, who has penned many a whodunnit in his time. — PHIL JARRATT



"Can you afford a VCR that doesn't give you a 3 year warranty?"

Peter Elliott. VCR Technician.

The reliability record of the average VCR is hardly inspiring. It is not surprising therefore to find that the average VCR manufacturer is reluctant to give anything over the standard one year warranty.

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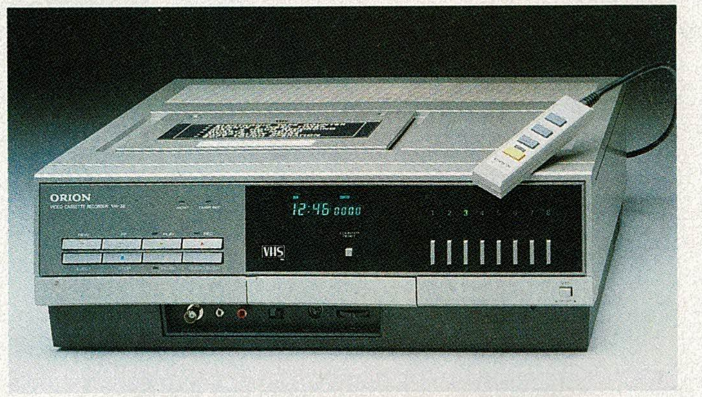

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Krakus Vodka is one of the most exceptionally mellow vodkas you could ever taste.

An extra refined vodka, distilled from selected Polish rye grains, Krakus takes its name from the ancient Polish capital, Krakow.

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Its age-old recipe is still a closely guarded secret. It possesses a very subtle, delicate sweetness, yet it is known that no sugar is added.

Its almost imperceptible taste is quite original and its purity crystal clear.

In Poland you would drink it neat, well chilled to about 0°C in small glasses, served with cold meat, fish and hors d'oeuvres.

Try it with soda water, mineral water or fruit juice.

WÓDKA WYBOROWA

Pick the Cherry Vodka

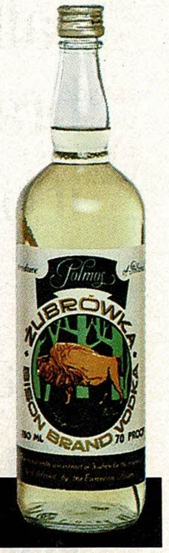
If you love Polish cherry brandy, then Wisniowka Cherry Vodka is for you.

Aromatic Polish cherries are specially grown to give Wisniowka its deep cherry colour and semi-sweet cherry flavour.

It's a great ladies' drink, served at room temperature with coffee, cakes and desserts.

Yet, while it's fruity and full of cherry taste, it is not too sweet and makes a perfect vodka cocktail base. Mix with French vermouth, a dash of Bacardi and a slice of lemon for starters! Or drink it the Traditional way — icy cold!

Wisniówka



A Touch of Grass

One of the world's most unusual vodkas is surely Zubrowka, uniquely aromatic with a delicate flavour, distilled from Bison grass.

This wild grass grows in the glades of Bialowieza Forest, Eastern Poland, one of the few places in Europe where herds of bison still roam free.

This translucent vodka has a natural, pale yellowish-green colour and a single blade of Bison grass is immersed in every bottle.

Somerset Maugham described it in his famous novel, "The Razor's Edge": "It smells of freshly mown hay and spring flowers, of thyme and lavender, and it is so soft on the palate and so comfortable, it is like listening to music by moonlight".

Zubrowka Vodka is the favourite drink of hunters after a day's shoot and some believe it imparts the bison's strength.

ZUBRÓWKA

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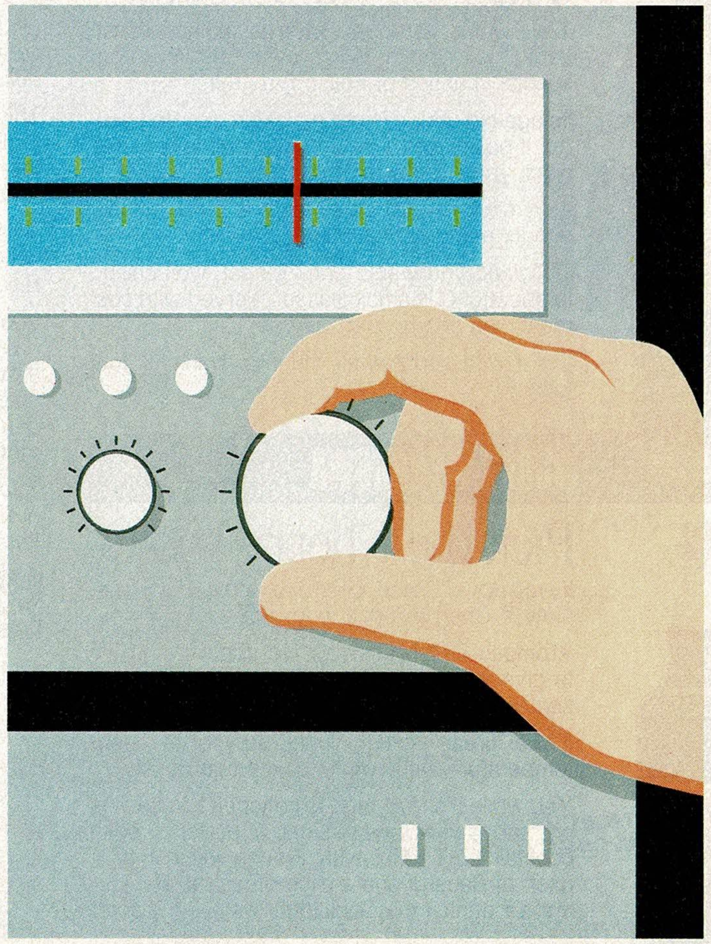


PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN FARNHAM

a candid conversation with the little river band vocalist about performing, pain, dope, groupies and his conflicting image

Every Aussie knows John Farnham. He's that blond-haired, blue-eyed bloke-next-door kinda bloke who had a really big hit song about a cleaning lady. . . Sadie, that's it, Sadie The Cleaning Lady, that's Johnny Farnham. Since then he's done some musicals, and TV shows, and joined the Little River Band, but yeah, he's the bloke who did Sadie The Cleaning Lady.

It's odd how John Peter Farnham, former Dandenong boy, born Dagenham, England, July 1, 1949, has been permanently saddled with Sadie. But the lady's done a lot for our John since she teamed up with him when he was just a humble plumber's apprentice.

Sadie The Cleaning Lady took John Farnham out of the gully trap and into the wide and wonderful world of high-flying show business. She swept him straight to the number one slot on the hit parade, let him breathe the rarefied air at the top of the pops, and led him a merry dance across Australia for half a decade.

For a full five years, Sadie shared the spotlight with John Farnham and watched him become the clean-cut epitome of an Aussie pop superstar, complete with a permanent entourage of screaming teeny-boppers. She saw him knock out a dozen singles and half a dozen albums which turned gold. She was with him in 1969 when he was crowned King of Pop, a title he held for a record five years in succession. And all through this, Sadie made sure John kept on the straight and narrow. There was none of that '60s hip-dishevelled-drug-rock-revolutionary rap, none of that stuff for our John. Sadie kept him clean.

In 1971, Farnham threw himself into a new phase of his career and, as far as he was concerned, Sadie was a lady of the past. In April 1973, much to the chagrin of his fans, he publicly announced the real woman in his life: a leggy, attractive chorus girl named Jillian Billman. And to make matters worse for his fans, he married her. The wedding, which took place in the rather ordinary Melbourne suburb of Glenroy, was turned into crazy Countdown-like chaos by hundreds of tearful teenage girls.

And, just as his management feared, the wedding proved to be the end of an era for John Farnham. The noisy hordes of fans gradually drifted away, their screams fading into pop history. Of course, many of his fans later became married women, but they would still wistfully remember the days when they dreamed they were having a love affair with the cute blond singer and imagined they shared him with only one other woman — good old Sadie.

The happily-married Mr Farnham matured into a seasoned performer. His voice — which earlier had often been drowned out by screams — was now being clearly heard and people within the "business" acknowledged the lad was indeed a very fine singer. Farnham broadened his musical output and explored other areas of show business. He starred in the musical, Charlie Girl, with Derek Nimmo and Dame Anna Neagle. He also starred in Kenn Brodziak's very successful stage production, Pippin. He compered the TV show, Opportunity Knocks, starred in the Seven series, Bobby Dazzler and even made an ABC wildlife series, Survival With Johnny Farnham.

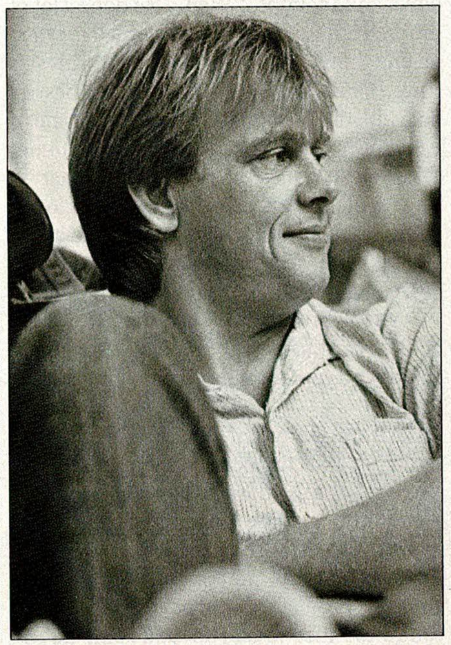
Having succeeded in these areas, he returned to music, joining the Wheatley Organisation in 1980. In that year he toured with Stevie Wonder, won the "Mo" award as entertainer of the year and best male vocalist, brought out a solo album called Uncovered, released a single from the album which returned him to the top 20, performed for the Queen at the Opera House Royal Command Performance, and teamed up with Debbie Byrne for a national ABC ratings-winning TV show.

In 1981, he won a Sammy for best variety performer, and in 1982 won another "Mo" for best male vocalist. Also in 1982, he replaced Glenn Shorrock as lead singer for the Little River Band.

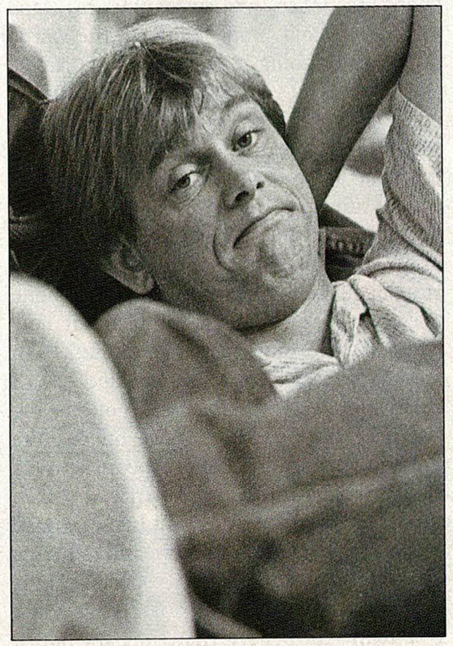
Which makes the man's entry into the megabuck American music market interesting, because the Americans haven't been inculcated into the Sadie cult, and their impression of this new rock singer from Down Under isn't hampered by visions of swirling mops and scrubbing brushes. So how do they view John Farnham?

One US newspaper, The Los Angeles Times, enthusiastically introduced him to its readers as a "power" rocker. In a review of a Los Angeles performance by the Little River

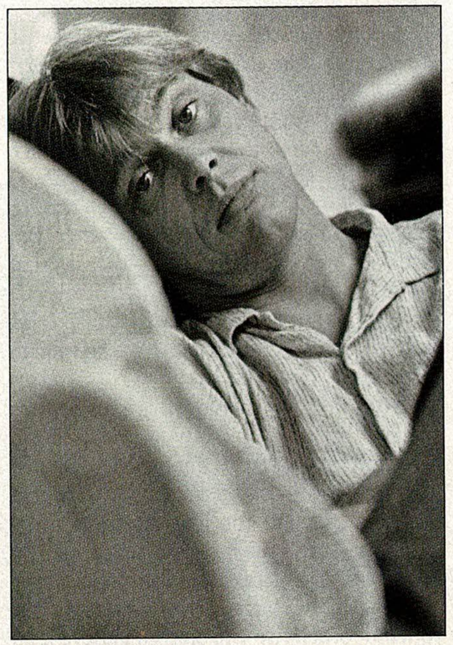
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHARON WEISZ



"I don't go sproutin' about how tough I am or any of that junk. I'm reasonably easy to get along with and I don't go making waves. . ."



"I was called a poofter basher in a couple of gay magazines a long time ago and I felt, well, I'm not going to do that to the poor buggers."



"The thing I love to do the most is sing. It's debatable whether I do it best or not, but that's what I love to do the most."

Band, the paper's rock critic, Paul Grein, wrote: "When an established group loses its lead singer, it can either mark the end of the line or represent a new beginning. The latter has proved to be the case with the Little River Band. . . Opening a three-night engagement at the Universal Amphitheatre, the group replaced its former low-key, polite approach with a high-spirited sense of vitality and energy. The key to the turnaround is the new lead singer, John Farnham, whose throaty, passionate vocals contrast with Shorrock's clipped, crisp leads. The band's playing also had a tougher, more muscular edge: the group even included some piledriver rock'n'roll in its 95-minute set.

"Farnham is a lusty vocalist and enthusiastic showman, though subtlety isn't one of his strong suits."

The same paper also ran a feature profile of Farnham headed: IT'S HURRICANE FARNHAM. The article described him as a high-geared, fast-talking singer and said, "He's probably even revved up in his sleep. . . Hurricane Farnham is just what LRB needs to liven up its show."

PLAYBOY sent **Peter Olszewski** *to find out who this Hurricane Farnham fellow really is, and determine what happened to Sadie: "I interviewed John Farnham in the business-like meeting room of the Wheatley Organisation's Albert Park offices," reports Olszewski. "The interview was scheduled for 2.30pm. Farnham arrived in a cab at precisely that time. His face was puffed as though he'd been in a punch-up but, through clenched teeth, he said he'd come directly from his dentist, Victorian Football League supremo Dr Alan Aylett.*

"Farnham was keyed up and polite preamble wasn't necessary. He got stuck straight into it after a quick 'snake's hiss'. As the interview progressed, I realised why he had scheduled a long and gruelling interview immediately after the ordeal of having a tooth pulled. He'd purposefully set aside the one day to open up to his two pet hates — the dentist and the press. But when he opened, he opened wide. At the conclusion of the interview, after a polite thank you, he virtually ran to a room at the back of the office saying, 'Good, now I can go and listen to some music.'"

PLAYBOY: Your local press coverage has revealed very little about, to use that cliche'd term, the *real* John Farnham. . .

FARNHAM: Uh huh.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep your life private on purpose or. . .

FARNHAM: Yes. *[Long silence]* This sounds cliche'd too, but I really mean it. I am prepared to give 99 percent of myself, which I do do, I really believe that, and I want that little one percent for me and my family. Unfortunately, it always ends up that this is the bit they want. But I guard that bit very preciously. You have to have something for yourself, otherwise you start to believe it all and you get silly.

PLAYBOY: In Australia you're mostly regarded as a nice, quiet middle-of-the-road performer, but according to your US press, the Americans see you as a gutsy, witty rocker and feel you're probably even revved up in your sleep. In fact, *The Los Angeles Times* has dubbed you "Hurricane Farnham".

FARNHAM: That was one of the exciting things for me in going to the US because there were no preconceptions. Part of the thing about me in Australia is that Sadie The Cleaning Lady was a novelty record, obviously. I have blond hair and blue eyes, and I tend to look young so that always conjures up "boy next door". I don't spit on the front row. I try not to offend people and that seems to work, in inverted commas, against me. So if you're pleasant and easy to get along with and reasonably well mannered, then you're no gutsy rock 'n' roll singer.

PLAYBOY: You don't actually have a love affair with the rock press, do you?

FARNHAM: The rock press wants bottles of gin and nude parties and shit like that. I've had my share of bottles of gin and nude parties, but I don't tell *them* about it. And why should I? I enjoy it. I don't want publicity over it. I don't do it for publicity. I do it because I enjoy it. I don't drink on stage because if I get too drunk I'm going to fall over and hurt myself. One guy from a rock magazine once spent 25 minutes just trying to make me swear for his tape recorder. I told him I know all the words but I'm not going to say them for print.

The rock press wants bottles of gin and nude parties and shit like that. I've had my share. . . but I don't tell them *about it.*

PLAYBOY: You've been sold here as the proverbial good guy. Are you that good?

FARNHAM: I'm terrific. No, look, I'm just the same as you are. There are things that you've done in your life that you are probably ashamed of, and there are things in my past that I've done that I'm ashamed of. I'm just exactly the same as everyone else, but I don't go sproutin' about how tough I am or any of that other junk. I'm reasonably easy to get along with and I don't go making waves for the sake of making waves. I have definite views on definite subjects, but I also believe people in our business have quite an influence. I smoke almost 60 cigarettes a day, but I don't smoke on camera and I don't have photographs taken with cigarettes purely because kids will see it and say, well he does it, why can't I? I really do believe that, so I try not to influence people in that way. All I am is a singer and I try to entertain people. That's all I am.

PLAYBOY: You worked solo for a long time, and avoided joining bands. Did you do that because you couldn't get on with other people?

FARNHAM: No. I was in a band for about eight months before I went professional — and they were friends. I also had the John Farnham Band, but you're right, this is the first time I have really been in a band as such and it's an amazing experience. You have, particularly in the case of the Little River Band, a case of terminal meeting. Everything gets discussed and discussed and discussed and discussed and discussed. I've always been in the school of discuss it once, then do it. Or don't do it. But we tend to have terminal meetings, and that's inherent in the band. You've got six people, seven including our manager Glen Wheatley, and you've got six different ideas on every subject. And you've got to hash it out, as it were. So we end up doing that. But the hardest thing I've found is leaving enough space on the autograph book for the rest of the guys.

PLAYBOY: Why did you make such a big change, from being a solo performer to becoming a singer in rock'n'roll band?

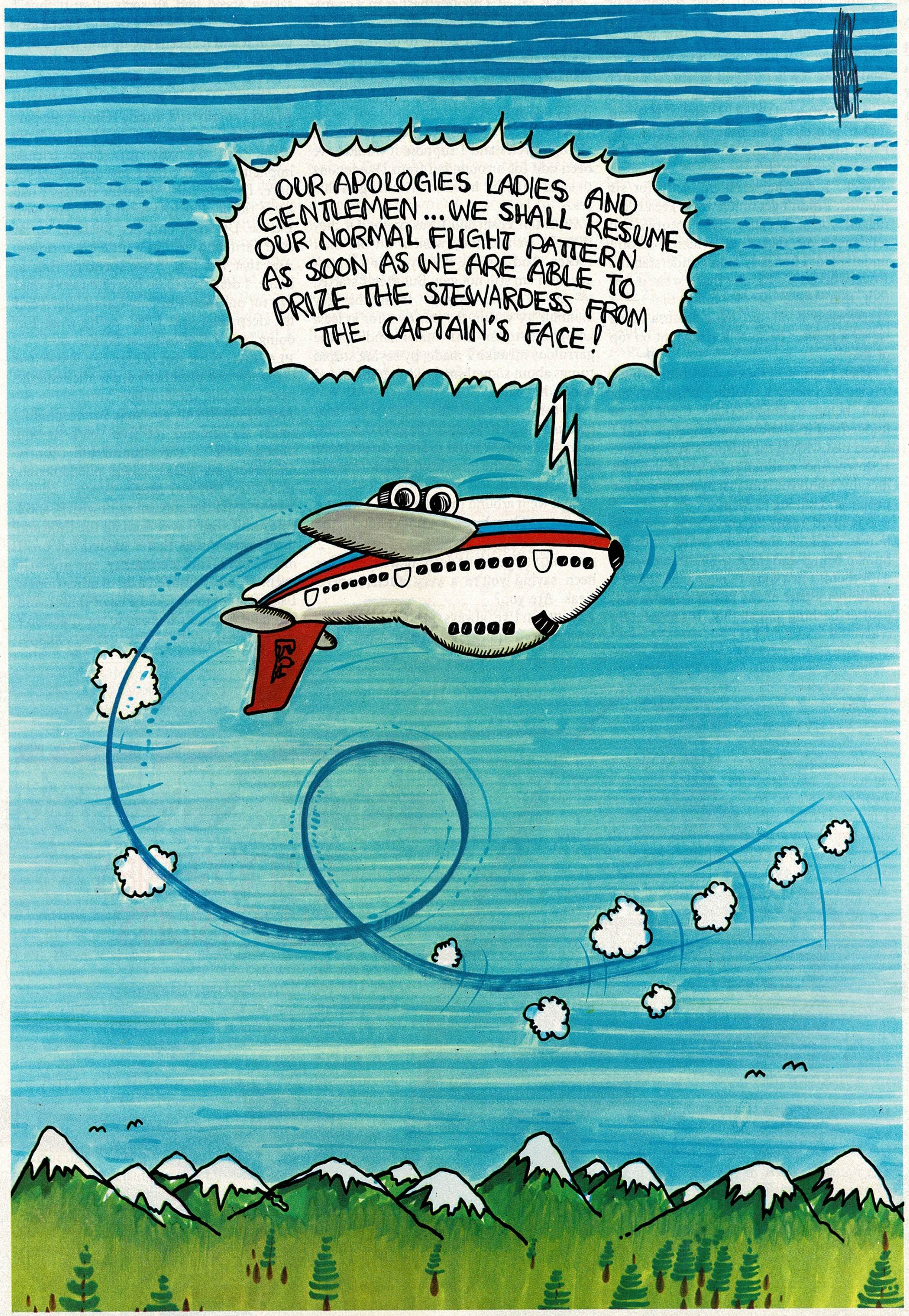
FARNHAM: Because I love the band. I've been a fan of Little River for a long time. I like the music. I like the degree of professionalism that's there. I like working with Glen Wheatley who I've known for years. It really started with the Farnham band. I joined the Wheatley organisation and we did the album and started up the band. The reason I did that, to almost totally change from three piece suits and ties to jeans and shirts and jackets, was that I wasn't being stimulated with what I was doing. I was working in the Sydney clubs and running around doing TV shows and stuff like that, but I really wasn't being stimulated by it. I did the musical comedies and enjoyed them, but all of a sudden I sat down and thought, "Well, I've done a lot of different things, but I haven't really settled on one thing." The thing I love to do most is sing. It's debatable whether I do it best or not, but that's what I love to do the most. And that's what I want to concentrate on. So now, all I have to do is just do that — sing. I'm not an actor, although I loved doing it, and if the right thing came along I'd jump at it, but I know all I really want to do is sing. I get great joy out of it.

PLAYBOY: Five years ago, almost everybody in the business would have tipped that you'd end up another Barry Crocker or Kamahl.

FARNHAM: Oh yeah, and quite frankly I could see that happening. Not that I have anything against the Crockers of this world because he is a fine singer. People used to say, "Oh, that Farnham poofter. . ."

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the word poofter. Of course many people do say you're too nice to be real, and some do say you're probably a poofter. Well, are you?

FARNHAM: I'll tell you a funny story. In the beginning, when I first took Sadie The


OUR APOLOGIES LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... WE SHALL RESUME OUR NORMAL FLIGHT PATTERN AS SOON AS WE ARE ABLE TO PRIZE THE STEWARDESS FROM THE CAPTAIN'S FACE!

Cleaning Lady around, I met a couple of disc jockeys. I won't go into names. And I was sitting in the corner and one of them said to me, "What about homosexuals?" And I said, "What do you mean?" I didn't know what he was talking about and then he said, "Poofters." Well. I said, "If them fuckin' poofters come near me, I'll kick'em. I will fuckin' beat the shit out of them." I really got off my bike.

Well, I got the worst publicity for six months. I didn't get much work. I really got ragged for it because these people had tendencies in that area, which I didn't understand. I honestly didn't understand so I overworked — I guess that's what it was too, that made people think that — I overworked a bit too hard against being called a poofter because it really got on top of me.

Then I felt, well fuck it, why not? What's wrong with being a poofter? What's wrong with being a homosexual? I started to understand it. I knew a lot of people that I associated with in the business were gay and I slowly and gradually got educated, not literally, mind you, but just by meeting these people and talking to them.

I realised many of them were fantastic human beings, that they were normal human beings and there was nothing wrong with them. I just didn't understand it and I think that's part of the problem we've got, poofter-bashing and all that. It's absolutely crazy.

I was called a poofter basher in a couple of gay magazines a long time ago and I felt, well Jesus, I'm not going to do that to the poor buggers. That's ridiculous. But I really alienated a lot of people from that episode, and it was a very naive and stupid thing to do to people.

PLAYBOY: Show business does move in strange circles and I suppose it would have been odd for a young lad from Dandenong to suddenly find himself swimming in that sea.

FARNHAM: Yeah, and I was pretty. Or they thought so and they went a bit off their rocker. And I made it very clear I wasn't gay, and am still not gay. But then I started to get a little respect from the gay community within the business for at least accepting them and understanding the garrulous mistake I made, by saying stupid things about something I didn't understand and didn't know.

It turned around the other way, too, because the girlfriends of the guys that were in my audience wanted to come up and give me a kiss, and the guys would want to come up and kick me.

So it went around the other way: I was the poofter. Therefore I understood the problem.

PLAYBOY: The American newsmen have been saying you're a very intense speed freak. Are you?

FARNHAM: I've always been speedy, I've always been quick. I've been accused of taking speed and all sorts of stuff, but I never have. I like what I do and I get a kick out of it and it speeds me up and that's it. It gives me a lot back.

PLAYBOY: How do you relax?

FARNHAM: I have very close friends with whom I totally and utterly relax. A big part of having friends is knowing you can trust them, and I trust my close friends implicitly. I don't trust my dentist, never have. I like to fish. Mundane things. I like horse riding. I've just spent a few days with Denise Drysdale and her husband up at their farm and we did a little bit of riding. And that was fun. I like spending time at home. I don't get to do it as often as I would like to, but then I'm between the devil and the deep blue sea. I like doing what I'm doing, and I like being at home.

PLAYBOY: What sort of experience was it to one week be a plumber's apprentice and the next boarding the hitmaker train?

FARNHAM: Bloody amazing. My feet didn't touch the ground for five years. It was unbelievable. I was around the country once every six weeks. It was phenomenal.

PLAYBOY: Did you cope?

FARNHAM: I did cope all right with it, and I enjoyed it. But I was tired all the time and there were things that I missed out on. I missed out on my teens really, and my early twenties, but I enjoyed a lot of other things. I saw a lot of things, did a lot of things, and had a lot of things happen to me that don't normally happen to people. I'm very happy, very satisfied with the way things have gone. I wouldn't change anything.

RIP CURL
WINDSERIES
WETSUITS
5.1

PLAYBOY: I've read several times, although never directly quoted by you, that you hated the Sadie song.

FARNHAM: Never. I would never say that. I have fond memories of it. It's part of the reason I'm here and I will never apologise for it. I get on radio and they say, oh that mush thing, the cleaning song, ho ho ho. But I remember it and I'm fond of it. I don't sing it any more because it doesn't fit what I'm doing now. But I traded off that song. . . I guess I feel a little guilty because I traded off that song for such a long time. That and Raindrops. I really should have progressed but I didn't and I think that was wrong. I just sat back on it and didn't do anything. I never really worked for what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite among all the songs you've recorded?

FARNHAM: I've recorded so bloody many. I think Please Don't Ask Me, purely because it's a beautiful song. And Comic Conversations is a great song. Both ballads, funnily enough. From a singer's point of view they were nice songs to sing, and they had great lyrics. I had a big compliment paid to me, and this is not the reason I choose these two songs, by the guy who wrote Comic Conversations, an Englishman, John Bromley. I met him on a corner in England. I rang him first and said I recorded Comic Conversations. He said, "I know." We arranged to meet on a corner and he told me that I'd interpreted that song precisely and exactly how he'd meant it. Graham Goble, who wrote Please Don't Ask Me, said exactly the same thing and that, too, was a big compliment.

PLAYBOY: How does the Beatles' song Help rate in your books?

FARNHAM: Enormously highly. Those two songs I've just mentioned, well I was the first to record them so they mean a great deal to me because it's my interpretation of them. The idea of doing Help, I had that idea for eight years before I recorded it. I'm a *big* Beatles fan, and I'm thrilled. I've been told by friends, and I hope this is true, that Paul McCartney has heard it and likes it. And I read an interview with John Lennon where he said he always felt the song should be a ballad. Help started me back on the road of wanting to be stimulated with what I was doing again. I did that at the Command Performance for the Queen. That preceded the Farnham Band and the album.

PLAYBOY: I asked some people in the business, if they had to be critical about John Farnham's singing technique, what fault or flaw would they highlight. The most mentioned criticism was that on some songs you try too hard, that it's obvious you're straining a little. What would you say to that?

FARNHAM: I would say that I'm guilty of that. I should work harder at it than I do because I've heard such criticisms. I've always oversung. Honestly, it takes me away. I cannot help myself. If I hear something in my head I go for it. I guess it's a confidence thing. If you're mountain climbing, you think well I'm going to go for that step. I can see myself crossing the peak so if I hear something I say, "Jesus, I've got to try that out." And I have to do it. But I must learn to economise. I've been told that through the years. I've tried and I'm still trying. The first time I was told that was during *Charlie Girl*, where I was a pop star going in the *theatre*. I overacted then, as well. I think I overcompensate for nerves.

PLAYBOY: You stressed the word *theatre* then. Were there problems moving from pop to theatre?

FARNHAM: No, it always struck me as funny. It's an old Peter Sellers gag, oh yeah, I'd like to do Shakespeare at the Vic type of thing. Pop star goes on the boards.

PLAYBOY: Are you rich?

FARNHAM: No, I'm happy. I've never been rich and I don't think I will be. I tend to spend it, but I'm comfy.

PLAYBOY: Is wealth important to you?

FARNHAM: Not really. Security is. Since I got married and since our little boy has come along, well I don't want him to want for anything. I don't want him to go into buying Vicrail, but I'd like to be able to buy him a train set.

> *I have fond memories of the Sadie song. It's part of the reason I'm here and I will never apologise for it. . . I traded off that song.*

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been really broke?

FARNHAM: No. There have been times when the pressure's been there from my own overspending, bad investments and so forth. My restaurant deal was a really bad move. I went into a restaurant with a few friends and it was a business I knew nothing about. I had no real control over it and lost an enormous amount of money which really pissed me off, actually. But that was silly.

PLAYBOY: What sort of car do you own?

FARNHAM: A Datsun Patrol, and I love it. I love four-wheel drive vehicles and I love to get up into the bush and drive through the mud. It's great.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever do any of the plumbing in your own house?

FARNHAM: I washer the taps and stuff like that. Unblock the dunny. I was at a friend's house the weekend before last and fixed their toilet for them so, ha ha, I just keep my hand in, as it were.

PLAYBOY: What sort of house do you own and what suburb is it in?

FARNHAM: I really don't want to go into that because then I'm going to get visitors. It's just a house, it's not a mansion. It's just a house with a TV and a couple of beds, curtains. . . normal house.

PLAYBOY: Some of the guys in Little River Band are religious. How about you?

FARNHAM: No, not really. We discuss this in the band occasionally. Beeb Birtles is a Christian, and he's the only Christian in the band. It's terrific for him and it's helped him a lot because he feels he needs something like that. I'm not particularly religious. If I blaspheme I tend to look up out of the corner of my eye and say, "Shit, where's the bolt?" But that's about it.

PLAYBOY: You were married when you were 23 and you're still married to the same lady today. In show business that's a highly unlikely success story. What's your secret?

FARNHAM: The secret is I'm very much in love with my wife. She's a great bird. Part of it too is that I travel a lot, and I'm away maybe three or four weeks at a time, and absence does make the heart grow fonder. It helps. If I'm home for a month she starts saying, "Will you piss off, will you go out, will you go to the office and get away?" So I get under her feet, and she gets under mine, but I don't kick her. I'm deeply and truly in love with her, and we get on really good. We're good mates. She's crazy. My wife is absolutely mad. The bitch is mad but she's good fun. And she never ceases to amaze me.

PLAYBOY: I've just read Carey Schofield's book, *Jagger*, and in there it's revealed that the wife of one of the Rolling Stones' entourage makes him get a clearance from the local VD clinic when he lobs home after touring. Does your wife issue you with similar orders?

FARNHAM: No, I don't have to do that. I carry my own VD stuff with me. The thing is, I did all that between the ages of 17 and 22. Anybody who says they didn't is either a liar or a fool. I had a bloody great time. But now, like you say, VD, herpes, AIDS and all that other stuff. Jesus. Not interested in the least. I'm pretty happy with what I've got. It would break my heart if my wife left me and Robbie, our little boy, I mean, Jesus, I couldn't handle that. So I stay pretty well out of that shit. But I lead the bitches. . . I lead them on. I have a ball. I work the women down the front row, keep saying come on, come on. Oh yes, I lead 'em on and carry on and my wife absolutely hates it. And I don't blame her because turn it around and I'd be down the front with boots and kicking.

I'll never leave my wife for any great length of time. I take her to America. She doesn't travel on the road in the bus to all the gigs, but she is in America when I'm there. It keeps me sober, it keeps me sane. It's better to have them in at least the same country, where you can get to them. Quick.

PLAYBOY: Was your wife a show business person?

FARNHAM: She was in the chorus of *Charlie*

(continued on page 129)

CAN ALI COME OUT TO PLAY?

ali at mid-life:
float like a butterfly, float like a butterfly

TWO YEARS RETIRED, Muhammad Ali lives in a closely guarded compound called Fremont Place, hard by the Hollywood glitterati and far from reality. The big homes with their sculpted lawns and shrubbery seem to sit there amid eternal euphoria, in a world without disorder. There is not much sound here, just the swish of fronds in high trees. It's like a still life that shows how the rich and famous keep their distance.

Turn off the street, pass under an arch and you come to a little guardhouse where a keeper frisks you with his eyes: why not, they seem to say, didn't you hear about John Lennon?

"No, he ain't seein' nobody," says the keeper.

He trounces on his last word with firmness. "*Nobody*. That's my orders. Hundreds of people botherin' him every day."

Can the guard call him on the phone?

"Can't call up to the big house, either. He don't wanna know from nobody. Best you can do is leave a note."

Dates never did mean much to Ali, you think, and time never had dimension — unless it was measured in rounds and broken by the sound of a ring bell. Why worry about time when you believe you're going to live forever? But back at the hotel, the Fremont compound sticks in the mind: it is, perhaps, the best measure of how far Ali has come from that old clapboard house on Grand Avenue, in Louisville, where he used to sit on the porch and mesmerise the other kids with tales of how far he was going. "You see this house," he would tell them. "It gonna be a shrine one day."

Grand Avenue was Ali's only concession to a past he often seemed to loathe. For if he had no feeling for time, he did have an acute sense of place, half of it residing modestly among his people, the other half in a grandeur fit for *Architectural Digest*. He bought and remodelled homes as easily as he changed moods. Every house became a Xanadu, his shrine in transit, then he'd move on to the next mirage. He didn't want to go home again; he just wanted to feel like he was there.

"I see the note," his voice says on the phone a half hour later.

"How's everything, champ?"

"I ain't seein' nobody," he says, the voice barely audible.

"Yeah, but you told me to come out."

"I did?" he asks. "Well, I changed my mind."

"But I'm here, for Chrissake."

He studies the problem, it seems, then says: "You bring money?"

"For what?"

"For me. I ain't talkin' to no press, no television people, unless they pay. You sellin' me, you should be payin' me. I don't need you people anymo."

"Come off that old line, Ali. That's not you talking."

"All you all wanna do," he says, going into mock anger, "is come out here and say, 'Oh, the champ, he misses boxin' so much, he don't talk too good.' I jist retired, and ya'all buryin' me. You wanna see me hangin' round gyms, goin' to fights, and then make me look like some kind of clown. I don't need the press. I go anywhere in the world, talk to the Pope, discuss with him why Jesus always white in those pictures. Boxin' ain't nothin' to me anymo."

"Yeah, it's true, you're still a world figure."

"You say nigga?" he laughs. He pauses, then says, "Okay, come on out. But we ain't gonna talk about boxin'. I jist got my religion on my mind."

Besides the sudden return of his sense of humor, two things about the phone exchange are familiar: his peculiar and ambivalent attitude towards money, and the sense that there are still Iagos working his mind. His slam at the press is a refrain straight from the mouths of those old-line Muslims who tried to manipulate his media when they couldn't improve their own; as communicators, they were like Bugs Bunny, all teeth and squawk. But there are a couple of new aspects to the retired Ali: the

article by mark kram

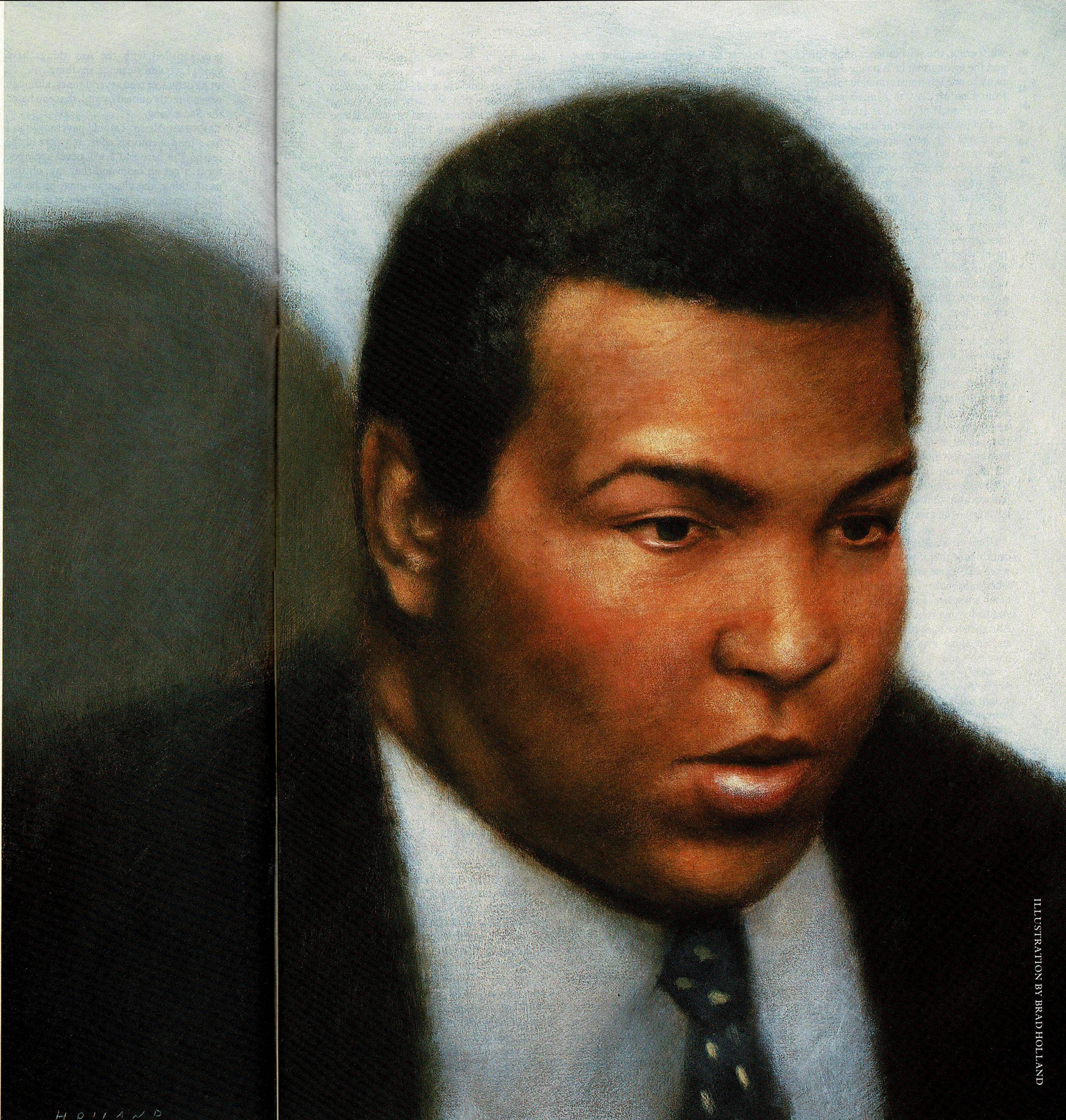


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

whispering, the slow cadence of his speech, and the feeling that he is trying desperately to make one last transformation in his life — from Cassius Clay, to Muhammad Ali, to the St Francis of Assisi of Islam.

You want to believe he'll make it, despite the waves of rumor slapping up against the hero in repose: the persistent news accounts that depict him as feeble-minded; his second wife Belinda saying he was a lousy lover; the mounting possibility that his current wife, the beautiful Veronica, is going to leave him; the final indignity of fighters more and more commenting on his appearance, to the point where middleweight champ Marvin Hagler got up in the ring at the ceremonial retirement of Sugar Ray Leonard and said as an afterthought that, "we don't want to end up like Muhammad Ali."

The words were enough to make your back teeth screech. Ali as a pathetic footnote? But they don't carry away their dead in boxing; they eat them while they're still warm. Ali knew that better than Hagler, better than a certain gaggle of reporters who seem now to be using him to mainline on easy pathos. So, with the cheap gossip and the disrespect, with the proscenium toppling down on him, you have to go and see how dead is dead. It is end-up time, comin' down time, and you sense a shifting of squadrons that seems to signal some great advance — or great retreat.

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Goin' up is easier than comin' down. You can't doubt that if you've ever been around when a 20-game arm suddenly goes dead or when a top jockey is too scared to get up on a horse any more. Even if they've been lucky and had a long run, when it's over, it's over. And then the hero better know how to go off and sit alone in a quiet room. Not many have.

"Don't you ever be comin' down," Archie Moore once said to a young heavyweight named Cassius Clay, "and you'll live forever." Part metaphysician, part snake charmer, the former light-heavyweight champ was warning Clay to be smart with his life and his talent. Clay, an Olympic champion and already a prince in his own mind, looked at old Archie as if he were a busted-out swami; the blessed don't need advice, his eyes seemed to say to Moore. And, indeed, if you would have wagered 20 years ago that one man had the pride and the ballast of character to scale down safely from the summit of fame, it would have been Cassius Clay, soon to become Muhammad Ali.

Even now, with the taxi nearing Ali's home in LA, you can still hear the rhapsody: "Ain't nobody been like me. I changed the face of the black man. I was a difference in my time. You can't say that about any other fighta. Look at them faces all 'round the world. They sayin', 'My, my, look at the champ, will ya. He don't smoke, he don't drink, he don't kill people, he gonna be forever.' When I quit, bein' down is just gonna be another way of bein' up."

Inside the Fremont compound, now, a neatly tailored Moroccan who moves like a hush is guiding you up an expanse of steps and between a pair of huge white columns. The Moroccan is Ali's private secretary, handling his appointments, his mail, and the magic props that Ali will have him produce with a click of the finger or a grumble that only the Moroccan can decode. Ali's inner circle has always included someone like that who was there next to him but never seemed to be.

The Moroccan doesn't live in the house, nor does the cook-housekeeper. Just Veronica and Ali and their two girls, aged five and six. His in-laws live in a guest house out back.

"Veronica's not home much," you remember being told by an old member of Ali's crowd before coming out to LA. "She's either in actin' class, exercise class, or buyin' class. You have to go to buyin' class, to learn how to give money wings like she do."

It's probably just sour grapes from a former hanger-on, though it was recently reported that Ali had gone into a deep depression over Veronica's latest $175,000 tour of Bloomingdales. He doesn't appear too depressed when we enter his study. He is sitting behind a massive Louis XIV desk that looks like it could fly if it had wings. He doesn't notice any visitors, for his eyes are fixed on the television across the room, something called *People's Court*.

The tongue is heavy as an ingot. The lips move in slow motion. His speech limps along, struggles for air when it tries to accelerate.

"See any John Wayne movies lately?" you ask him. After all, maybe he didn't see you enter the room.

"John Wayne dead," he says, his eyes not turning from the set where a woman is arguing that a neighbor poisoned her dog. "So is Elvis. Everybody dead. 'Cept me."

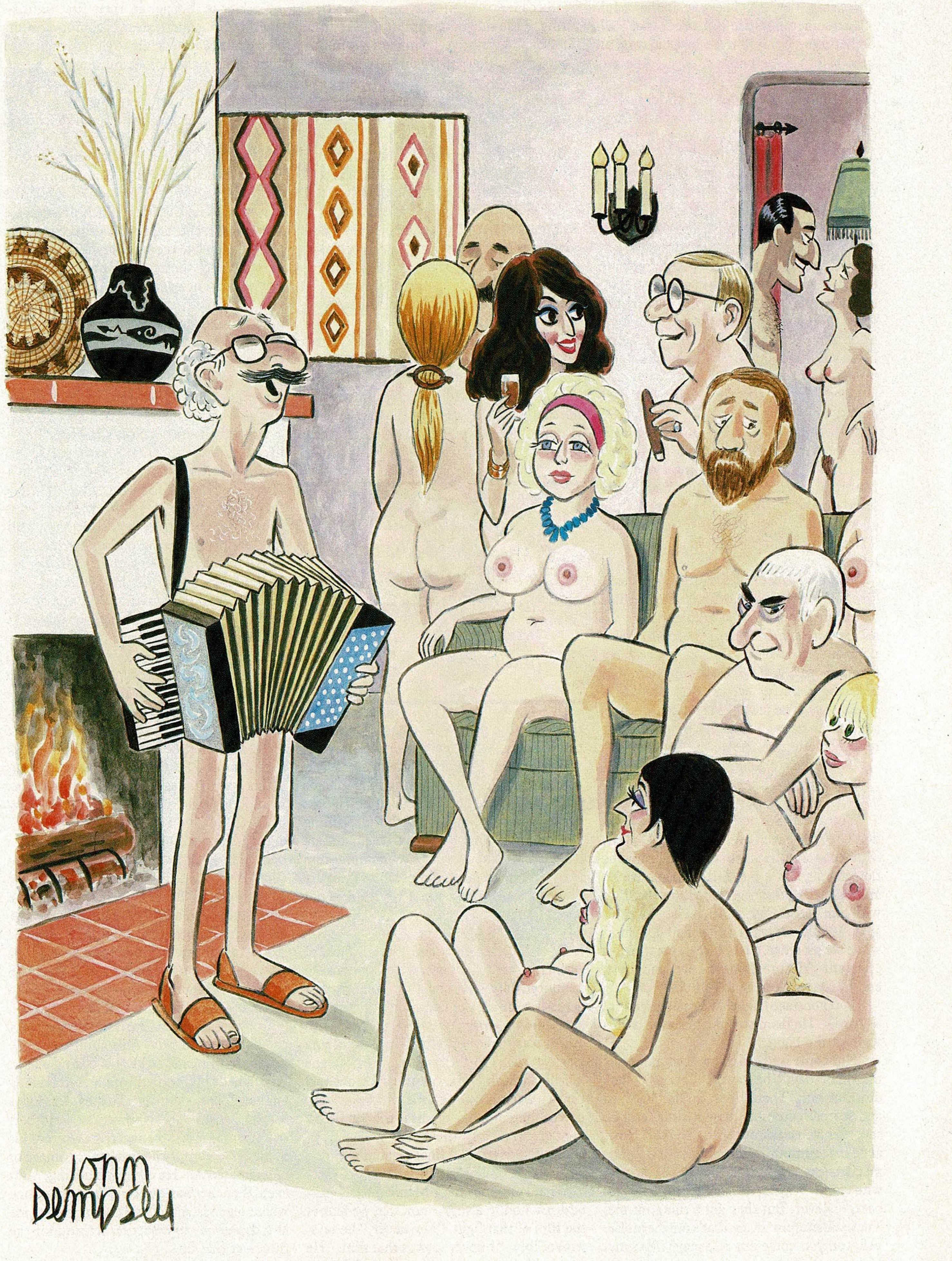
The candy store jurisprudence is getting him annoyed now, and when he waves his hand at the set, the Moroccan goes over and whispers in his ear. "Turn it off," says Ali. "She lyin', she killed the dog. Judge is gonna say she didn't anyway. Turn it off." He keeps staring at the dead screen. "What time is it?" Ali asked the Moroccan, who indicates that it isn't time for whatever it is supposed to be time for.

"Why is Jesus Christ always white?" he wants to know — but don't try an explanation. He's already asked the Pope during a private chat at the Vatican, and even John Paul II came up empty, according to Ali. "We jist sittin' in a big room, full of sun and heavy curtains and things that look like gold. Oh, he a sweet man. He say that when he was a young priest he saw me fight in the Rome Olympics, shook my hand, even got my autograph. Imagine, *thee* Pope. He say he knew I was gonna be big. But he can't even tell me why Christ always white, why he ain't black sometime. He jist say, 'Ali, well, you know it's been that way for centuries.' He jist keep lookin' deep in my eyes, and I say, 'Somethin' wrong with my eyes, father?' And he say he lookin' in my eyes 'cause, 'I've heard about Ali for years, and now you are here.' You see, I wasn't jist the champ. I was *thee* champ. I touch the poor and the greatest. They all got a piece of Ali, somethin' to remember."

What a visual jewel this is, you think: the avenging black angel who once made the Christian world choke on its rage. Islam's crazy child of the gods, *thee* heavyweight champion, sitting with the paragon of spiritual diplomacy, pointing up to a picture of a white Christ as if he's calling the round in which he'll win. But it's hard to focus on the image, because the man in front of you now is not the Ali that could turn such a scene into a lyrical rapids. Once a stream of soaring octaves, his speech now sends a chill up your back; and you have to lean in hard to hear him. The tongue is heavy as an ingot. The lips move in slow motion. His speech limps along, struggles for air when it tries to accelerate. And there is the constant clearing of the throat and the tiny points of white saliva in the corners of his mouth.

Earlier, on the phone, you had thought that the voice was just another of his put-ons; but no such luck, and the full force of what you are hearing makes you queasy. His face is also in full view for the first time now. All right, his head is still lopsided, but we've known about that since a London hatter measured him for a derby back in the early '60s. ("You mean it's not perfect?" Ali said back then, as if he'd just found out he had scurvy. "Bloody imperfect, if you ask me," said the hatter.) There is, too, the tiny boyhood scar on the right lid. The skin is still smooth, free of zippered flesh, the nose remains agreeably flat. But the face lacks definition; it has a bloated quality that suggests a drowsy bullfrog. And those eyes where clowns used to tumble now recall a dance hall at daybreak.

You keep staring at him, and he keeps talking about his crusade for a black Christ, but it's other voices that you hear: "He just a tired old king who don't know what to be king of any more," one of his former running mates had said. "He'll be in a hotel room, go on the nod just like that, then wake up and say, 'Where we at, judge?' — everybody was called judge in the entourage — 'What we doin' here?' And then he goes back on the nod again. He's like that — what you call it? — yeah, like that Flyin' Dutchman on the sea. He don't wanna stay home, he just wanna travel out there,



"Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo. . . ouch. . . roam."

floatin' and noddin' in nowhere. He like a ghost ship, that's it. Then, again, he so full of life sometimes. He just tired, that's all. Sometimes, I think, if he had his way, all he'd like to do is back up time so he was Cassius Clay again, and he just sit there forever tellin' stories to all them kids how he was goin' to put the world in his pocket, and then let them have it back, piece by piece. Young Cassius wanted to give 'em the world back. Muhammad Ali wanted to keep it forever."

Ali stops talking and looks at you looking at him. "What you see?" he asks. "Yeah, well I been fastin' for the last 14 days. Just orange juice." But you don't counter with the obvious question: how can a man fast for two weeks and end up looking like Sydney Greenstreet? In all those years, you never went after Ali, strafing him with questions, like a hard-arse reporter. If you wanted a serious response, you had to become a familiar face around him, sometimes even play the beguiled fool.

"What time is it?" Ali asks again, and the Moroccan looks at his watch and says it isn't time. Ali growls something, and the Moroccan leaves the study. You notice some legal pads covered with scrawl in front of Ali, and you ask him what he's writing: "You makin' out a will?" He smiles, then tells you to take a look.

"All day I sit here writin'," he says "lookin' for the truth." The barely legible words are copied from a Sufi tract. *We can see the truth of this idea when we think of what we were yesterday and compare it with our condition today. Our own happiness, our riches or posterity of yesterday are like a dream to us.* The message is much the same, page after page: forget the past, find the route to your true nature.

"That's heavy, champ," you say.

"Say it again!" he says.

"That's heavy. . ."

"You got it! See, even you see it, and you don't even have my knowledge." The Moroccan slips back into the room, carrying flower pots and a box full of magic tricks, and Ali tells you to get down on the floor with him. "Kids," says Ali, "They love this stuff. We all kids, ain't we? Jist git ugly faces when we git older." He starts separating his apparatus. His breathing is heavy and short, and he keeps clearing his throat.

"You got stage fright? Why you breathin' so hard?" He dismisses the question with a wave of the hand.

"Kid come up here to the front door just the other day," he says. "I open it, look down at him. There he is, kinda bug-eyed and scared 'cause he know it's me, and he say, 'Can you come out and play, Ali?' Now, ain't that sumpin'? He want me to do some magic tricks. You think they'd dare do that with John Wayne, or somebody else real beeeg? Never. But they got a thing for me. They see sumpin' in me that's nowhere else. 'Ali, can you come out and play?' My, my, ain't the world strange."

For the next two hours, Ali takes you through his full repertoire, while the Moroccan dozes on the couch, his head tilting to the side but popping up every time he hears a rasping command from Ali. Coins, cards, flowers, brightly colored balls, they're all disappearing in Ali's hands. So are the questions that you are trying to ease by him: heard a man is pissing blood and his face is bloated because his kidneys are in bad shape, that sometimes he can hardly walk because of all the punches he took back there? Heard a man is fooling with drugs, and maybe that's why he talks funny? Nothing arouses him, and then finally he concludes his act by saying: "All eeeelusion. People think they seein' one thing, but it's another. Jist like me. People think they knew me, but they weren't seein' me. Ain't magic wonderful?"

He rouses the Moroccan, and asks again for the time. The secretary puts up three fingers, indicating three minutes. Ali walks briskly out of the study. Could he be going for another magic prop, maybe an elephant? No, says the aide, he is going to pray. He pulls out a chart that shows every Muslim in the world the precise moment, at least five times a day, when he should be praying, which is why Ali asks what time it is constantly. We look now into a big outside room, and there he is, his head down on a prayer mat facing east, the deepening shadows falling across the ornate candelabra and statuary. Watching him there, you see a man holding on to a mighty lifeline, to his balance in a world he is not sure of anymore.

> *"I think if he had his way, all he'd like to do is back up time so he was Cassius Clay again. . . forever tellin' stories to all them kids. . ."*

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Eight years gone, and the thwack of leather, those twilit eyes, were often lost to memory, only now and then running fast across the mind like lightning in a summer sky. But suddenly, the next evening with Ali, it was there again in all its shuddering clarity: the third Ali-Frazier fight, the Thrilla in Manila. It was as if someone had thrown a torch through the window and lit up the memories — the heat waving up off dented tin roofs, the smell and feel of equatorial decay and final reckoning in the air.

What summons back Manila now is Ali's odd reaction to a suggestion that we look at the film of that fight. "No, never," he says, irrevocably. "I never look at that film." He says he'll show you the ignominy of George Foreman in Zaire, Floyd Patterson in his various attitudes of martyrdom, even his own loss to Frazier in their first fight — anything but those steamy couple of hours in Manila that took him to the very centre of himself as a champion and a man.

Sly persistence won't get him to change his mind. For it is clear that Manila now stands in his mind like a long-abandoned mansion in the jungle, strangled by vines and wrapped in mist. "Who wants to keep lookin' at hell?" he asks, contradicting the claim by one of his former disciples who says that every so often, when only a 3 am moon lights the big rooms of his home, he will slip down to the study and gaze vacantly as he and Frazier move out of time and go at each other once again.

What does he still dread about that fight? Had it not been a masterpiece? Had it not produced a kind of primitive art, a firestorm of passion, of promises kept and value given, of dramatic passage with an honorable end? But there *was* no end, and that is what Ali cannot bear to see.

More than Frazier cleaving at his kidneys like a grizzly, the film shows where Ali should have called it quits — but he didn't. Hobbling around his suite after the fight that night, his body still tingling from Frazier's punches, he ran your hand over the terrible range of bumps Frazier had raised on his forehead and he spoke starkly of the landscape of his life. He knew that behind him, in that ring, his miraculous talent had gushed out irretrievably, like blood from a point-blank wound. Before him, he could see all of this: the man, "still pretty," who escaped in time; a significant role in the Muslim movement; a beacon for the defeated and dispossessed; the mystery who would stubbornly remain a mystery. "The ship stop here," he said, looking out over Manila Bay and, fingering the bumps on his head once again. "My God, what that man done to me. No more oceans. Nothin' in boxin' for me no more."

He was right, for he knew that he had no big, stompin' fights left in him, the kind that could be brutal to his health and reputation.

"Eagles fall from high mountains," he said, "and then all them night things come and pick at a beautiful thing that only the sun ever get near. But this is one eagle gonna stay up there on the rocks and ledges with the sun, and there ain't nobody ever gonna see him again after this evil day."

But after the final Frazier fight, the years rolled by too quickly. Ali's ability to shock had worn thin, and so had his boxing magic. He flailed his way through a travelling circus of non-fights, a Tolstoy writing a soap opera. "Nothing," Herbert Muhammad, his manager, reassured his sceptical legions, "can weaken the image of Muhammad Ali. He is beyond boxing." But even then he was slipping into that zone where legends rot, where the rabble stands at a dangerous intersection waiting for the three-car pile up.

"What do they want from me?" he said

(continued on page 124)

SEX STRIKES BACK!

despite what the pundits say, the gentle art of copulation is not dead. it's just lying down

IT'S ALWAYS BEEN one of the great fears of us post-war boom babies, us who grew up with the Pill, marijuana and social and sexual liberation, that our children would rise up against us.

"Look, Dad, I'd really prefer you not to roll joints in the living room when I have friends around. It's so embarrassing."

"Dad, I'm sorry. I know how much this means to you but I can't really accept your condoms. You see, Gwendoline and I are saving ourselves for marriage."

The whole crazy machine would Simpson Whirlpool its way back to a time prior to the Great Awakening, a time when nice girls didn't and nice boys didn't ask. Life was much simpler then. Beer was a shilling a schooner, cricketers wore white and

article by phil jarratt

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANE McGOWAN

everyone had a job. In the unlikely event you found a girl who went All The Way, you were the envy of your mates, until you got her pregnant and had to marry her. And while in urban Australia in the 1940s and '50s her father's shotgun was more a myth than a double-barrel reality, it was an effective deterrent.

Just what Australian men were up against (or not up against, if we're going to be pedantic) around that time is described in some detail in Louise Zaetta's book *For Christ's Sake.* Ms Zaetta recalls the basic but functional sex education she received at her Australian convent school: "Patent leather shoes should never be worn, as they reflect underwear. Never wear open-toed sandals as they reveal the cleavage between your toes. Don't eat too much red meat, as it inflames the passions. Never go out with anyone in a clean car. He will have polished the seats so that when he turns a corner you'll slide over next to him." And perhaps the most crushing advice of all: "When a man takes one step forward, take two steps back and say, 'Don't touch me, I'm a Loreto girl'."

And it wasn't just nice Catholic girls who believed a bolt of lightning would strike them dead if lust entered their hearts. It was tough all over. But then, slowly across the land, a couple of years behind the real centres of influence, came the Great Awakening.

Consider the following: between 1954 and 1966 there was an increase of 95 percent in births outside marriage; in 1972 a survey of more than 1400 women conducted by Professor Robert Bell, a Visiting Fellow at La Trobe University, Melbourne, revealed that 72 percent of the married women polled had had premarital sexual intercourse.

Masters and Johnson were, of course, discovering an even greater loosening of the fly buttons in the United States, but it was undeniable that a sexual revolution was taking place in Australia. Sociologist and author Craig McGregor wrote of the morals of the period: "Young people are throwing off the moral restrictions of adult society and replacing them with a far easier-going, less guilt-ridden attitude toward sex."

Suddenly, fucking was funky.

And, as author Frank Moorhouse observed in his retrospective on the '70s, *Days Of Wine And Rage,* the people at the forefront of the sexual revolution spent a lot of time discussing their orgasms. Moorhouse himself proved fairly adept at it when he wrote in 1971: "In fucking, it is generally held that as long as a male has a stiff penis and can deliver sperm out the end of it at the right time, he is okay. This ejaculation, in both sex manuals and idiom (and even in Masters and Johnson), is equated with orgasm. Although it is probably too late to worry about the linguistic distinction, there seems to be a need to re-establish and stress the distinction between ejaculation and orgasm theoretically." From which point the author launched into a long and earnest comparison of good, bad and middling sexual experiences.

But as the revolution proceeded apace, its influence was felt not just in intellectual fringe circles but in the community at large. Sydney's populist *Daily Mirror,* for example, in 1969 felt compelled to jump on the bandwagon. The newspaper's advice columnist Dame Zara, portly and loveable wife of the late prime minister Harold Holt, was usurped by an outrageous 25-year-old vamp from the advertising sales department. Mini-skirted Suzy Jarratt (no relation) was shown to a typewriter and a bunch of letters from young readers and told to tell it like it was. Unfortunately for the confused kids who really needed it, Suzy's advice on such matters as abortion, homosexuality and contraception was considered a little ahead of its time. It didn't help matters that one of the paper's feature writers introduced her column with the news that Suzy herself had just had an abortion.

Suzy was continually censored and almost fired, but not before the Mirror's circulation had soared throughout her eight-year reign, the churches had called for Rupert Murdoch's excommunication and Ms Jarratt had received her fair share of used prophylactics in the mail.

The media-led assault on sex has itensified. Like sex itself, the assault began somewhere else and spread to these shores like Filipino flu.

Other women answered the call. In Melbourne, Claudia Wright began dispensing frank advice and even franker opinions, expatriate Germaine Greer published *The Female Eunuch,* while in Sydney, a naughty lady called Sue Rhodes exposed the sexual inadequacy of the Australian male in a book called *Now You'll Think I'm Awful.* (We did.) Then, in 1972, Ita Buttrose launched *Cleo,* a magazine for liberated young ladies with such innovations as a male centrefold and a sealed section dealing with explicit sexual matters.

Television was not to be left out of the Great Awakening. Of course it could not compete with the liberalisation of the theatre, which was pioneered in 1968 by *The Boys In The Band* and *America Hurrah* and brought to full flower by Jim Sharman's Australian production of *Hair.* But, as Donald Horne has pointed out in his book *Time Of Hope,* by 1972 what we then called "permissiveness" had become commercially exploitable on television. The writing had been on the wall since the early '60s when Gordon Chater, in the satirical series *The Mavis Bramston Show,* had invited Carol Raye to have One Go on her floor, and particularly since 1967 when Ken Shorter had stunned Australia by going the grope on Rowena Wallace in *You Can't See Round Corners.* But when Abigail bared her buttocks and Joe Hasham came out of the closet on *Number 96,* the sexual revolution had truly reached the mass market.

Taking their lead from Monterey and Woodstock, Australian rock festivals came into their own during this period, generally highlighted by performers exhorting the audience to "suck more piss", which they did, and which in turn led to the most public orgies ever witnessed in this country. All good dirty fun, and a great boon to the penicillin manufacturers.

What it all meant was that 10, or even five years ago, we Australians were enjoying sex without inhibition. Perhaps we weren't as uninhibited as the Californians with their hot tubs and encounter sessions and grope therapy, but we had the same kinds of leisure drugs, nude beaches, singles bars, gay districts and sex aids as the rest of the civilised world, and we had something else as well. We had a sense of humor about the old in-out. On the whole (no pun intended), sex to us was fun, not a neurotic obsession.

So now, in this Orwellian year of dark promise, the pundits would have it that the revolution is over. Not that the sentiment is new. The Rev Fred Nile has been saying it since God put power in his tonsils, and way back in 1978, when Australian PLAYBOY began, I remember a wise man from Chicago telling a group of us that it was all over for fucking — making love and sending flowers were back in style. The age of romance had begun. Move over Marlon, Alan Alda is coming on through with a box of chocolates. This may well have been true in Chicago, and in the rest of Middle America, but we never saw any evidence of such a movement here. Or were we simply looking the other way?

In recent months, however, the media-led assault on sex has intensified. Like sex itself, which allegedly began not far from the Sea of Galilee, the assault began somewhere else and spread to these shores like Filipino flu. Australian newspaper proprietors, for many of whom sex still leaves a bad taste in the mouth, have jumped on to this bandwagon with considerably less restraint than they showed when the experts were declaring that fucking was fun. *The National Times,* for example, weighed in last spring with a sensitive article called Disease In The Age Of Desire, which was about how gays are curtailing their friskiness in response to the AIDS epidemic. The article was lifted from the *New York Review of Books,* because in that city, AIDS is a problem and much alarmist stuff has been written about it, and its alleged relation to gay sex. In Australia there have been several confirmed cases of AIDS but *The National Times* evidently

"My God, do you realise we only got it on two times this month?"

believes that there is sufficient interest here to warrant a major feature article.

The same publication then followed up a few weeks later with an investigative report on what it called "the porn industry". The terminology used throughout indicated a return to the 1950s. So far did the newspaper cast its net in search of "pornographers", that very few people involved in publishing in this country escaped. Even Gordon and Gotch, a highly reputable company which, for its sins, packs magazines and books on to trucks and delivers them to shops, was implicated.

But if things looked bad for sex then, by the end of the following week they looked even worse. *The Sydney Morning Herald*, *The National Times's* older, more sensible brother (or granny perhaps), declared solemnly on its features page: The Sexual Revolution Dies. On closer inspection this turned out to be yet another article about America, lifted this time from *The New York Times*. Despite all this talk about free love, the article said, American couples were no longer screwing around. A New York psychotherapist said that either the sexual revolution was over or it had been replaced by a new, more careful and caring sexual revolution.

The basic thrust of these, and the many other American articles which have found their way into our press in the past year, is that the sexual revolution has been tried and found wanting, that we were wrong to cast off the shackles of sexual repression and that Puritanism was right all along. Sexual freedoms do in fact lead us down the road to damnation. Evidence for this is offered in various ways. *Time* magazine gave us herpes — not literally, of course. Its cover story, The New Scarlet Letter, quoted several sexually diseased monsters who were knowingly spreading their infection in singles bars. The moral tenor was set by *Time* in the last paragraph: "It is a melancholy fact that it (herpes) has rekindled old fears. But perhaps not so unhappily it may be a prime mover in helping to bring to a close an era of mindless promiscuity. The monogamous now have one more reason to remain so. For all the distress it has brought, the troublesome little bug may inadvertently be ushering in a period in which sex is linked more firmly to commitment and trust."

Elsewhere in the United States, magazines such as *Esquire* and *New York* have found human examples of the New Puritanism, sex revolution casualties who add depth to the assertion that, "a generation that skipped the hand-holding stage of adolescence is rediscovering dating. There's romance instead of lust."

Even more convincing than the casualties are the converts, people like journalist and author George Leonard, whose book *The End Of Sex* is likely to sell as many copies as his previous bestseller, *Education and Ecstasy*. In a 1970 *Look* article, Leonard helped launch the sexual revolution by

(continued on page 86)

DEAR SUZY, I'M IN LOVE WITH MY BOXER DOG

"A third of the people in Sydney don't know how to use a phone book. Wouldn't have a bloody clue. That's what I used to do for them. They'd have the clap or be up the duff, and they wouldn't know where to go. It was all in the telephone directory, of course. I'd simply look it up for them."

This is how, with a wave of her cigarette, Dear Suzy dismisses her controversial role in guiding the sex lives of Sydney newspaper readers from 1969 to 1977. It wasn't quite so simple. From the moment mini-skirted 25-year-old clerk Suzy Jarratt was seconded from the *Daily Mirror* advertising department to fill the shoes of the wise and elderly Dame Zara, she and her paper were embroiled in controversy. Most of it stemmed from the direct nature of Suzy's advice, and the fact that she was much the same age as those she was advising to go ahead and have the baby, or to go on the Pill.

"What I was always accused of by the public — or by those people who'd done a degree in sociology," Suzy recalls, "was that I was setting myself up as a bloody psychiatrist and social worker put together, without any academic qualifications. It simply wasn't true. If the problem required expert advice, I'd tell them where they could get it, or I'd get it from the expert and pass it on through the column. What amazed me was that the mass media audience — the people who buy the *Mirror* and listen to John Laws — don't really read and they don't really listen. They accused me of writing things I didn't write just as they accuse radio people of saying things they didn't say.

"When it came to problems of a different nature, ones where I felt just as qualified to answer as any academic, I simply wrote what I really felt. And you have to remember I was much closer to their problems than anyone else in the advice business at the time because I was having them too. I'm sure the old matrons who preceded me had the occasional fuck, and I hope someone is still climbing on even now, but the image was middle-aged wisdom, motherly. Dame Zara, for example, would tell people to write to her and code their letters, say 'B3'. There would be a standard reply for each coding. My replies were very different. One letter I used to get constantly was the 'my husband is no good in bed' number. I used to say, well, don't just lie there, do something. At the time that suggestion of active enjoyment of sex was considered controversial."

While Suzy's two-fisted advice sent the *Mirror's* circulation soaring and was discussed and analysed in the schoolyard every day, it was not universally popular. The churches began a flak campaign against the Murdoch empire, and Suzy herself became the target of crank mail and abusive phone calls. "Oh yes, I'd get weird stuff in the mail from time to time, but what was more disturbing was the mail from people who seemed to be having sexual fantasies, but just possibly were genuine. You could never be totally dismissive. I mean if a guy claims to be in love with his boxer dog it's probably his fantasy, but you can't simply say: don't be silly, men don't fall in love with dogs. Possibly, just possibly, there is a man out there somewhere who is genuinely and passionately in love with his boxer dog. You had to take his feelings into account."

Dear Suzy changed the life of its author. As she puts it: "They dragged me out of the ad department and boom — there I was on the back of buses and all over railway platforms. My main qualification for this honor was that I'd written an unpublished kids' book about a snail with a golden trail and that I was a young girl who didn't mind showing a bit of leg. Jesus, I must say it fucked my head for a while."

Suzy wasn't too good at taking her own advice. She went through her share of emotional traumas, including a marriage to the late actor Fred Cullen. Now, tanned and healthy at 39, she has just married for the third time and spends her days running well-bred horses on her acreage north-west of Sydney. The only advice she dispenses these days is to horses.

Did Australians change their attitudes to sex during her eight-year stint? Are attitudes changing now?

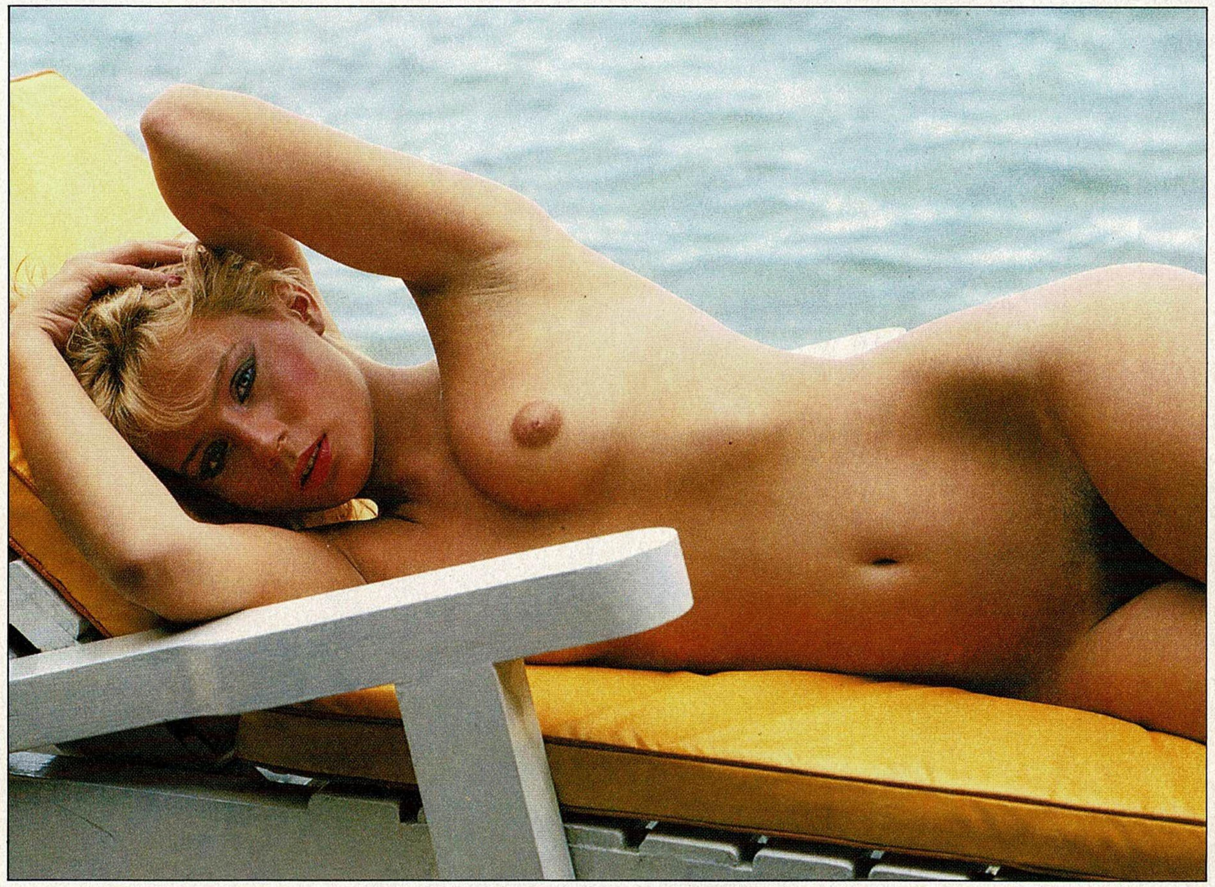
"Are you kidding? Listen, there are still women out there in the suburbs who are whores because there's a price on their sexual favors. They fuck their husbands because they feel indebted to them as breadwinners, no other reason. That's how primitive we are. Still the same problems, still the same joy. If sex has changed, no one has told me."

Delightful Debbie

Debbie Greene's like a breath of fresh air. This pensive and pretty art student has spent all her early childhood summers at her grandparents' country retreat. "I love the bush," smiles Debbie. "It's an endless source of inspiration for my work."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIWER OHLSSON

"But most of all," continues Debbie, "I like to take my clothes off and feel the heat soaking into my naked body. And that's not the sort of thing you can get away with too often in the city! My grandparents are really cool about it — in fact they were members of a nudist colony many years ago when they lived in the city."



Debbie carries around her sketchbook throughout the summer holidays. "I particularly love flowers," she explains, "and I've sketched almost every variety of Australian wildflower. I'd love to do a book of sketches with my hand-written observations. Then perhaps I could afford a country place of my own. That's my ultimate dream!"

INSTANT CRICKET

Expert advice on the tactics of winning the wham-bam way

by ian chappell

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN Tests and limited-over cricket is similar to that between a long-standing relationship and a one-night stand. Test matches take a lot of patience and strength of will-power, just like a relationship, and the reward is a lot of pleasant memories. Limited-over cricket is the meeting in the noisy disco with all the flashing lights. A shouted "My place or yours?" and it's all wham, bam and thanks for the cram.

By the very nature of the rules, limited-over cricket is designed to provide a game in a hurry, with the profitable side-effects being plenty of action, close finishes and large crowds. Bowlers are restricted in the number of overs they can bowl, captains are restricted in placing their field and, because batsmen are encouraged in their shot-making by these restrictions, wickets are often sacrificed in the quest for quick runs.

And therein lies the source of dissatisfaction with the one-day game for a class player. A

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ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL VAYOI

batsman sacrifices his wicket too often for his own peace of mind (once in a career is too often for many batsmen) and bowlers are hampered in their wicket-taking endeavors by the restrictions on both overs and field placings. Batsmen are being asked to attack more often, bowlers are being asked to defend more often and the one that benefits most is the fan.

But a champion will always succeed in the one-day game, because he is just that - a champion cricketer under all conditions. He has a desire to be good all the time and while he won't achieve his standard of excellence as often as he would like in the hustle and bustle of one-day cricket, he will still be better than average. However, he won't be provided with the same sense of achievement that a long and distinguished Test career gives against the toughest opposition, under all conditions.

Limited-over cricket, with its hara-kiri nature, often drags the great player back to the level of good player. But the many challenging situations and close finishes help to alleviate some of the heartache and provide a thorough test of temperament.

Those same factors which prompt such soul-searching among the players provide a bonanza for lesser international teams and the game's finances.

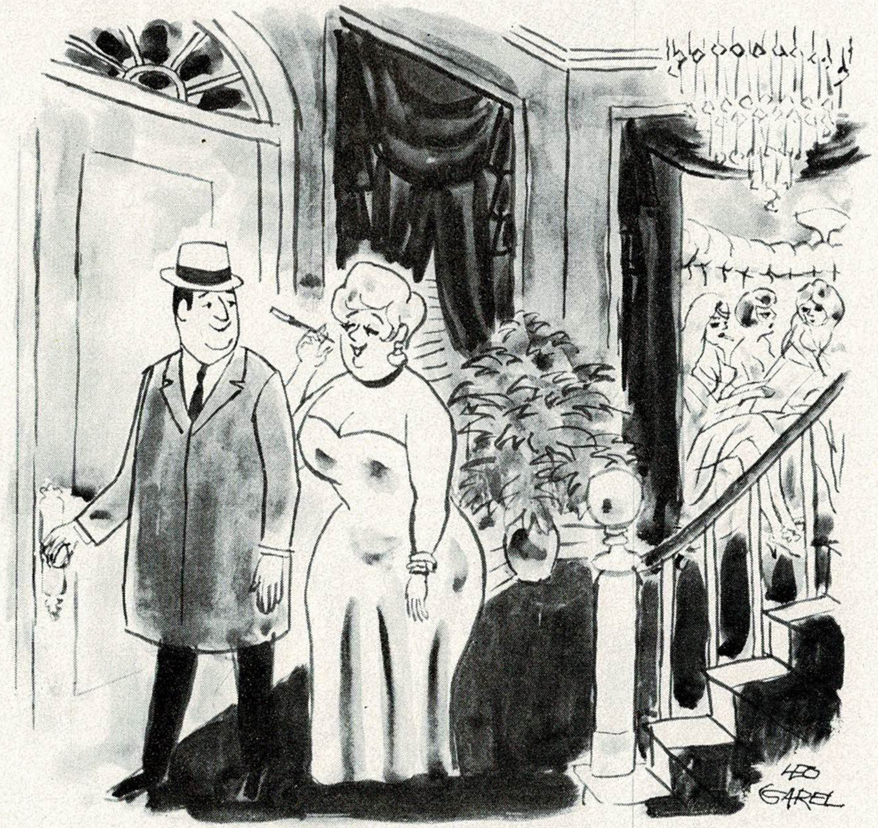
It allows an ordinary Test side like New Zealand to be a competitive one-day side at the top level of international competition. It also allows cricketing minnows like Sri Lanka and Zimbabwe to inflict humiliating defeats on Australia — something that should be a long time coming in the Test arena.

The guarantee of action and the chance of an upset result or a close finish has seen the public acceptance of this style of cricket rapidly overhauling Test cricket in the past few years, particularly in Australia. Because of this rise in popularity, the modern-day player has to take a different attitude to limited-over cricket than one of my era, where the prime motivation was success in Test cricket.

A good deal of a player's income these days is derived from limited-over internationals and he can't afford to treat them in an off-hand manner. That means dividing his attentions almost equally between the two styles.

Over the years, the Australian team has tended to rely heavily on natural cricketing talent for its one-day success, and while there is much that is commendable about such an attitude, it sometimes overlooks simple but vital principles of the shortened version of the game. Australian discipline in the field often falls well short of the required level, with the surplus of wides and no-balls providing the opposition with not only bonus runs, but extra deliveries as well. Too often the aggressive Australian nature surfaces and with it come no-balls and wides as the fast bowlers attempt to "knock someone's bloody block off".

With both teams limited to exactly the same number of overs (this only changes if the weather does, thus interrupting play), the side batting second knows precisely how many runs per over are required for victory. As they can pace themselves accordingly, victory (to one side or the other) is often only a matter of 10 or 20 runs. Therefore a captain must convince his team that it is vital to save at least 10 runs, over and above those saved by good fielding, every time they bowl. And the simplest way of making sure that happens is to restrict the sundries to a minimum.



"Goodbye now, have a good day. Thank you for fucking at Sylvia's."

That means no-balls are a no-no. The occasional wide will be conceded because of the strict nature of the present ruling. But that's all — only the occasional wide. Byes will be virtually nil if you select a good wicket-keeper, and leg byes can be contained if the bowler remains alert on his follow through. West Indies pace bowlers Andy Roberts and Michael Holding are masters at saving leg byes in front of the wicket and they don't ever bowl no-balls. If it's good enough for them I don't see why Australia's pace bowlers can't follow the example.

If a captain can achieve that level of discipline from his team it won't be long before they are saving 10 runs per innings and putting the onus on the batting side to score the bulk of their runs via the willow. Then if the bowlers maintain a tight control over line and lengths, the fielding side has gone a long way towards creating panic in the opposition camp. And panic in limited-over cricket means the same as the hood to a condemned man — the end is nigh!

There are a couple of other rules worth remembering in the field. Once the batting team is looking to pick up the scoring rate, the captain should place his best two run-out fieldsmen at the point and square leg. The hardest run to judge is the one square of the wicket and therefore there are likely to be more mix-ups from shots hit in that region. Having your best fielders square, on either side of the wicket, might just help to add to any confusion. Saving extra runs from balls hit into the outfield is also of paramount importance, especially as the innings progresses. It helps to have outfielders who run fast, throw with accuracy and strength and can catch well.

As you can see from the description of the two categories of fieldsmen who are most important in a limited-over game, it's helpful to have a Viv Richards in your side. He is the best all-round fieldsman I've ever seen — it could be said that two-thirds of the world is covered by water, the other third by Vivian Isaac Richards.

As in all cricket, fielding and bowling are only half the game. The batsmen must do their bit, which means setting a reasonable target when they bat first, so the bowlers have a chance to defend it successfully.

A reasonable target against most international sides on a ground like the Sydney Cricket Ground is 220—230 if you have a good bowling side. But occasionally, when you're up against a good batting side like the West Indies, you must set your sights around 240. And to be competitive over a series of matches a captain must set a minimum target of 220 when batting first. If you can achieve at least that *every time* you bat and then maintain discipline in the field, you'll be happy more often than not.

Chasing a target can be difficult, especially if you don't get away to a good start, as former Pakistan captain Hanif Mohammad found out in the early days of limited-over cricket. Hanif had opened the batting for a World XI against an English side that had compiled 250 from the allotted 55 overs. When South Africa's Graeme Pollock joined Hanif, the reply was a sick and sorry 2/10 from eight overs and the Pakistani felt it was time for some good old-fashioned back-to-the-wall stuff. He walked up to Graeme who was just taking block and said, "I don't think we can win from here, we'd better play for a draw."

Chasing a target isn't that tough, but it does help if you get away to a good start. To begin quickly you must take advantage of the restrictions placed on the fielding side in the first 15 overs. The fielding captain has to place two men in a catching position and is only allowed two men outside the 30-metre circle for that period of time. It is important therefore to have at least two players in your first three batsmen who have a wide range of shots to take advantage of those restrictions on field placement. They should also be batsmen who are capable of carrying on to a big score once they have made a start. Hence the importance of Gordon Greenidge and Viv Richards in the West Indies' phenomenal run of success in limited-over cricket.

It isn't always possible to have opening batsmen who are free-stroking players by nature, but it is vital to get rolling at around four runs per over as soon as possible, so you may have to compensate by one of two means. A couple of fast-running openers can move things along quite smartly and on a big ground like the Melbourne Cricket Ground this can be very disconcerting for the fielding side.

Graeme Wood and Steve Smith did exactly that sort of job for Australia in the second World Series Cup final against New Zealand last season.

The value of a good sheet-anchor type opener shouldn't be overlooked if you haven't got two strokemakers who are up to the required standard. Someone who can bat out the full 50 overs regularly can be invaluable, especially against a good pace attack like the West Indies. Kepler Wessels could do that job for Australia as long as he is given strict instructions to feed more of the strike to his partners by being more aggressive with his running between wickets. If he can bat out the 50 overs, Kepler has enough shots to be around the century mark, and that is the launching pad for a good team score.

Viv Richards is a brilliant number three in any cricket, but in the limited-over game, he is the key to a West Indies big score. So much so, that the Indians believed the single most important thing they had to do in the 1983 World Cup final was get Viv cheaply. They did and they won.

Richards can capitalise on a good start if Greenidge and Haynes provide one, and he can turn the loss of an early wicket from a disaster to a god-send. Every team should have one, but only one has a Richards.

If you wanted to follow up Viv with the perfect number four, you'd have a few arguments with most governments around the world, but it might just be worth the disagreement to see Viv and Graeme Pollock in full flight together. Graeme's effort in scoring 222 not out in a 60 overs-a-side Gillette Cup match in South Africa is one of the most incredible batting performances I've heard about in any standard of cricket. To make it even more incredible, he went in at the fall of the second wicket during the 12th over and off the last four overs scored 74 runs.

He humbly laughed off that final over scoring spree by saying, "I think the opposing skipper got his arithmetic wrong." I thought it must have been the scorer who got his arithmetic wrong until I saw the score confirmed in *Wisden.*

There must be some inbuilt advantage for left-handed batsmen — Rod Marsh once described Clive Lloyd as "the most dangerous batsman playing international one-day cricket."

Marsh, a good judge, made that observation after seeing, close at hand, Lloyd's ability to carve up an attack for minutes and/or hours, depending on his team's requirements.

Clive can walk to the crease towards the end of an innings with his team still needing a sizeable number of runs per over and immediately start crashing the ball to all parts of the boundary and beyond. Or he can come in with the board showing 3/50 (as it was in the 1975 World Cup final) and tear off a hundred in under two hours.

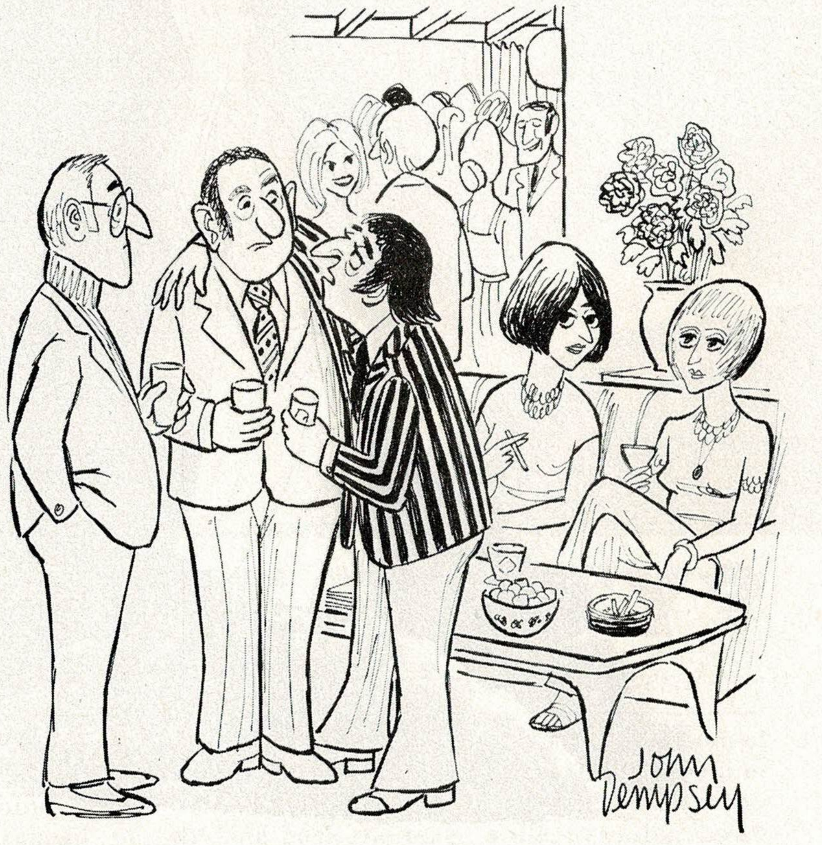
Although he may often appear to rip into an opposing attack with gay abandon, it is usually done with a cool head and in a calculating manner. He complements this aggression with speedy and well-judged running which belies his problems with a couple of wobbly knees over recent seasons.

These problems are a mere bagatelle when compared with those Lloyd has created for international bowlers over the years — bowlers like former Australian left-armer Gary Gilmour.

Once when asked, "How do you bowl to Clive Lloyd?" the normally jocular Gilmour replied without a trace of a smile, "With a helmet on."

David Hookes has a similar ability to Lloyd's, in that he can belt boundaries with exciting regularity. He could perform the same sort of cricketing miracles except that he almost ignores running between wickets in favor of energy-saving fours and sixes. He thinks along the same lines as Richard Nixon did with defence — massive retaliation.

Now that Greg Chappell has decided to vacate a number of areas of responsibility in the Australian team, it wouldn't surprise me to see him bat at number six for the rest of his one-day appearances. He is ideal for the



"Oh, God — he's going into his 'In some countries men aren't afraid to touch each other, embrace each other, even kiss each other' routine."

spot. He has a wide range of shots and places them well, which is important when you have to get off to a quick start with minimal risk. Like Lloyd, he can make a big score if he comes in early with his team in trouble, and he combines accurate medium-pace bowling and brilliant fielding with those batting talents.

Rod Marsh seems to bat better with an experienced player ahead of him providing a calming influence, and that's another benefit which may come from Greg batting at six. The Marsh of the mid-'70s was everything you needed in a wicket-keeper and batsman. He was brilliant with the gloves, agile in taking catches and getting to the stumps for possible runouts. Added to that, his belligerent batting was good for quick runs as well as those made in important situations.

The Marsh of the '80s is still everything you want in a wicket-keeper, but it seems that the moment he swaps his catching gloves for batting gloves he becomes a man in a hurry — he bats like his car's double parked.

One vital ingredient in any limited-over team is a genuine all-rounder and Australia, apart from Chappell, has not produced one of international class for a long time. The country that produced dual attacking players of the calibre of Lindwall, Miller, Benaud, Davidson and many more besides, is now like Mother Hubbard's cupboard in that category.

Imran Khan, Richard Hadlee, Kapil Dev and Ian Botham are invaluable in one-day cricket because they are like two players taking up one spot in the line-up, and they always contribute something to the team's cause.

Imran is probably the most invaluable player in the game at the moment as he contributes to the team effort in all facets — bowling, batting, fielding, captaincy and fighting spirit.

But Richard Hadlee isn't far behind him. I particularly liked the way Geoff Howarth, the New Zealand captain, used Hadlee's and Lance Cairns's batting talents to advantage in last year's World Series Cup competition.

Cairns is an enormous hitter of the medium fast and spin bowlers, (his hitting during the second final at the MCG last season was the biggest I've ever witnessed) and Howarth often used him in the middle overs to really accelerate the Kiwis' scoring rate. This gave the opposing captain a real headache, as he had to think about bringing his main strike bowlers into the attack to stop the run riot. If he opted for that move, it could mean being short of top class bowling for the last few overs, which was inviting trouble with Hadlee, a fine striker of the ball, still to come.

And even if the opposition didn't decide to use their pacemen on Cairns, it still meant trouble at the end as Hadlee seems to thrive on belting the faster bowlers in the final overs.

It was a good ploy and Howarth made good use of his two valuable assets.

Geoff Lawson is the one Australian player who could do a similar job to Hadlee in limited-over cricket. Lawson is a fine attacking and containing bowler and a very good outfielder, as well as being able to bat a bit. But he would need to work on that batting potential to move him up into Hadlee's class.

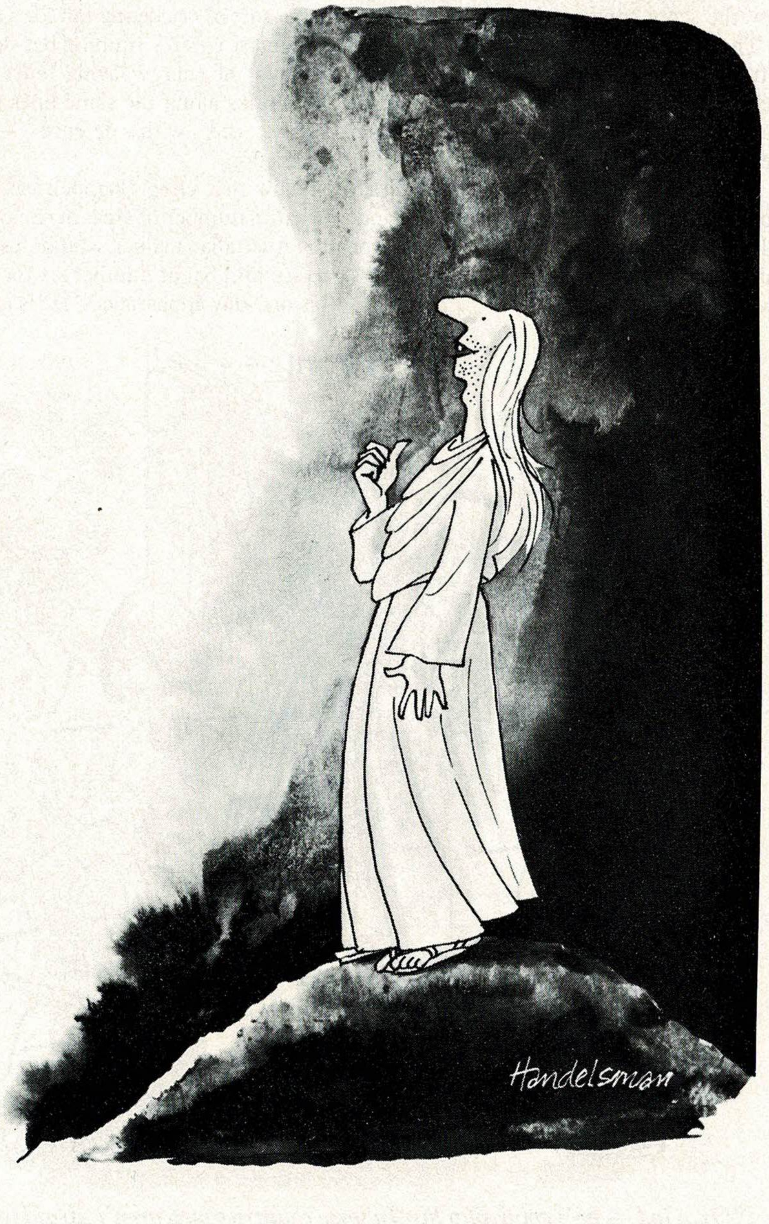
The Australian team has had problems in the past bowling out the last few overs of a one-day game economically. But I thought Lawson and Rodney Hogg both made a good fist of it last season. It's one of the most difficult aspects of one-day cricket, especially if you strike a couple of hard hitting batsmen who are well set. That's a guaranteed way to ruin good figures, just like over-eating.

Finally, there's the job of captaining a limited-over side in the field. Apart from the knowledge and ability to carry it out, you need to be able to keep a cool head at all times. No one does it better than Geoff Howarth and he gets the best out of the New Zealand team by remaining calm, thereby thinking at full capacity during even the most severe crisis.

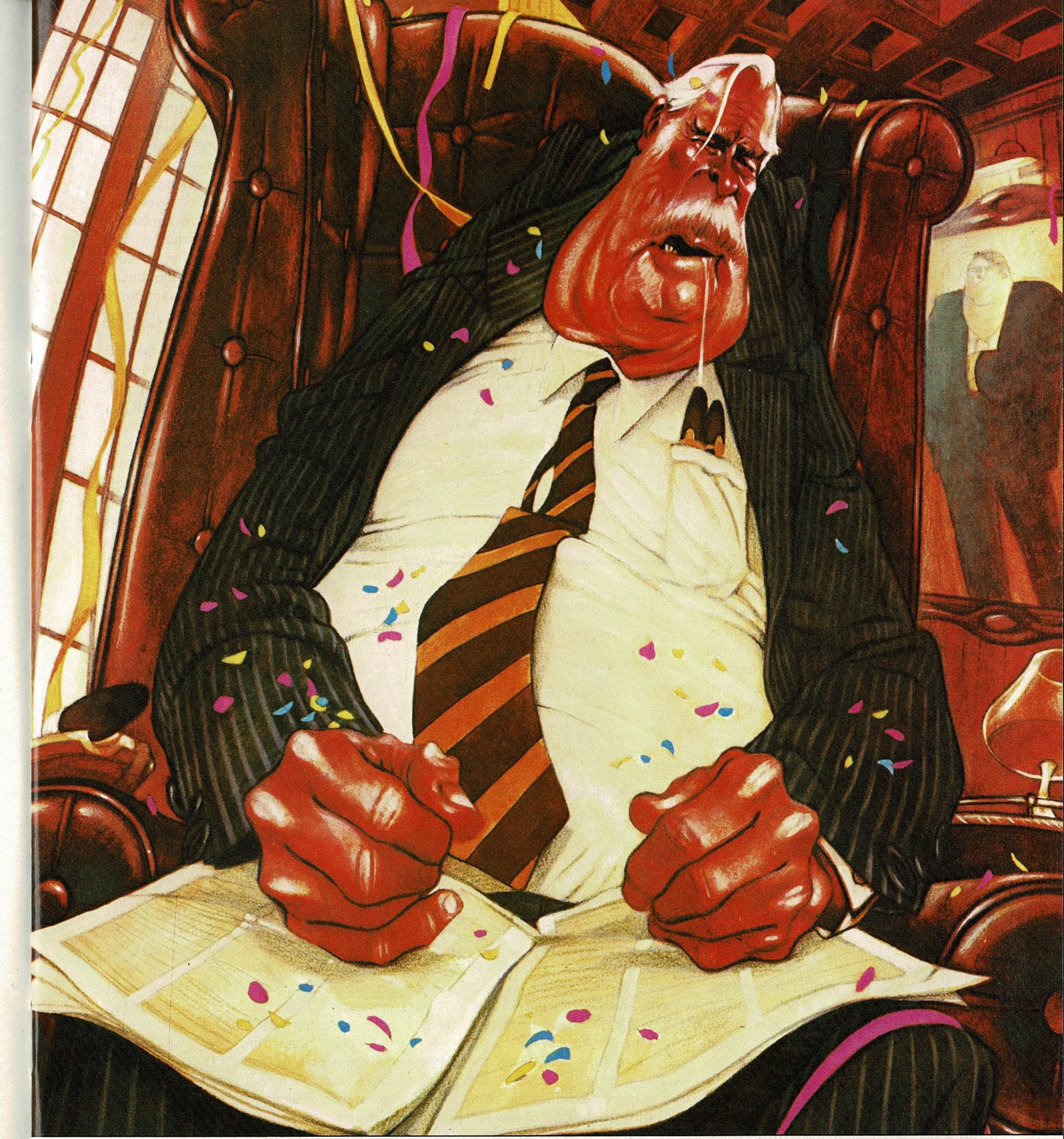
For a one-off performance though, Kapil Dev has to get the prize for pulling off a miracle at the World Cup in 1983. To pilot India to victory in a competition in which they had previously only won one game out of eight was a great piece of inspirational leadership, fit to rank with John Bertrand's part in winning the America's Cup for the first time in 132 years.

As you've seen from the names I have put forward to make up an ideal limited-over team, they are very good cricketers — *cricketers* being the most important word.

As I said earlier, a champion cricketer will always be a champion, whether he plays for one day, five days or five minutes. As good cricketers, they all throw themselves wholeheartedly into the game. Even though it is a wham, bam and cram affair, limited-over cricket does provide excitement for the player — just like a one-night stand.



"Of course I'm Moses! I just shaved off my beard."



WHERE'S THE PARTY?

russell deiley ponders whatever happened to the life and soul of the liberals

ANYTHING GOES IN POLITICS — even prime ministers in tears. There was a time not so long ago when Malcolm Fraser seemed immoveable, an omnipresent, inscrutable figurehead of Australian Liberalism.

But his time had come and gone. Around midnight on March 5, in the deflated bosom of the party faithful gathered in the ballroom of Melbourne's Southern Cross Hotel, Fraser went, choking back the tears while, in embarrassed awe, we watched the televised fall of the mighty.

Except for those touched by divinity, big

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

boys, we'd been told, don't cry. But there, for all of us to see on live television and the looped replays, was emotional proof that nothing is forever in politics. Whither go the Liberals in Fraser's wake? Forward and mobilely upwards, according to the high-powered committee which, under the chairmanship of Sydney stockbroker and party guru John Valder, was commissioned to sift through the wreckage of the March election.

Off the rails, in pursuit of red herrings laid by greenies, trendies and feminists, according to the sole remaining founding father of the party, Sir John Cramer. To purgatory, suggests Jim Cameron, former deputy leader of the party in NSW, one-time aspirant to the state premiership and ex-Liberal, now basking in the glory of the Festival of Light.

Adding to the confusion clouding the state of the Liberals in the countdown to the election Joh Bjelke-Petersen didn't want to call, we had the country's sole party premier, Robin Gray, brushing aside his Queensland colleague, Terry White, to carry the Nationalists' banner. The petulant Mr White predictably labelled Mr Gray a traitor and, in an appealing metaphoric mix, an apple from the bottom of the political barrel. And when that tough old tyrant of Victorian Liberalism, Henry Bolte, offered to leave the farm to lend Bjelke-Petersen a campaign hand, White must have been wishing he'd never been tempted to cross the floor.

Historically, the Labor Party is the party of vengeance toward its own. But the Liberals were doing a superb imitation of inviting their most infamous rebel of recent times to take a one-way trip to Coventry. Terry White was fast discovering the cutting edge of the Liberal Party's unwritten commandment. A member of the parliamentary party may vote according to his conscience but only when solidarity is not impugned. The sting is always in the fine print. . .

Big Mal's successor, Andrew Peacock, stood loyally shoulder to shoulder with the state leader of his party in a brave show of brotherly support. His appearance on the campaign trail was no doubt inspired by the very best of intentions, but one widely-reported gaffe did little to restore Mr White's ebbing confidence in either his own forlorn crusade or the Liberal cause. During one rally artfully staged to present a unified Liberal front, Mr Peacock introduced his colleague in the Queensland hot seat as Mr Gerry White.

The words returned to haunt Peacock as he strove to marshal his stricken forces to the beat of the Valder drum. His tormentor, Robert Lee Hawke, used a Dorothy Dixer to rattle his sabre-toothed tongue: “For the information of the Honourable Member for Kooyong, the name of the Queensland Liberal Party leader is Mr *Terry* White. . . it's Mr Gerry *Mander.*”

“Poor Andrew Peacock,” said puckish political commentator and occasional adviser Phillip Adams, as the Queensland election countdown became a 10 count for the Libs. “Who could make any leeway against Hawke in his present mood and in the present climate? Even Menzies would have found it hard. Hawke occupies the middle ground and it stretches to the horizon. I don't know what the poor bugger is going to do.”

Poor Andrew Peacock indeed. The fates have singed that ambition to become prime minister. Has the cruel hand which thrust him into the Liberal leadership in the heat of the Hawke afterburn also singed his intellectual and political judgement?

Word has it that shortly after ascending to the throne so hurriedly vacated by Fraser, he told one influential Canberra watcher that he intended leading the Liberals to the left. A few days later, he told one of Australia's business barons that he planned to take the party to the right. Was it a case of Peacock telling his audience what he felt each wanted to hear? Or could it be that, with Hawke rampant, he didn't know where the hell he or the Liberals were headed?

> *Whither go the Liberals in Fraser's wake? Off the rails, in pursuit of red herrings laid by greenies, trendies and feminists?*

It is not surprising, then, that newspaper editors and commentators have had such difficulty in interpreting the Valder blueprint for the Liberals' return from the twilight zone. For every newspaper that read a shift to the right into the committee's recommendations, another detected a shimmy to the left. Of course, as Adams observed, in the lingering honeymoon of the ALP victory the Hawke shadow stretched from horizon to horizon.

It was a time when even the sharpest weather eyes in the Liberal machine were having trouble reading the political signposts through the glare of Hawke's blinding light. While members of his first eleven faltered in the sudden blush of power, Hawke could do little wrong in the eyes of the selectors. Not only had he brought the rains, appeased the Nervous Nellies by establishing a bridgehead of mateship between Washington and Canberra and bestrode the booby-trapped Combe affair with an admirable display of dignity and firmness, but, quickly realising Fraser's fondest, unrequited wish, he smothered the nation's front pages with sport.

Surprisingly for a man reputed not to have a sporting fibre in his body, Fraser had studded the twilight of his reign with personal appearances in the company of winners and would-be winners. But Fraser's vicarious sporting achievements paled against Hawke's grand-slamming.

All the while, the Libs were parading their hair shirts in public, taking to-hell-with-the-consequences sides on issues such as the Government's Sex Discrimination Bill. The bitterness of conscience — with the man who would be king, Ian (“I am a feminist”) Macphee, having at the conservatives and the women who want to be women — did little to salve the festering wounds within the party.

But as the Liberals weathered the first months in federal opposition, there were signs that, Queensland apart, their tumbling fortunes had bottomed out. The flames of the inquiry into the affairs of Ivanov, Combe and the faceless agents of ASIO weren't burning as fiercely, but as Royal Commissioner Hope retired to complete his report, the heat was still uncomfortable for Labor. The Hawke hubris, too, was treading the Victorian rip-tide on his Government's uranium policy. Nor was there any positive way of measuring how much electoral support had been eroded by jagging the hip-pocket nerve of a rapidly ageing population through his Government's intention to tax lump-sum retirement payments or to subject pensioners to a sliding-scale means test.

And in NSW it was just one damned scandal after another for the messiah of the '70s, Neville Wran, whose niftiness in moving into the unoccupied middle ground had re-shaped Labor's fortunes from the brave but disastrous, reform-at-all-cost Whitlam style.

Were the fickle dominoes that have divined the rapid turn-around in Australian politics in the post-Menzies era jiggling into place again? Two of the most constant interpreters of the electoral barometer and University of NSW colleagues, historian Frank Crowley and author-turned-academic Donald Horne, weren't prepared to accept that, even as the Hawke high pressure system enveloped the land, the Libs were down and out.

“There might only be one Liberal government in Australia at the moment, but there are plenty of parallels for that apparently dramatic state of affairs,” said Crowley. “Between May 1969 and May 1970 there wasn't a Labor government anywhere in Australia. The ALP's only seat of power in that period was the Brisbane City Council. Then the Liberal dominoes started to fall, and within a couple of years Labor held a majority of governments. Then, starting with the Bass by-election, the process went into reverse.”

In Crowley's judgement, the critical factor in Australian politics is not one side or the other's majority in terms of seats, it is the percentage difference in the share of the preferential vote. As he says: “I'm not

(continued on page 121)

PENNY'S FROM HEAVEN

Playmate Penny is a country girl who fell in love with the city — proving there are two sides to every coin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Penny Baker is just the girl to support a popular theory that pennies do come from heaven. Penny has been gracing fashion magazines since she was 13 years old. Except that by the time she reached 17, this heavenly body was a little too heavenly for the ascetic tastes of the haute couture glossies.

Fashion's loss is Australian PLAYBOY's gain and we are more than happy to share our good fortune.

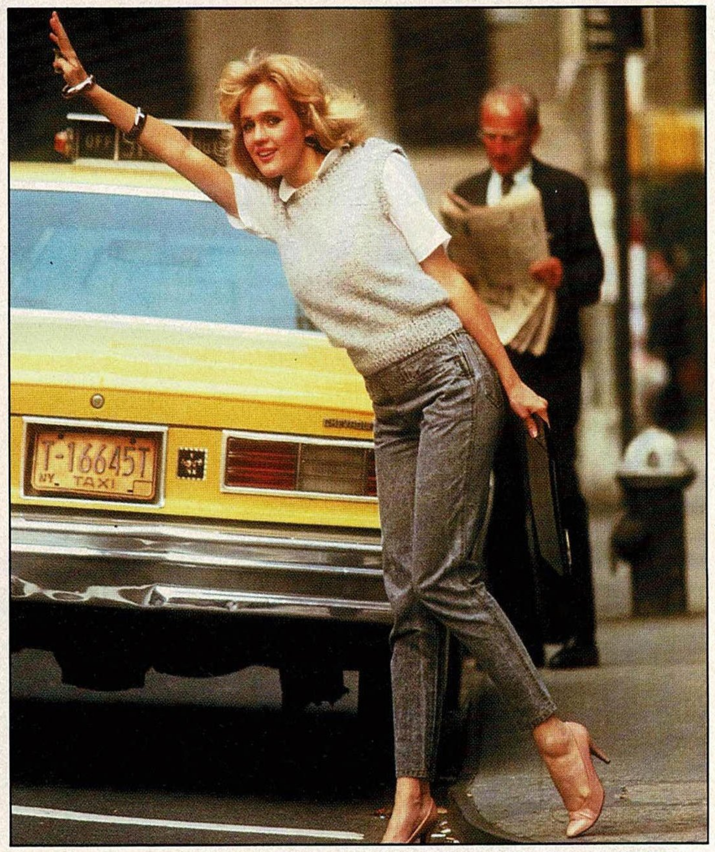
Recently turned 18, Penny is one of our youngest centrefolds. Sweet, bright and refreshing, she is, nevertheless, sophisticated beyond her years. Perhaps it was that early experience in modelling.

"My parents had to drive me to and from modelling assignments because I was too young to drive myself," she recalls. "They were wonderful. My parents paid all my expenses but they let me keep every dollar I earned."

While working as a model, Penny was level-headed enough to stick at her schoolwork and graduated a top student. At the back of her mind the thought lingered that if her modelling ambitions fell through, she would always have a sound academic record to fall back on.

So far. . . no such problem.

With that cascade of champagne-colored hair, spectacularly fresh looks and bubbly personality, Penny is a natural PLAYBOY model. And her parents never had any qualms about the glamorous world of modelling going to her head.



"First of all, my parents never talked to my older sister, two brothers or me about sex. It just never came up. They knew I saw guys but we never talked about it. Since I'd always been a good student and never gotten in trouble, I guess they thought I had pretty good judgement," explains Penny.

Penny wasn't crushed when she realised she would never make it in the high fashion glossies. Those gorgeous blue-grey eyes see the world in sharp focus.

"The fact is I just don't look the high-fashion type and I had to face it. I'm just a little too short and a little too busty."

Since she started modelling for PLAYBOY she hasn't heard a single complaint.

Wherever she is, Penny excites attention and she knows how to handle it.

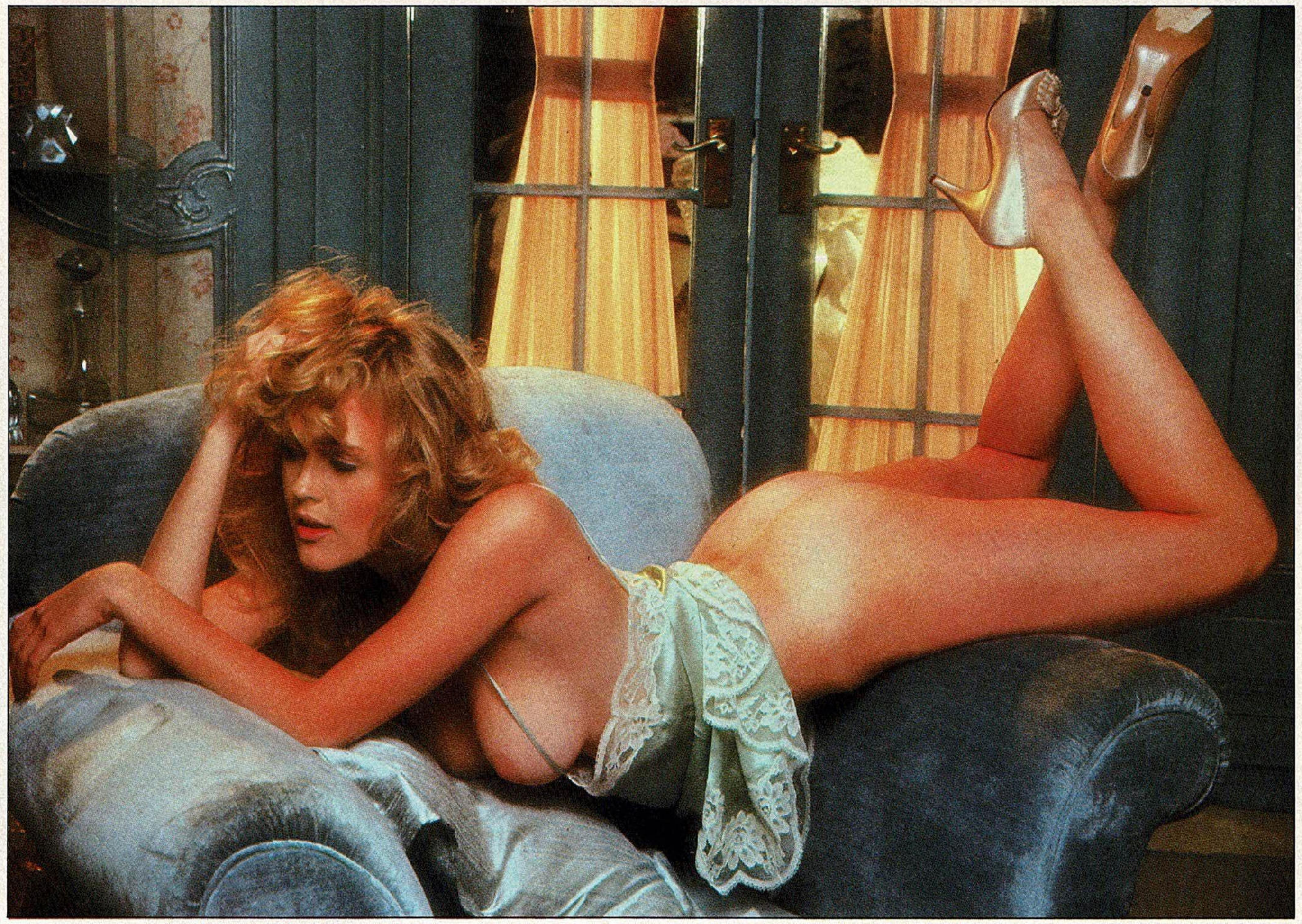
"At first I expected every man to be pushy, you know, just trying to get you. But I found that when I wanted to say 'no' I could say 'no' and it was usually no problem," she says.

Her future plans are to spend another year doing promotional work for PLAYBOY and then she might go to technical college and add to her academic record. She wants to study computers. Meanwhile she is enjoying all the fun that comes her way.

Becoming a centrefold seemed a natural enough step, although, with characteristic caution, she thought carefully about it.

With that combination of beauty and brains, this is one Penny destined to go a long, long way.

"Do I embarrass easily? No, I don't think so. But it was definitely a major decision for me to take off my clothes for PLAYBOY. In fact, it was probably the first big decision I've made by myself in my whole life."



"After I graduate from college I want to get married, settle down and have kids who can grow up in the country just like I did, with horses and lots of space to ride."

Penny hopes to have a holiday in England before settling down permanently. "I will only go if I find the right person to go with," she smiles. Gentlemen, form a queue to the right! "My grandparents are from England," she continues. Those poms sure have a treat in store.

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Penny Baker

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Penny Baker

BUST: 35 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 10-5-65 BIRTHPLACE: Buffalo, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: To become a successful independent woman.

TURN-ONS: the full moon, mountains and music.

TURN-OFFS: big talkers, squash, humidity

FAVORITE MOVIES: Risky Business, Gone with the Wind, Flashdance

FAVORITE FOODS: lobster, champagne, strawberries, diet Coke

FAVORITE PLACE: in the middle of a wheat field

IDEAL MAN: athletic type, sophisticated and sensitive. Someone who knows what he wants

SECRET FANTASY: To become a professional vagabond and travel the entire world.

5 years old

Santa's little helpers

8 years old

Million-dollar smile!

15 years old

Snow bunny

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When pinched on the bottom, Monique
Succumbed to a peeved maiden's pique
By exclaiming with verve
To her pincher, "Some nerve!"
"And in your case," he gloated, "some cheek!"

LeRoy Neiman

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Hula hoop* as an Hawaiian IUD.

Insult overheard in a bar: "You're such an arsehole that you ought to be listed in the *Guinness Book of Rectums!*"

Our Unabashed Dictionary describes a *brothel-keeper* as one for whom the belles toil.

There was an old drover named Laird
Whose sex life was rather impaired.
He'd ne'er had a wife
The whole of his life
And that's why his sheep all ran scared!

Question: What should women put behind their ears to make them irresistible?

Answer: Their ankles.

When the publican presented the bill, the visitor was astounded: "This damned Sydney is without a doubt the most expensive city in Australia," he complained. "At home in Adelaide, I can eat in the best restaurant for free, drink as much as I want *gratis*, sleep in the most expensive hotel without paying and in the morning, wake up to find two fifty dollar bills on the night-table."

"Impossible," the publican scoffed. "Are you trying to tell me that actually has happened to you?"

"Not to me," the visitor admitted, "but it did to my wife!"

Who *is* that?" the lady passenger asked the captain, pointing to a ragged, bearded man who stood on the shore of the tropical island, screaming like mad and waving his arms.

"I don't know," replied the captain, "but he sure enjoys it every time we sail by here!"

Sam and Jack, two old buddies from Bathurst, made a promise to one another when they were only 10 years old. The promise was that whoever died first would attempt to let the other one know how it was going in the afterlife — whether there was rebirth and so on. At age 91, Jack died. One week later, Sam's telephone rang.

"Sam?"

"Is that you, Jack?"

"Yep."

"How's it going?"

"Okay. I eat. I sleep. Then I screw. I sleep. I eat. Then I screw. I eat. Then I screw. . ."

"Jack, are you in Paradise?"

"Paradise? Hell, no. I'm a kangaroo in Alice Springs!"

Following a threesome sex session, the girl relaxed contentedly for a few moments, then asked, "Was it good for you two?"

I'd like to have my money back," the customer firmly stated.

"What seems to be the problem, sir?" countered the sex-shop clerk.

"This love doll you sold me yesterday inflates with her legs crossed!"

LeRoy Neiman

After a holiday in Spain, the lord returned to his London club.

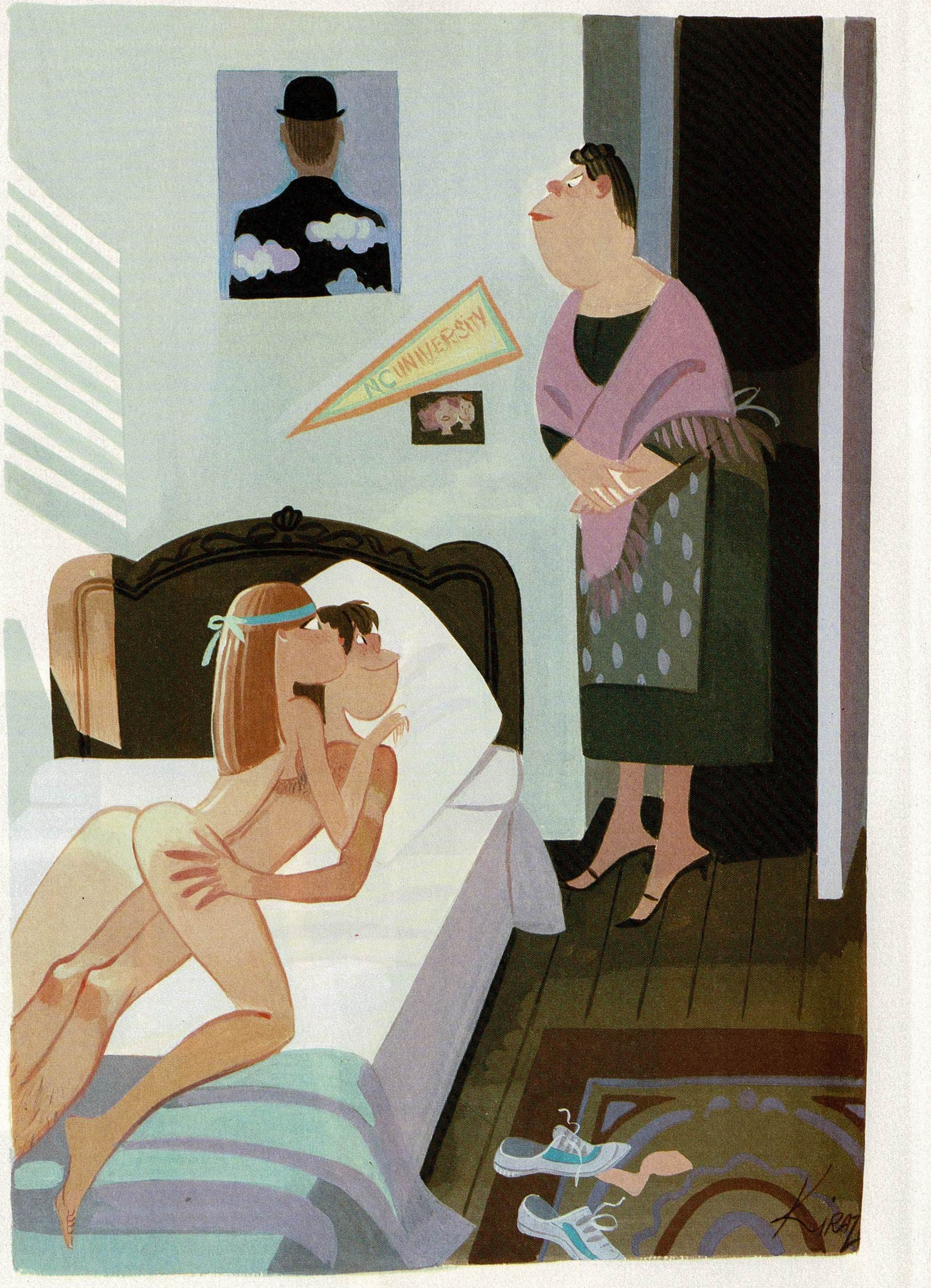
"Did you have a good trip?" asked his friend.

"Yes, thank you."

"You didn't have any trouble with the language?"

"I certainly didn't," replied the lord, "but as for those Spanish!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



". . . but I thought you told me when I had visitors to leave my door open. . ."

THE TOYNBEE CONVECTOR

"we made it!" said the time traveller. "oh, future's bright and beauteous spires, arise!"

"GOOD! GREAT! Bravo for me!"

Roger Shumway flung himself into the seat, buckled himself in, revved the rotor, and drifted his Dragonfly Super-6 helicopter up to blow away on the summer sky, headed south toward La Jolla.

"How lucky can you get?" For he was on his way to an incredible meeting. The Time Traveller, after 100 years of silence, had agreed to be interviewed. The Time Traveller himself was, on this day, 130 years old. And this afternoon at four o'clock sharp, Pacific Time,was the anniversary of his one and only journey in time. Lord, yes! One hundred years ago, Craig Bennett Stiles had waved, stepped into his immense Clock, as he called it, and vanished from the Present. He was and remained the only man in history to travel in Time. And he, Roger Shumway, was the one and only reporter, after all these years, to be invited in for afternoon tea. And? The possible announcement of a second and final trip through Time. The Traveller had hinted at such a trip.

"Old man," said Roger Shumway. "Mr Craig Bennett Stiles — here I come!"

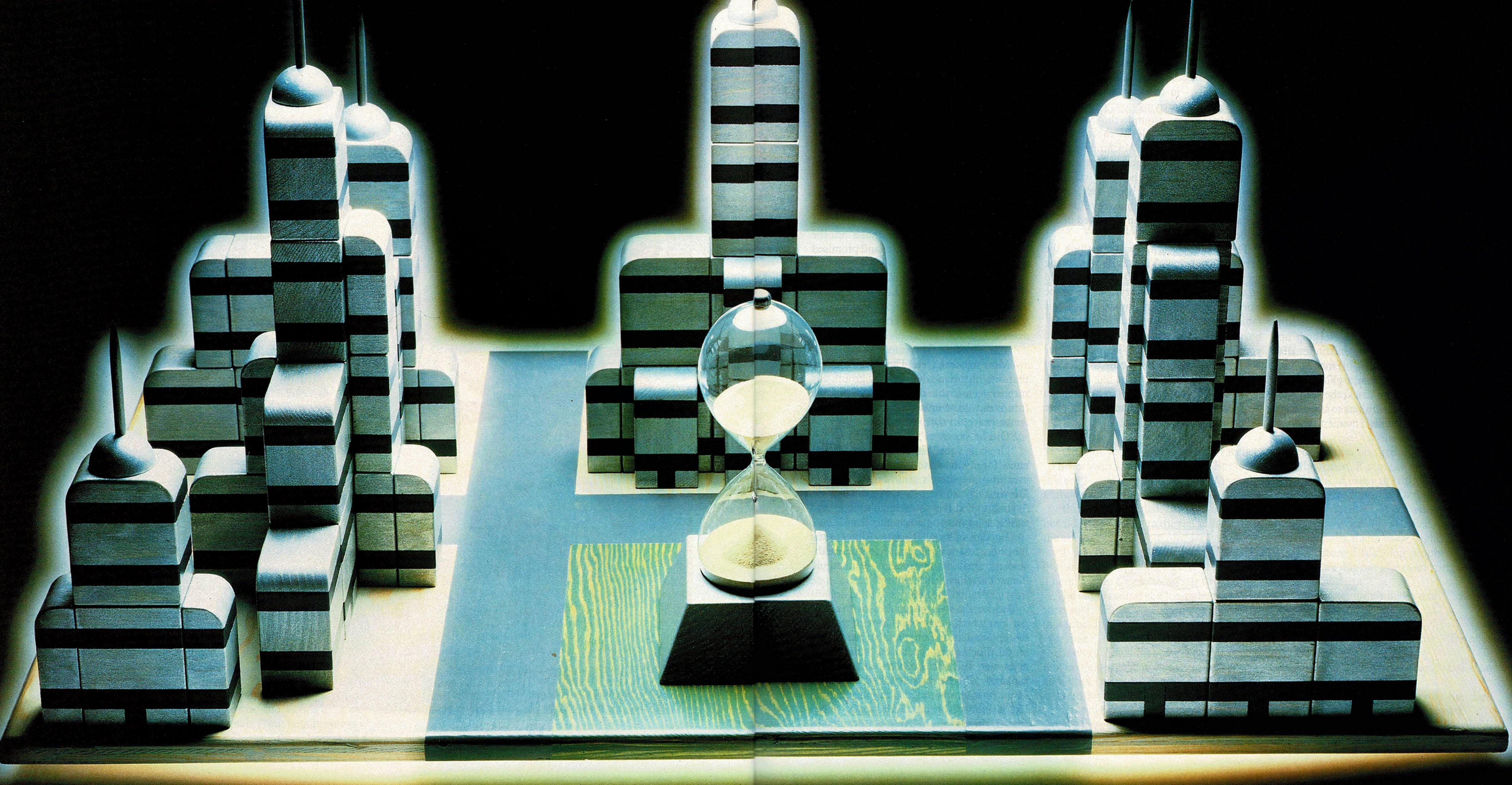
The Dragonfly, obedient to fevers, seized a wind and rode it down the Coast.

The old man was there waiting for him on the roof of the Time Lamasery at the rim of the hang-glider's cliff in La Jolla. The air swarmed with crimson-blue-lemon kites from which young men shouted, while young women called to them from the land's edge. Craig Bennett Stiles was there, and, for all his 130 years, was not old. His face, blinking up at the helicopter, was the bright face of one of those hang-gliding Apollo fools who veered off as the helicopter sank down. Roger Shumway hovered his craft for another long moment, savoring the delay. Below him was this face that had dreamed architectures, known incredible loves, blueprinted mysteries of seconds, hours, days, then dived in to swim upstream through the centuries. A sunburst face, celebrating its own birthday.

For on a single night, 100 years ago, Craig Bennett Stiles, freshly returned from Time, had reported by Telstar around the world, to billions of viewers and told them their Future.

"We made it!" he said. "We did it! The Future is ours. We rebuilt the cities, freshened the small towns,

FICTION BY RAY BRADBURY



SCULPTURE BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN

cleaned the lakes and rivers, washed the air, saved the dolphins, increased the whales, stopped the wars, tossed solar stations across space to light the world, colonised the Moon, moved on to Mars, then Alpha Centauri. We cured cancer and stopped Death. We did it, O Lord much thanks, we did it. O, Future's bright and beauteous spires, arise!"

He showed them pictures, he brought them samples, he gave them tapes and LP records, films and sound cassettes of his wondrous roundabout flight and return. The world went mad with joy. They ran to meet and make that future, fling up the cities of promise, save all, and share with the beasts of land and sea.

The old man's welcoming shout came up the wind. Shumway shouted back, and let the Dragonfly simmer down in its own summer weather.

Craig Bennett Stiles, 130 years old, strode forward briskly and, incredibly, helped the young reporter out of his craft, for Shumway was suddenly stunned and weak at this encounter.

"I can't believe I'm here," said Shumway.

"You are, none too soon," laughed the Time Traveller. "Any day now I may just fall apart and blow away. Lunch is waiting. Hike!"

A parade of one, Craig Bennett Stiles marched off under the fluttering rotor shadows that made him seem a flickered newsreel of a Future that had somehow Passed.

Shumway, like a small dog after a great army, followed.

"What do you want to know?" asked the old man, as they crossed the roof, double-time.

"First," gasped Shumway, keeping up. "Why have you broken silence after 100 years? Second, why to *me?* Third, what's the big announcement you're going to make this afternoon at four o'clock, the very hour when your younger self is due to arrive from the Past? When, for a brief moment, you will appear in two places, the paradox: the person you were, the man you are, fused in one glorious hour for us to celebrate."

The old man laughed. "How you *do* go on!"

"Sorry." Shumway blushed. "I wrote that last night. Well, those are the questions."

"You shall have your answers." The old man shook his elbow, gently. "All in good — Time."

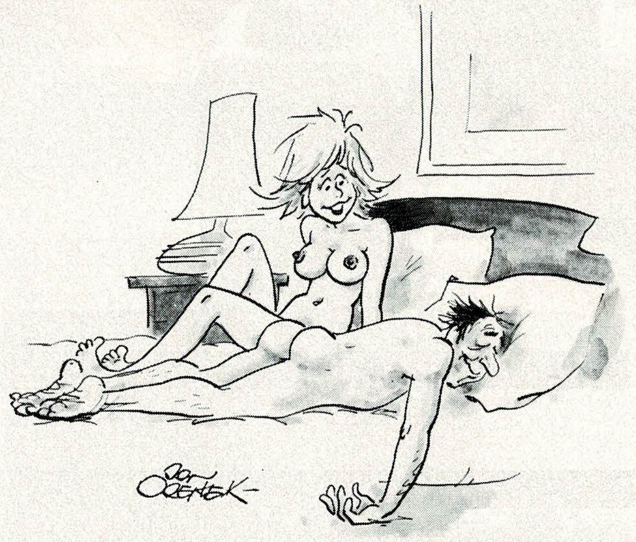
"You must excuse my excitement," said Shumway. "After all, you *are* a mystery. You were famous, world-acclaimed. You went, saw the Future, came back, told us, then went into seclusion. Oh, sure, for a few weeks you travelled the world in tickertape parades, showed yourself on TV, wrote one book, gifted us with one magnificent two-hour television film, then shut yourself away here. Yes, the Time Machine is on exhibit below and crowds are allowed in each day at noon to see and touch. But you, yourself, have refused fame . . . "

"Not so." The old man led him along the roof. Below in the gardens, other helicopters were arriving now, bringing TV equipment from around the world to photograph the miracle in the sky, that moment when the Time Machine from the past would appear, shimmer, then wander off to visit other cities before it vanished into the Past. "I have been busy, as an architect, helping build that very Future I saw when, as a young man, I arrived in our golden tomorrow!"

They stood for a moment watching the preparations below. Vast tables were being set up for food and drink. Dignitaries would be arriving soon from every country of the world to thank, for a final time perhaps, this fabled, this almost mythic, traveller.

"Come along," said the old man. "Would you like to come sit in the Time Machine? No one else ever has, you know. Would you like to be the first?"

No answer was necessary. The old man could see that the young man's eyes were bright and wet.



"Anymore where that came from? I need a booster shot!"

"There, there," said the old man. "Oh, dear me, there, there."

●

A glass elevator sank and took them below and let them out in a pure white basement at the centre of which stood . . . The Incredible Device.

"There." Craig Bennett Stiles touched a button and the plastic shell that had for 100 years encased the Time Machine slid aside. The old man nodded. "Go. Sit."

Shumway moved slowly toward the Machine. Stiles touched another button and the machine lit up like a cavern of spiderwebs. It breathed in years and whispered forth remembrance. Ghosts were in its crystal veins. A great God spider had woven its tapestries in a single night. It was haunted and it was alive. Unseen tides came and went in its machineries. Suns burned and moons hid their seasons in it. Here an autumn blew away in tatters, there winters arrived in snows which drifted in spring blossoms to fall on summer fields.

The young man sat in the centre of it all, unable to speak, gripping the armrests of the padded chair.

"Don't be afraid," said the old man, gently. "I won't send you on a journey."

"I wouldn't mind," said Shumway.

The old man studied his face. "No, I can see you wouldn't. You look like me, 100 years ago this day. Damned if you aren't my honorary son."

The young man shut his eyes at this, and the lids glistened as the ghosts in the machine sighed all about him and promised him tomorrows.

"Well, what do you think of my Toynbee Convector?" asked the old man, briskly, to break the spell.

He cut the power. The young man opened his eyes.

"The Toynbee Convector? What. . ."

"More mysteries, eh? The great Toynbee, that fine historian who said any group, any race, any world that did not run to seize the future and shape it was doomed to dust way in the grave, in the past."

"Did he say *that?*"

"Or some such. He did. So, what better name for my machine, eh? Toynbee, where ever you are, here's your Future Seizing Device!"

He grabbed the young man's elbow and steered him out the machine.

"Enough of that. It's late. Almost time for the great arrival, eh? And the earth-shaking final announcement of that old Time Traveller Stiles! Jump!"

●

Back on the roof they looked down on the gardens which were now swarming with the famous and near-famous from across the world. The nearby roads were jammed, the skies were full of helicopters and hovering biplanes. The hang-gliders had long since given up and now stood along the cliff rim like a mob of bright pterodactyls, wings folded, heads up, staring at the clouds, waiting.

"All this," the old man murmured, "my God, for *me.*"

The young man checked his watch.

"Ten minutes to four and counting. Almost time for the Great Arrival. Sorry, that's what I called it when I wrote you up a week ago for the NEWS . . .That moment of arrival and departure, in the blink of an eye, when, by stepping across Time, you changed the whole future of the world from night to day, dark to light. I've often wondered . . ."

"What?"

Shumway studied the sky. "When you went ahead in Time. . . did *no one* see you arrive? Did anyone at *all* happen to look up, do you know, and see your Device hover in the middle of the air, here, and over Chicago a bit later, and then New York, and Paris? *No one?*"

"Well," said the inventor of the Toynbee Convector, "I don't suppose anyone was *expecting* me! And if they saw, surely did not know what in blazes they were looking at. I was careful, anyway, not to linger too long. I needed only time to photograph the rebuilt cities, the clean seas and rivers, the fresh, smog-free air, the unfortified nations, the saved and beloved whales. I moved quickly, photographed swiftly, and ran back down the years home. Today, paradoxically, is different. Millions upon millions of mobs of eyes will be looking up with great expectations. They will glance, will they not, from the young fool burning in the sky to the old fool here, still glad for his triumph?"

"They will," said Shumway. "Oh, indeed they *will!*"

A cork popped. Shumway turned from surveying the crowds on the nearby fields, and the crowds of circling objects in the sky, to see that Craig Bennett Stiles had just opened a bottle of champagne.

"Our own private toast and our own private celebration."

They held their glasses up, waiting for the precise and proper moment to drink.

"Five minutes to four and counting. Why," said the young reporter, "did no one else ever travel in time?"

"I put a stop to it, myself," said the old man, leaning over the roof, looking down at the crowds. "I realised how dangerous it was. I was reliable, of course, no danger. But, Lord, think of it, just *anyone* rolling about the bowling alley Time Corridors ahead, knocking tenpins headlong, frightening natives, shocking citizens somewhere else, fiddling with Napoleon's lifeline behind or restoring Hitler's cousins ahead? No, no. And the government, of course, agreed, no insisted, we put the Toynbee Convector under sealed lock and key. Today, you were the first and last to fingerprint its machineries. The guard has been heavy and constant, for tens of thousands of days, to prevent the Machine being stolen. What time do you have?"

Shumway glanced at his watch and took in his breath.

"One minute and counting down . . ."

He counted, the old man counted. They raised their champagne glasses.

". . . nine, eight, seven. . ."

The crowd below was immensely silent. The sky whispered with expectation. The TV cameras swung up to scan and search.

". . . six, five. . ."

They clinked their glasses.

". . . four, three, two. . ."

They drank.

"One!"

They emptied their champagne with a laugh. They looked to the sky. The golden air above the La Jolla coastline waited. The moment for the Great Arrival was here.

"Now!" cried the young reporter, like a musician, giving orders.

"Now," said Craig Bennett Stiles, gravely quiet.

Nothing.

Five seconds passed.

The sky stood empty.

Ten seconds passed.

The heavens waited.

They looked to the sky. The golden air above the La Jolla coastline waited. The moment for the Great Arrival was here.

Twenty seconds passed.

Nothing.

At last Shumway turned to stare and wonder at the old man by his side.

Craig Bennett Stiles looked at him, shrugged and said: "I lied."

"You what!?" cried Shumway.

The crowd below shifted uneasily.

"I lied," said the old man, simply.

"No!"

"Oh, but yes," said the Time Traveller. "I never went anywhere. I stayed. But made it seem I went. There is no Time Machine. Only something that *looks* like one."

"But why?" cried the young man, bewildered, holding to the rail at the edge of the roof. "Why!?"

"I see that you have a tape-recording button on your lapel. Turn it on. Yes. There. I want everyone to hear this. Now."

The old man finished his champagne and then said: "Because, I was born and raised in a time, in the 1960s, '70s and '80s, when everyone had stopped believing in themselves. I saw that disbelief, the reason that no longer gave itself reasons to survive, and was moved, depressed, and then angered by it.

"Everywhere I saw and heard doubt. Everywhere I learned destruction. Everywhere was professional despair, intellectual ennui, political cynicism. And what wasn't ennui and cynicism was rampant scepticism and incipient nihilism."

The old man stopped, having remembered something. He bent, and from under a table brought forth a special bottle of red Burgundy with the label 1984 on it. This, as he talked, he began to open, gently plumbing the ancient cork.

"You name it, we had it. The economy was a snail. The world was a cesspool. Economics remained an unsolvable mystery. Melancholy was the attitude. The impossibility of change was the vogue. End of the world was the slogan.

"Nothing was worth doing. Go to bed at night full of bad news at 11, wake up in the morn to worse news at seven. Trudge through the day underwater. Drown at night in a tide of plagues and pestilence. Ah!"

For the cork had softly popped. The now harmless 1984 vintage was ready for airing. The Time Traveller sniffed it, and nodded. "Not only the four horsemen of the Apocalypse rode the horizon to fling themselves on our cities, but a fifth horseman, worse than all the rest, rode with them: Despair, wrapped in dark shrouds of defeat, crying only repetitions of past disasters, present failures, future cowardices. Bombarded by dark chaff and no bright seed, what sort of harvest was there for man in the latter part of the incredible 20th century?

"Forgotten was the Moon, forgotten the red landscapes of Mars, the great Eye of Jupiter, the stunning rings of Saturn. We refused to be comforted. We wept at the grave of our child and the grave was *us.*"

"Was that how it was," asked Shumway, quietly, "100 years ago?"

"Yes." The Time Traveller held up the wine bottle as if it contained proof. He poured some in a glass, eyed it, inhaled, and went on. "You have seen the newsreels and read the books of that time. You know it all.

"Oh, of course, there were a few bright moments. When Salk delivered the world's children to life. Or the night when Eagle landed and that one great step for mankind trod the Moon. But in the minds and out of the mouths of many the fifth horseman was darkly cheered on. With high hopes, it sometimes seemed, of his winning. So all would be gloomily satisfied that their predictions of doom were right from day one. So the self-fulfilling prophecies were declared; we dug our graves and prepared to lie down in them."

"And you couldn't allow that?" said the young reporter.

"You know I couldn't."

"And so you built the Toynbee Convector. . ."

"Not all at once. It took years to brood on it."

The old man paused to swirl the dark wine, gaze at it, and sip, eyes closed.

"Meanwhile, I drowned, I despaired, wept silently late nights thinking: what can

I do to save us from ourselves? How save my friends, my city, my state, my country, the entire *world* from this obsession with Doom!? Well, it was in my library late one night that my hand, searching along shelves, touched at last on an old and beloved book by H.G. Wells. His Time Device called ghostlike down the years. I *heard*! I understood. I truly listened. Then, I blueprinted. I built. I travelled, or so it *seemed*. The rest, as you know, is history."

The old Time Traveller drank his wine, opened his eyes.

"Good God," the young reporter whispered, shaking his head. "Oh, dear God. Oh, the wonder, the wonder. . ."

There was an immense ferment in the lower garden now, and in the fields beyond, and on the roads, and in the air. Millions were still waiting. Where was the Great Arrival?

"Well, now," said the old man, filling another glass with wine for the young reporter. "Aren't I something? I made the machines, built miniature cities, lakes, ponds, seas. Erected vast architectures against crystal water skies, talked to dolphins, played with whales, faked tapes, mythologised films. O, it took years, years of sweating work and secret preparation before I announced my Departure, left, and came back with Good News!"

They drank the rest of the vintage wine. There was a hum of voices. All of the people below where looking up at the roof.

The Time Traveller waved at them, and turned.

"Quickly now. It's up to you from here on. You have the tape, my voice on it, just freshly made. Here are three more tapes, with fuller data. Here's a film cassette history of my whole inspired fraudulence. Here's a final manuscript. Take, take it all, hand it on. I nominate you as son to explain the father. Quickly!"

Hustled into the elevator once more, Shumway felt the world fall away beneath. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so gave, at last, a great hoot.

The old man, surprised, hooted with him, as they stepped out below and advanced upon the Toynbee Convector.

"You see the point don't you, son? Life has *always* been lying to ourselves! As boys, young men, old men. As girls, maidens, women, to gently lie and prove the lie true. To weave dreams and put brains and ideas and flesh and the truly real beneath the dreams. Everything, finally, is a promise. What seems a lie is a ramshackle need, wishing to be born. Here. Thus and so."

He pressed the button that raised the plastic shield, pressed the other that started the Time Machine humming, than shuffled quickly in to thrust himself into the Convector's seat.

"Throw the final switch, young man!"

"But. . ."

"You're thinking. . ." here the old man laughed, "if the Time Machine is a fraud, it won't work, what's the use of throwing a switch, yes?! Throw it, anyway. *This* time it *will* work!"

Shumway turned, found the control switch, grabbed hold, then looked up at Craig Bennett Stiles.

"I don't understand. Where are you *going*?"

"Why, to be one with the Ages, of course. To exist now, only in the deep Past."

"How can that *be*!?"

"Believe me, this time it will happen. Goodbye, dear fine nice young man."

"Goodbye."

"Now. Tell me my name."

"What?"

"Speak my name and throw the switch."

"Time Traveller?"

"Yes! *Now!*"

The young man yanked the switch. The Machine hummed, roared, blazed with power.

"Oh," said the old man, shutting his eyes. His mouth smiled gently. ". . .yes."

His head fell forward on his chest.

Shumway yelled, banged the switch off, and leaped forward to tear at the straps binding the old man in his device.

In the midst of so doing, he stopped, felt the Time Traveller's wrist, put his fingers under the neck to test the pulse there, and groaned. He began to weep.

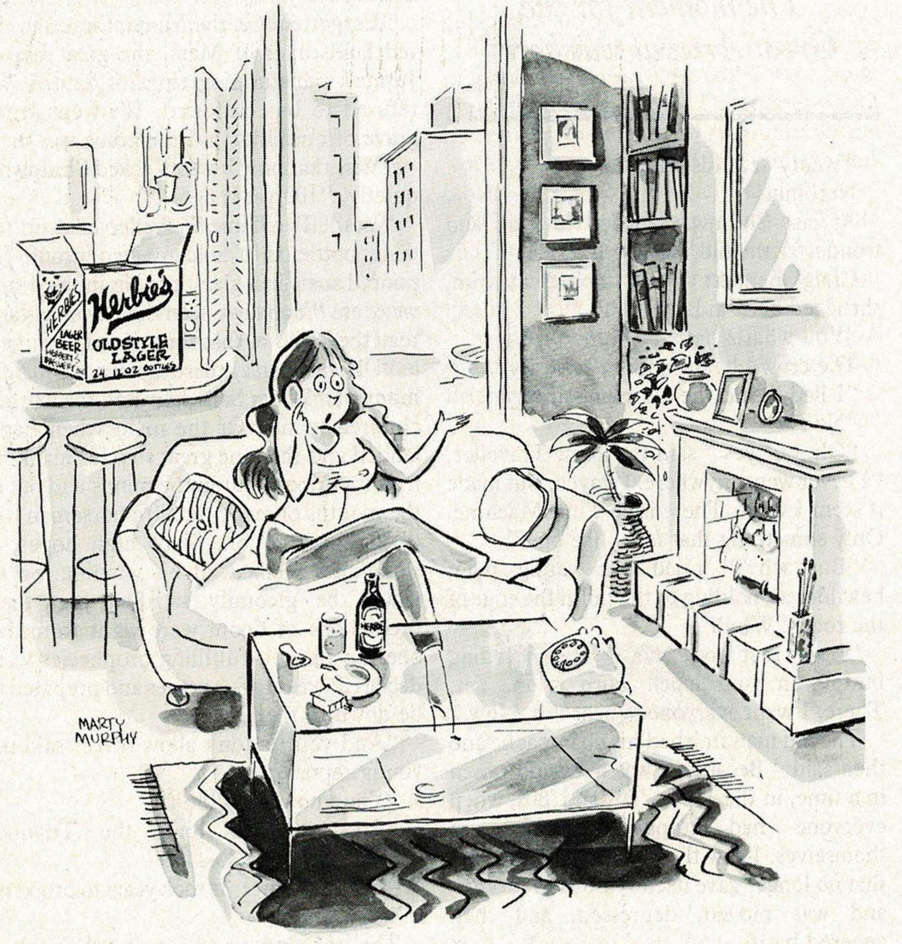
The old man had indeed gone back in time, and its name was death. He was travelling in the Past now, forever.

Shumway stepped back and turned the machine on again. If the old man was to travel, let the machine, symbolically anyway, go with. It made a sympathetic humming. The fire of it, the bright sun-fire, burned in all of its spider grids and armatures, and lit the cheeks and vast brow of the ancient Traveller, whose head seemed to nod with the vibrations, and whose smile, as he travelled into darkness, was the smile of a child much-satisfied.

The reporter stood for a long moment more, wiping his cheeks with the backs of his hands. Then, leaving the Machine on, he turned, crossed the room, pressed the button for the glass elevator and, while he was waiting, took the Time Traveller's tapes and cassettes from his jacket pockets and, one by one, shoved them into the Incinerator Trash Flue set in the wall.

The elevator doors opened, he stepped in, the doors shut. The elevator hummed now, like yet another Time Device, taking him up into a stunned world, a waiting world, lifting him up into a bright continent, a future land, a wondrous and surviving planet. . .

That one man with one lie had created.



"Charles? Why don't you drop by for a drink? I've got a case of Herbie's. . . Charles?. . . Hello?. . . Hello?. . . Charles?"

FIVE MEMORABLE YEARS

a tantalising tribute to the women of australian playboy — memory land never looked so good

The year was 1979. Russian armored columns rumbled into Afghanistan, Bob Hawke announced he would run for Parliament and Dennis Lillee still had hair. But more important than any of that, Australian PLAYBOY was born.

Our inaugural issue in February that year covered all that mattered to the Aussie male: sex, grog, rock'n'roll, cricket, crime and corruption. Funny how some things never change. But our first issue may be most fondly remembered for all that it uncovered. The first Great Australian Playmate Hunt found **Karen Pini** in Perth. In a sumptuous centrespread, Karen proved that Aussie women can beguile and bewitch with the world's best and she became a star in the process. She was offered a role in that ever bubbly soapie, *The Young Doctors*, Paul Hogan signed her to add glamor to his top-rated TV shows and Lord Lichfield photographed her in New York. A man with an aristocratic eye for the well-bred beauty, his lordship proclaimed Karen as "one of the most beautiful women I have ever photographed; she has a truly remarkable body."

AUSTRALIAN
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The courage of a lone crusader: Bob Bottom's fight against organised crime
The great Australian beer test
The love cult of Dracula
Plus: Ron Saw Robert Morley F. Lee Bailey Belinda Green
COLLECTOR'S ITEM
Australia's first Playmate

Australian PLAYBOY cover girl Rosemary Paul opened the batting and five years later, we're looking forward to a spectacular century.

It is a fitting tribute to Karen's enduring allure that she has helped make the first issue of the Australian PLAYBOY a highly-prized collector's item.

Former Miss World **Belinda Green** bared her soul in the same debut issue. In a typically frank exchange, Belinda told us how she blew most of her winnings from the Miss World title and why she went to a posh London nightclub minus her knickers.

In April 1979, we introduced our readers to US Playmate Of The Year **Debra Jo Fondren,** who demonstrated that some things do grow better in Texas. All that beautiful hair, for instance. The leggy Texan with a waterfall of tresses cascading well below her knees inspired awe and approval wherever she went on her promotional tour of Australia. After captivating Aussie males in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane, Debra Jo relaxed on Queensland's South Molle Island before heading home. Declaring herself suitably impressed by Australia, she vowed to return. Any time, Debra Jo. Any time.

1979 also was the year an adventuresome lass called **Jane Priest** beat Princess Diana to the pucker and planted a kiss on Prince Charles during an early morning surf session in Perth. Headlines around the world called it Royal Cheek and the escapade did no harm at all to the image of Australia's bold beach bunnies. In an exclusive interview with Australian PLAYBOY, Jane said she thought Prince Charles a fine figure of a man. In a later PLAYBOY pictorial, she proved herself a fine figure of a woman.

And then there was **Patti McGuire.** One of our most popular unveilings ever, Patti was presented to readers of Australian PLAYBOY in August 1979. Tennis ace Jimmy Connors was suitably impressed. After courting Patti for a few months, he phoned her from his hotel room in Sydney and proposed. Patti was on a promotional tour of Japan for PLAYBOY at the time. They were married in a Shinto temple in Tokyo.

Five years later and despite a few well-publicised ups and downs, they are still together. And notice how Jimmy's game has improved?

Rebellious **Rosemary Paul** showed that nice girls do. . . undress for PLAYBOY. In a sensual August centrefold, the former pupil of Sydney's prim and proper Queenwood school revealed herself to be a happy hedonist. Rosemary told us that when a man appealed to her, he didn't have to worry about seducing her.

"I'll get him into bed before he knows what's happening," she purred.

A star of TV's *The Restless Years*, Rosemary eventually opened her heart and her home to a man who displayed a certain Aussie flair. He broke into her house and left her a single red rose. Rosemary was subsequently chosen our first Playmate Of The Year.

There was only one way to top a fantastic debut year and that was to kick off 1980 like gangbusters. **Raquel Welch** did it for us. In a tantalising January pictorial that revealed enough, but not everything, Raquel retained her mystique and her crown as one of the most desired women of our time. By 1980, Raquel had it all: success, wealth, fame and critical acclaim for her acting ability. And to the point where she felt confident enough to show how it all started — an unbelievable body and the face to go with it. Her biggest success was still ahead of her when she stole Lauren Bacall's thunder to become Broadway's Woman Of The Year in '82.

1980 was the year **Bo Derek** happened to the world. Following her success with Dudley Moore in *10*, Bo made a controversial trip to Australia with husband-Svengali John Derek. But before that, readers of Australian PLAYBOY enjoyed an exclusive peep at Bo in a pictorial that showed just what goes into the making of a *10*.

And then, Australian PLAYBOY paid John Derek the ultimate compliment by featuring all three of the ladies in his life in a special pictorial. **Ursula Andress** and *Dynasty* star **Linda Evans** both preceded Bo in posing for the Derek lens, proving that the man does, indeed, have taste.

In June 1980, we featured US Playmate Of The Year **Dorothy Stratten.** Dorothy had it all — beauty, brains and great natural charm — but died tragically just as she was setting out on a promising movie career. Though she left us prematurely, Dorothy has a place in the heart of PLAYBOY, and judging by your response to her untimely death, a place in the hearts of our readers.

The following month, Australian PLAYBOY scored a notable first when **Kim Wran,** daughter of NSW Premier Neville "Nifty" Wran featured in a stirring spread. Kim talked about sex, money, the price of reflected glory and former men friends such as Prince Charles and Henry "The Fonz" Winkler. Kim is now happily married to a filthy rich producer of rock video clips in California.

August 1980 saw the unveiling of a legend. Australia's first TV sex goddess, the blonde bombshell who turned *Number 96* upside down, bared all to refuel the great Aussie fantasy. In a memorable pictorial, **Abigail** enacted her favorite fantasies — schoolgirl, leather queen, secretary, vamp — and re-ignited the collective male consciousness of a generation.

Karen West, formerly of Penleigh Presbyterian Ladies College, Melbourne, disrobed in November of that year and helped send temperatures soaring. One of our most successful centrefolds, Karen became Playmate Of The Year and was to follow Karen Pini's footsteps on to *The Paul Hogan Show.* Whatever anybody tells you, Arthur Donger is nobody's fool!

Barbara Bach proved a match for James Bond in *The Spy Who Loved Me* and in a February 1981 spread, she proved she is a match for any man. The sultry smasher was co-starring with Ringo Starr in *Caveman* when she posed for our pictorial; soon she was to take the Starr role in Ringo's life.

Golden girl **Lyn Barron** was discovered during our first safari among the Girls Of The Gold Coast.

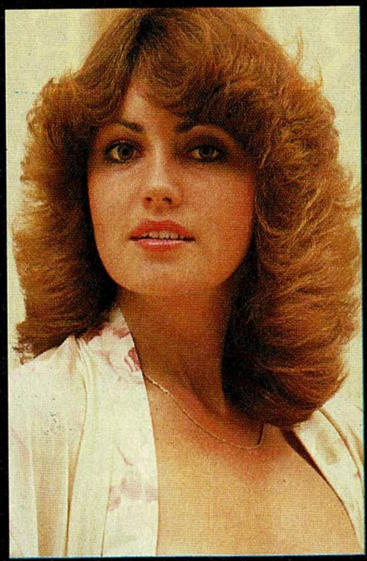
We were so impressed by Lyn we went back for a second look and what a good idea that turned out to be.

Lyn cranked up the temperature for a cruising pictorial of the Great Barrier Reef, displaying a body that could well be described as the eighth natural wonder of the world. Our readers agreed and she went on to become Aussie Playmate Of The Year.

Despite all the travelling, the fun and the glamor of her reign, Lyn returned to the Gold Coast to live.

"It's home," she says.

Maud Adams just keeps getting better and better. Another



Our very first centrefold was the smashing Karen Pini, top left, now a national TV personality with the Nine network. Clockwise we reprise former Miss World Belinda Green, now Mrs John Singleton, kiss-and-tell girl Jane Priest and luscious Patti McGuire, whose charms netted her a tennis ace. Finally, Debra Jo Fondren showed exactly what goes into the perfect mattress.

Dallas star Victoria Principal, left, disrobed for PLAYBOY. Clockwise from below, Rosemary Paul was our first Playmate Of The Year, Dorothy Stratten's immortal beauty, Nifty's daughter, Kim, and the sexiest superstar of them all, Raquel Welch, shows what real women are made of.

Bond beauty, she was seen first in *The Man With The Golden Gun* but was promoted to a starring role opposite Roger Moore in *Octopussy*. Perhaps it's those classic cheekbones or the smouldering, smoky-blue eyes that give her such sizzling sex appeal but please, take your time. . .

Another Christmas gift to readers of the December '81 issue was the impressively proportioned **Amanda Dole.** All the more impressive when you recall Amanda was only sweet 16 at the time she posed for Australian PLAYBOY. Amanda went on to become Playmate Of The Year and has since appeared in several movies, made TV appearances and been deluged with modelling assignments. Amanda later made a whistle-stop tour of Australia to prove to Aussie men everywhere that she is, indeed, as good as she looks.

In February '82, **Sylvia Kristel**, star of *Emanuelle* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, showed why she remains the world's leading erotic movie goddess.

Long before *Dallas* there was **Victoria Principal**. We were more than happy to give readers an exclusive glimpse of the assets that added to TV's smash hit series. Victoria still keeps in shape by giving keep-fit lessons — but look at the start she had.

Our May '82 issue all but vaporised in the heat the moment it hit the stands. With bountiful **Lynda Stoner** starring as our cover girl and featuring inside, the issue was hotter than a Parramatta pavement in mid-summer. After a much publicised departure and return to *Cop Shop*, her commitment to animal welfare and marriage to actor-nice guy Peter Sumner, Lynda has settled down again as one of Australia's resident sweethearts.

Just what is it about Nicaraguan women? First there was Bianca Jagger and now **Barbara Carrera.** The steamy star of *I The Jury* and the TV epic *Masada* co-starring Peter O'Toole set Anglo-Saxon sensibilities aflame in her May '82 pictorial. She has been setting cinema audiences aflame in the new Sean Connery Bond film, *Never Say Never Again*. Just how much does it cost for a plane ticket to Nicaragua anyway?

In June '82, **Mariel Hemingway** showed us that her big sister Margaux hadn't

Left, lovely Lynda Stoner — not just a pretty face — courted national headlines by embracing the cause of animal welfare. Starting from the top and moving clockwise we have the phantasmagoric Abigail, former Playmate Of The Year Karen West, Barbara Bach, fresh out of Bondage, and our youngest ever centrefold, Amanda Dole.

Clockwise from the left, another Bond beauty, Maud Adams, just check out those cheekbones, followed by the first of the Bond beauties, ageless Ursula Andress, soft-core superstar Sylvia Kristel, island playmate Lyn Barron and the latest in Sean Connery's long list of screen smashers, smouldering Barbara Carrera.

captured all the good looks in the family. Mariel got physical on the cover and in a hot pictorial that made strong men go weak at the knees.

The August '82 cover of Australian PLAYBOY caused a stir throughout the land featuring, as it did, reigning porn queen **Marilyn Chambers.**

Marilyn, you may recall, has acquired a reputation for frankness in an era when women are no longer noticeably shy. Stripping to the buff for radio interviews during her Australian tour added to her reputation and raised eyebrows from Darwin to Dubbo.

And, in December '82, fallen Charlie's Angel **Tanya Roberts** brought out the beast in us all in a teasing preview of the sword and sorcery epic, *The Beastmaster*.

In June '83, Australian PLAYBOY's promotions director, **Karol Lopez**, entered into the spirit of things to show that PLAYBOY staffers also have what it takes to turn on the heat.

That same issue, *Dynasty* star **Pamela Bellwood** went native in Africa. . . but even the original make-up job by Masai tribeswomen couldn't hide Pamela's natural attributes.

Few screen newcomers have seduced audiences with as much success as West Germany's **Nastassia Kinski.** Naughty Nastassia featured in our July '83 issue and demonstrated that she has few inhibitions on or off the screen.

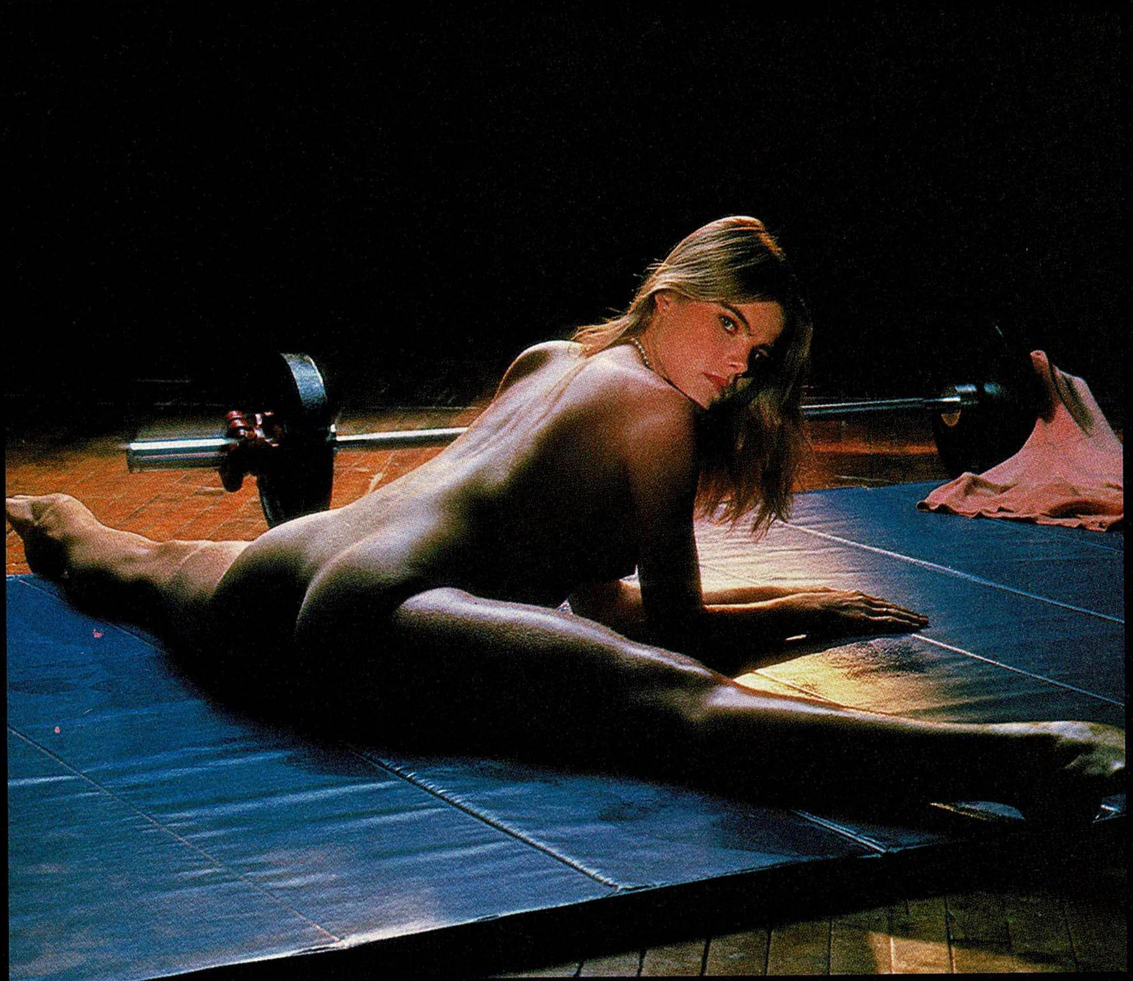
In August '83 we brought you the magnificent **Marianne Gravatte** who showed the winning form that made her US Playmate Of The Year. Judging by our mailbag, it was a verdict which won unanimous approval from Aussie men.

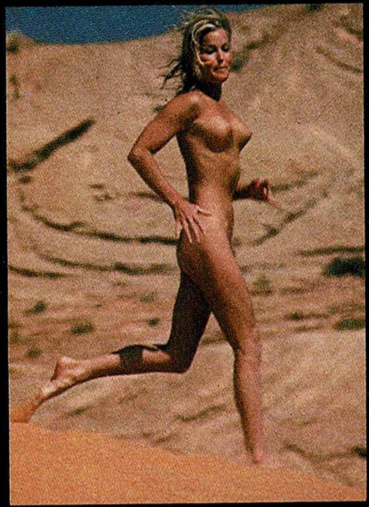
As the scheming Alex of the TV hit *Dynasty*, **Joan Collins** has emerged as the most glamorous grandmother in showbusiness. A sex symbol for an incredible 30 years, Joan demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt in our January 1984 issue that she still has what it takes.

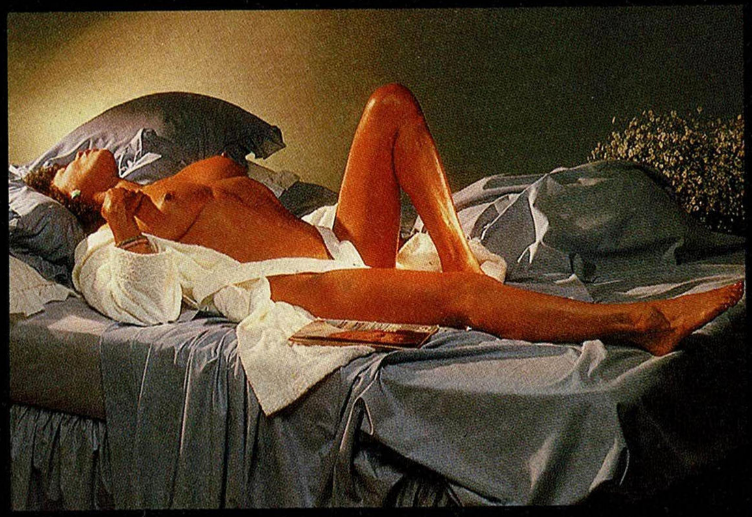
These are just a few of the fabulous beauties who have helped make the first years of Australian PLAYBOY so memorable.

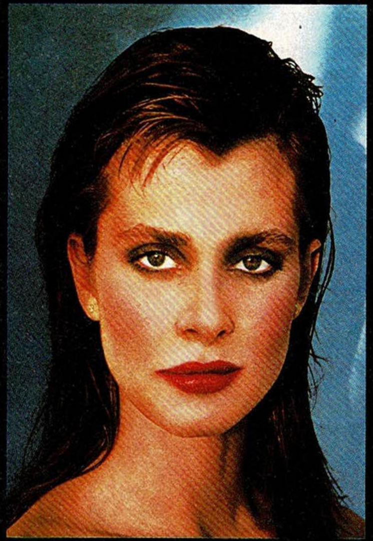
We're sure you will join us in looking forward to all those special women waiting to be uncovered in the next five.

It is easy to understand the passion for older women when they look like Dynasty star Linda Evans, far left, over 40 and gorgeous. Left, Marilyn Chambers proved that bad girls just get better. Below, Mariel Hemingway in a shot you never saw during her movie debut. Below left, busty Bo Derek streaked to stardom and PLAYBOY promotions director Karol Lopez indulged herself and her fans by celebrating her 40th birthday with a lush pictorial.









Joan Collins, top, was 1983's most glamorous grandmother and not afraid to show why. Centre top and clockwise, stunning Marianne Gravatte, haunting Nastassia Kinski, fallen Charlie's Angel Tanya Roberts and wild Pamela Bellwood goes native.

SEX

(continued from page 44)

Sex in Australia is doing fine. . . media hype has done little or no damage to our collective libido.

arguing strongly for network television to show sexual intercourse and child birth. A dozen years later, *The End Of Sex* uses the same arguments, indeed the same phrases, to call a halt to the revolution and place in its stead "high monogamy".

It is, perhaps, understandable that the media would eventually become bored with sexual frankness and search for new ways to get the cute little word into their headlines. But does what the media have been saying bear any relation to real human behavior? Let's look first at the stuff from overseas. There is a mountain of it and it all looks very impressive, doctors saying this, shrinks saying that. But there is not much hard data. Promiscuity is on the decline, the articles say, because venereal disease clinics are doing less business. There is no mention of the fact that since the Pill became a health risk, condoms have become commonplace again, thereby automatically reducing by a very large percentage the chances of infection. Nor do the articles seek to differentiate between "promiscuity" and basic sexual freedom. If you're in favor of the latter, you are by definition an habitue of the singles bars.

Now let's look at the Australian articles. Right, now let's look at something else. You see, there aren't any. For reasons that escape me, our major news organisations would have us believe that the sexual revolution is over in Australia because someone said it was over in the United States. All the way with Jerry Falwell.

In the face of this informational void, I decided to wander the streets in search of real people with real sexual situations. This wasn't all that difficult since the offices of Australian PLAYBOY are located right in the heart of Sydney's red light district. If sex was really dead, there wouldn't be any working girls, would there? After a momentary shock — there were no open doorways across the street, but this had more to do with a recent vice squad crackdown (again, no pun intended) — I found the dear little things still working the beat, from the South American end of Liverpool Street right up through the Cross. And, to these untrained eyes, business looked pretty good. There was even a queue outside one door just up from St Vincents Hospital.

Not far away, just off Oxford Street, I noted that gay prostitution was still alive and apparently well. And in the bars and pick-up joints around the town, young men buying drinks for young ladies gave no outward indication that what they were now seeking was a more careful, caring relationship. No, the one-night stand appeared also to be alive and well.

As I sipped scotch in these dens of iniquity I was tempted to rush over to the couple embracing in the corner and inquire: "Excuse me sir, aren't you afraid you'll get herpes??" Cowardice, however, triumphed over investigative journalism and I did no such thing. Instead I sought out friends who, in the nicest possible way, might be thought of as victims of the sexual revolution. First I phoned a guy I know who has herpes. I don't know how many people know this, so I won't mention his name. No one deserves to get herpes but if anyone did, it would be this guy. Not to put too fine a point on it, this guy would fuck a door. So I phoned him and said: "Hi, X (not his real name), is sex dead?"

He said: "There's nothing happening." I thought I was on to something until I worked out that he thought I was asking for drugs in code. By the time we straightened all that out, he had to hang up. He was meeting a girlfriend for drinks. I took this to mean that as far as he was concerned, penis warts and all, sex was not dead. In fact life was pretty normal.

Next I went to see another friend who is a single mother in her mid-thirties. She has lots of casual relationships that last a few months, no heavy possession trips, in short your stereotypical product of the sexual revolution. We talked about a lot of stuff before I got down to the nitty gritty. "Would you class yourself a casualty of the sexual revolution?" I asked.

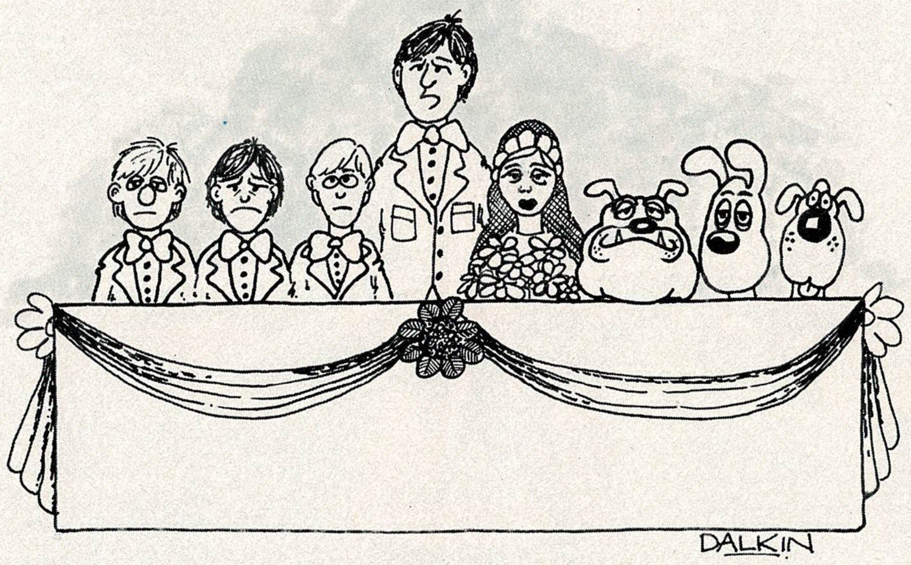
She gave me a quizzical look. "You mean like an acid casualty?" If there was one thing I was learning out of all this, it was the existence of a strange correlation between sex and drugs. I explained to her the arguments in the media about the sexual revolution being all washed up.

Not being a voracious reader of periodicals, she hadn't heard about this development. She was somewhat astounded. Since we are both parents, I then explained to her my fear about our children growing up punishingly straight. She, too, had felt this, usually when her daughter chastised her after a late night, or for not introducing the man in her bed. Could this be linked to an overall societal change in which Puritanism would re-emerge as the dominant force? She laughed at me.

"You've been doing too much reading. Lighten up. Why don't you go home and get an early night."

So here I am at home, in bed but not that early, running through this article and making a few revisions. I think we've clearly established that sex in Australia is doing fine, thanks very much, and that all the media hype to the contrary has done little or no damage to our collective libido. What we need now is a nice, deep, ram-it-up-'em, socko conclusion. As I ponder this I am reminded of my wife by virtue of a familiar purring and snuggling going on at the back of my neck. Of course, she is the one person I haven't asked. More purring and snuggling.

Darling, I say, shaking her off my shoulders and facing her manfully, is sex dead? You know, in your opinion — she's reaching over and switching off the bed lamp — has the sexual revolution run out of — can't read my notes. Aaaaaaagggghhh. Well, I suppose I could finish the story in the morning.



". . . and I'd also like to thank the bridesmaids, who, unfortunately, are a pack of dogs."

FATHER'S PARTING ADVICE

life can be a grind without a little fatherly advice to oil the machinery

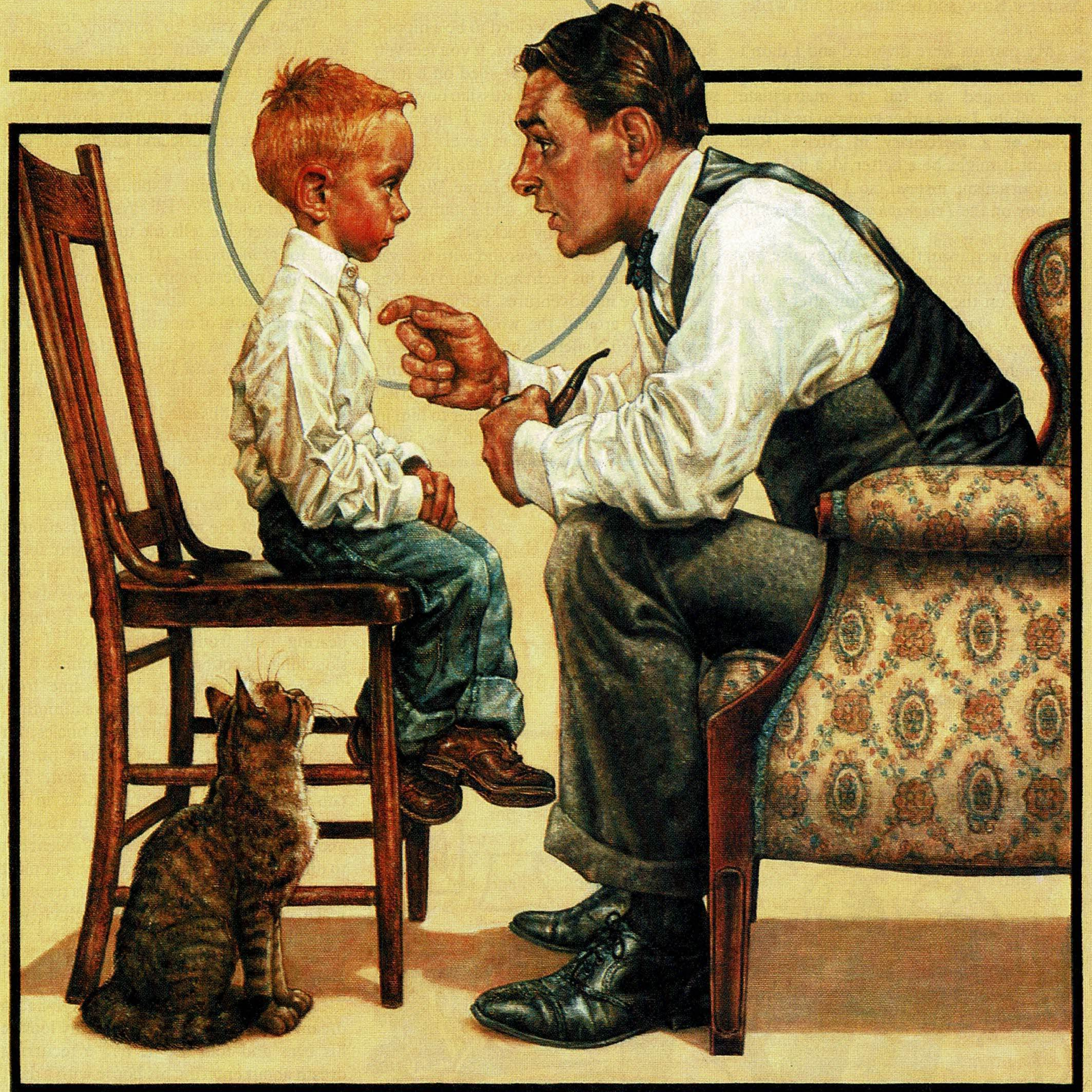


ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT GUSTAFSON

ron reagan jnr, arlo guthrie, andrew saw, peter fonda, dean paul martin, andrew clark, arthur marx and patrick wayne, recall the wile and wisdom of their famous dads.

IT'S A SCENE you'll remember well. You are poised in the hallway, ready to leave the comfort and security of home and face the real world as a grown-up. You're almost out the door when Dad, smoking his pipe and wearing an elbow-patched tweed jacket, puts a hand on your shoulder and invites you into the study explaining: "There are a few things I think you should know about life before you go." A few hours later, perhaps a little dewy-eyed, you leave better equipped for the great unknown.

Okay, so maybe that's not the way it happened. Maybe Dad just gave you permission to call home reverse charges when you were in serious trouble. But somewhere over the years, most of us got something in the way of advice from him; some sort of navigational guide to help us through life's severe weather. If it wasn't a long talk by the fireplace in which he confessed his bewilderment at the behavior of women and the peculiarities of sex, perhaps it was bits and pieces gleaned from a lifetime of having dinner at his table. Regardless, it ultimately has to do with the passing on of an intimate, personal culture. It doesn't matter whether or not the advice is totally accurate, just that it gets passed along.

We wanted to find out how some notable fathers rose to the occasion, so we asked some of their children (often well-known themselves) what they remembered about the things their fathers had told them.

●

Andrew Saw (son of humorist and writer Ron Saw).

"My parents were divorced and I didn't go to live with Ron until I was 16. After I had managed to fail to matriculate successfully, I was either going to be a film-maker or a mercenary in Africa. Ron thought it might be a better idea if I went into journalism instead, so I did — as a copyboy on the *Telegraph* when Packer still had it.

"I was fired from there — the excuse was having two Saws in the same place — so I got a job on the *Mirror*. I quit after a year because I wanted to go and live in the country as a hippie.

"Ron has never been the kind of guy who tells you not to do this sort of thing. I only ever remember one thing he said to me, when I wouldn't vote. He said, 'Look, whatever you do, you have to contribute.' But he didn't kick up at me. I remember meeting him coming home with Ellie (his wife) at 4am one morning, and I was leaving with a black girl and we all just shook hands at the gate. 'Nice girl,' said Ron the next day.

"Anyway, when I decided to be a hippie, Ron just said, 'Well all right, if you feel you must.' So I sat in a wheat-shed on a farm south of Sydney and read Russian novels by lamplight. I discovered that I hated the wheat-shed, I hated Russian novels, I hated the whole fucking thing. As usual, Ron had to come down and drive me home. We had a big blue when I got back, and I stamped off into the night with my backpack. . .

"The best thing he ever did with me was to whack me on his yacht and sail up the Red Sea and give me adventures. Before I joined him sailing around the world, I met this woman called Nanette. She was 38, I was 21 and love blossomed. I went through a run with older women with kids, which worried Ron a bit, I think. I wrote a letter to him in the Seychelles and told him we were sending Nanette's kids off to boarding school in England and to expect both of us on the yacht. As usual Ron was very reasonable about it. I got a letter back that said, 'Sounds pretty insane to me, but do it if you really want to.' I joined him in the end without Nanette.

"Don't forget this medicine worked better on the rat than it did on the guinea pig, and I think he's more like a guinea pig."

"When it came to anything creative, anything to do with the arts, he always encouraged me — although he still thinks what I do best is write. He says occasionally, 'Why don't you stop stuffing around with art and TV and music and all that shit, and just *write*?'

"He doesn't think I should wear leather jackets on television. He says I should get a *decent* jacket. He tells me to spell properly and to *pronounciate*. If I do something shithouse professionally, he ignores it. Ron is a big influence on me. They might want another Ron out of me but I would like to do what he does, on television. He's obsessed with perfection and I'm the same, but he has never pushed the line that you must succeed. I'm obsessed with winning, he isn't. I was always arrogant. He tells me not to be an arrogant son of a bitch."

Peter Fonda (son of Henry Fonda).

"You want me to recall a conversation in which he gave me advice? I've spent about 38 years looking for the same thing. He was not one to do a lot of talking. He was always telling me to stand up straight. I started hearing that from childhood on. I was slouching, of course, trying to emulate him.

"Most of the advice I got came from aunts, uncles, cooks and my grandmother, who raised me. My aunts and uncles, for instance, advised me not to date nurses, because they'd only get pregnant. The conversation with him that sticks in my mind most was when I was about 16 or 17 and he was between marriages. We went out to dinner alone in New York City. For me it was quite an occasion. I was always trying to make conversation with him, which was difficult, because he didn't like to talk. He thought he was no good at it, which was not really true.

"Anyway, I asked if he had ever had a dream about flying. He got a funny look in his eyes and told me he had a recurring dream about entering his house with a date. There was a large foyer in the hallway, with a banistered stairway that he climbed. When he got to the top, he looked down and said to his date, 'I bet you've never seen this.' Then he jumped off the banister and flew around the room. I thought that was pretty incredible, because I had the same dream, only I would jump off the mantelpiece in the living room or sometimes out of a tree. My father explained that the dream had sexual connotations which I hadn't realised.

"He was a man who felt awkward about life. He was embarrassed about being married many times, he was embarrassed about giving us compliments. If he thought we were doing a good job, we would hear it from his agent. He was painfully shy around us. I wish I had read his biography years ago, because I didn't understand that until later. I thought I was a total failure — that there was nothing I could do to make my father appreciate anything about me. Not until the last three or four years could I force him to tell me he loved me. And that was long after the success of *Easy Rider* and all the other things.

"When I was about 19, Cliff Robertson asked me if my father had given me any advice about going into acting. Dad never said anything, but I didn't want to sound like a whiney son. So I said, 'No, my father only told me to do my best at anything I was going to do.'

"In fact we never had conversations about such things. When he gave advice, it was usually, 'Hang the towels on the rack; pick up your room.'"

Dean Paul Martin (son of Dean Martin).

"My father didn't come to many of my little-league games because it would have caused a lot of commotion and he felt it took away from the game. He came to a few but wasn't one of those who rant and rave on the sidelines. In one game, I pitched my heart out — close to a no-hitter — and we lost. I was shattered. I threw a tantrum and was in my room sulking. I thought it was the end of the world.

"So my father came up to my room and said, 'Hey, what are you so upset about? First of all, you looked great. You wore your uniform right. Your cap looked like you had it on straight, didn't it?' He did a couple of *shticks* like that, about how great I looked in my uniform to get me laughing. Then he said, 'Listen, seriously, all you can do is play your best. If that's not good enough, too bad.' I was about 13 then, and that conversation sticks in my mind more than any other we had."

Arlo Guthrie (son of Woodie Guthrie).

"I think now of how extraordinary the communication was between my father and myself. He died in 1967 and ill health made his speech impossible during the last 10 years of his life; it was during those years that I had grown up enough to be able to receive his fatherly advice.

"My brother, my sister and I visited our father weekly at the hospital where we would stand around surveying the strange circumstances of hospital life. It was during one of those visits that I first noticed my father was trying to communicate telepathically with me as all other roads of conversation seemed closed. Naturally, these telepathic conversations were quite secret, but I remember many such communications, although they were known only to me and my father. I have never, to this day, revealed the messages and the advice my father gave me but perhaps the time has come to reveal some of the more trivial moments of our work together.

"To begin with, it was difficult to converse, as we had to develop a telepathic language. At first it was more like a game of charades. I had to guess his meaning. One time on the way to the hospital we stopped off at a hamburger joint and decided to take some burgers and fries to my father. When we arrived and had settled down on the front lawn under a huge tree to eat, we noticed his frustration in his inability to speak. He obviously wanted to communicate an important message and despite all his efforts we could not understand him. He was pointing to his burger and at the next instant pretending to ride a bicycle. Then back to the burger and again to the bicycle. This went on and on, and by late afternoon we had come to no closer understanding. Finally I closed my eyes and images of extraordinary detail began to appear in my mind's eye.

"Everyone was silent as I rose from the lawn and approached my father with his cold, uneaten hamburger on the ground in front of him. I peeled back the bun of the burger, and nimbly removed the layers of extras — cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, finally, the pickles. I took the pickles firmly in one hand and threw them as far as I could. A sense of serene joy filled my father's eyes as he began to eat, and I felt that we had finally begun to understand each other. He didn't want the pickles, he wanted to ride a bicycle. That's it!"

Peter Fonda: "I thought I was a total failure — that there was nothing I could do to make my father appreciate anything about me."

Andrew Clark (son of Professor Manning Clark).

"My father said to me once that you should never reveal the fact that you're drunk, in public. But he never made any rules about anything, although I think he always felt you should be pretty straight in your life. My relationship with him has always been very warm and close. He's also been a tremendous source of enlightenment to me in all kinds of ways. He has never pressured me into doing anything, he never steered me in any one direction. He's basically a humanist and a pluralist.

"I became a journalist as soon as I left boarding school. That was my decision, although I'm sure my father has preferred that I became a serious journalist, rather than a 'sex, drugs and rock'n'roll' one. I never went through any phases — communism, or anything like that. But any advice my father has given me has usually been couched in terms of discussion, he doesn't speak to me in trite terminology.

"My father and I have had an extraordinary number of talks about politics over the years. That wasn't due to any influence on his part, although the atmosphere at home was conducive to politics, but because I had a keen political interest right from the time I was very young. I can clearly remember hearing the results of the 1958 elections on radio, when I was 10. My father would never ask me who I voted for (he knows, anyway), just the same as we never discuss my personal life. He never gave me any advice on the kind of women to avoid, or chase, and any discussions we had about sex were very vague.

"I knew he always felt that if you did anything, you should complete it. He didn't think you should jump from one thing to another. He encouraged me to finish my cadetship. He has some old-fashioned views, if you want to put it that way, but he certainly never expressed them in an old-fashioned way. We have innumerable discussions about public affairs, which I find very helpful. My father has also indirectly influenced my tastes in literature and music, but he has never tried to form my opinions.

"We were a very sporting family — we used to play a lot of cricket and football together — but my father never felt that winning was all there was to sport, although he certainly liked to succeed. He has a much more honest and humanist view of the world in every way and I've learned a lot from him through that alone."

Ron Reagan (son of President Reagan)

"He never really tried to sit me down and give me advice per se. He preferred to do it by example. I admire him for his humility and for his kindness, and he's tried to impress upon me the importance of having a sense of humor and behaving as a gentleman. Of course, he was sometimes dismayed when I was an adolescent. He often said that a gentleman — a real gentleman — would always do the kind thing. That's the standard to live up to.

"There's a story he told me when he was playing football in college. The team was on the road, and the players stopped off in his home town, Dixon, Illinois, where they were going to stay in the hotel. There were two black guys on the team. My dad went in with the coach to sign everybody in. The hotel manager looked out the window and saw the busload of football players, noticed the black guys and said, 'Those guys can't stay here. I won't allow any black people in my hotel.' The coach wanted to pull everybody out and say, 'The hell with you; we're not going to stay here at all.' But my father said, 'This is stupid. There are no other hotels in town, and where's everybody going to sleep? On the bus?' So he went outside and told the team that he and the coach had gotten everybody they could into the hotel but that the place was a little short of space. And then he told the black guys—I can't remember their names—that they would go to his parents' house and stay with them for the night.

"My dad never told them what happened, and he didn't learn until one of the guys was dying and my father went to visit him in the hospital not long ago that those two guys had known all along what had gone on that night. It's like my father to not make a big deal out of that kind of stuff, just to do it, not to embarrass anybody.

"He has a wonderful sense of humor, all kinds of self-deprecating humor, and he can be real cute in person — not in a bad way but in a real charming way, a real guileless kind of way. I've always admired that. He's never tried to come on terribly *macho.* I hate fathers who are always punching their sons on the shoulder. He's never done that.

"On a gritty note, when I was still living at my parents' house, we were sitting by the pool one day and I was in the flux of some adolescent hormonal surge and he decided I ought to have a little advice. He told me, 'Never sleep with a girl if you're going to be embarrassed to be seen on the street with her the next day.'

"I think that was more for the girl's benefit than mine. He didn't want me jumping on some girl and then leaving her in the lurch."

Arthur Marx (son of Groucho Marx).

"My father was always giving me advice and it was either humorous or grim. He was most generous, for instance, with his career advice and I remember it all vividly.

"At 18, I was very into tennis and was ranked fifth in the nationals. In those days, it was strictly an amateur sport and the only way to make money was to be number one in the world. I was the captain of the tennis team at Beverly Hills High, one of four or five ranking juniors in the state and had won the National Freshman Intercollegiate Tournament. One day, after playing one of my major competitors, I thought I detected a weakness in his game that would allow me to beat him in the tournament. I rushed home to tell father the news. He cut me off in the middle and said, 'Listen, you've got to think of something else besides tennis or you're not going to be number one. Your chances for that are one in a million. And only the top man can make a living at it, so you better think of something else.' He was right at the time. I was born about 30 years too early for a tennis career.

"He used to help me with my writing. I'd show him something, he'd read it and, usually, say it was terrible. Then he'd go over it and rewrite it his way. Once, I won an American Legion essay contest with an essay he had written for me. I was ashamed to collect the medal.

"Then, when I was a struggling writer, he'd say, 'Why don't you become a director? Most directors around here have no talent anyway. Look at Leo McCarey. He's driving around in Rolls-Royces. All he does is say, "Groucho. . . Give them the eyebrows." That's his idea of directing. Even you could do that.'

"He was tough. He loved his kids until they got old enough to have a mind of their own. He thought the things he was telling you were for your own good. Before I sold my first novel, I showed it to him and he said, 'That's no good. Six hundred pages is too long. You better rewrite it before showing it to anybody.' Immediately after that, Simon and Schuster bought it. I realised then I shouldn't show him anything first. He wasn't able to look at it in the right perspective. I try not to give my kids advice for that reason.

"He used to give me advice about women too. When I was going with my first wife, he used to tell me, 'Don't get married early. Do what I did and wait. . . wait till you're a big success and then get married. In the meantime, play around.' In the meantime, he was married three times.

"When I was about seven and my mother was pregnant with my sister, he decided it was time to tell me about the facts of life. So he took me for a ride in his new convertible Packard and pointed to a pasture where one of the bulls was coupling with an attractive female Jersey.

> *Ron Reagan: "He told me, 'Never sleep with a girl if you're going to be embarrassed to be seen on the street with her the next day.' "*

" 'You know what those animals are doing?' he asked.

" 'Wrestling?'

" 'They're making baby cows.'

"He explained how the bull put its penis into the female's counterpart, seeds shot out and pretty soon a baby cow grew inside the mother's stomach. 'And two years later, he'll be paying her child support.'

"Another piece of advice that sticks in my mind resulted from a horseback outing we took together at a riding academy. After we started down the riding trail, my father asked me to trade horses with him. I immediately did, and soon after, we came to a large tree that had fallen across the trail. My original horse, with my father now on it, stepped neatly over the log. My horse, meanwhile, took a sudden wild leap, and I sailed over its head into some bramble bushes. My father, laughing, told me, 'That horse I gave you is a jumper.' 'Then why did you give it to me?' I asked, crying. Still grinning, he said, 'That'll teach you —never trust your father.'

"I got used to his humor. You got to be thick-skinned living with him. The thing about him was that he wasn't very thick-skinned himself. If you said something critical, he'd practically faint. But no matter how difficult, he was always funnier than hell. That was a big compensating fact."

Patrick Wayne (son of John Wayne).

"One of the most important lessons I learned from my father had to do with work. While we were doing *The Comancheros* in Utah, there was a scene in which I had to ride a horse alongside a moving camera car. It was a critical shot — you had to know what you were doing — and I looked terrible. When we saw the dailies my father turned to me and said, 'You're going to learn to ride a horse or you're going to get out of the business.'

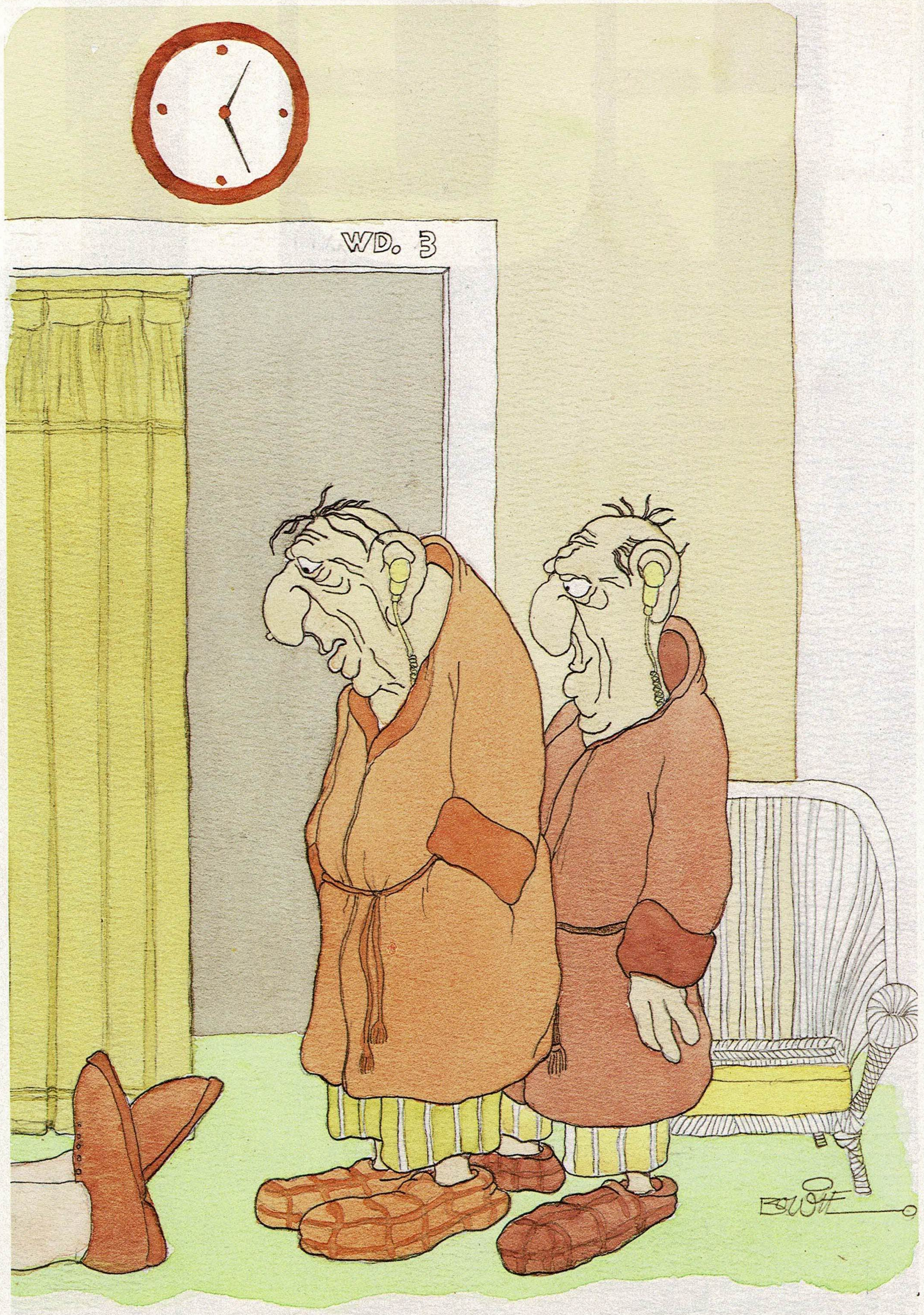
"I was hurt, embarrassed and mad, but I went out immediately and started working my tail off. We shot the scene again two weeks later and it went great. Since then, I've been very careful to be prepared physically for whatever I have to do, whether it's riding a horse or fencing. If you're prepared to do the physical action, it frees you to work on the emotional part of the scene. I don't think he was talking just about riding a horse. He was talking about being prepared for all aspects of a film. It became a powerful lesson for me.

"Did I view him as a hero? Not as a hero but as a fabulous father. He was a much more three-dimensional person than he allowed himself to be in public. He had a much better sense of humor than people expected. He was very vulnerable and very sensitive.

"I remember when Harvard invited him to a *Lampoon*-sponsored student debate, he was so worried he couldn't sleep at night. He was so afraid that he was going to fall on his face, that they were going to tear him apart, be wittier than he was and get the best of him. He represented the antithesis of the liberal Harvard views about such things as Vietnam. But it turned out that they loved him. Someone asked him, 'Is that real hair?' He said, 'Yes. . . it's real hair. It's not my hair, but it's real.'

"When he saw me following his footsteps and pursuing a film career, instead of telling me about pitfalls, he made me experience them first hand. He would take me on gruelling public-appearance tours — 21 cities in three weeks — during which he'd be working all day with the media and getting on another plane at night. Without saying, 'This isn't the greatest in the world,' he acted it out for me, so I got my perspective from the real world.

"He was a very strong, charismatic man, a very strong figure. He didn't talk much. He was a man of action, and I assumed that was the way everyone was. He never tried to give out advice. He had a very strong will and was very opinionated. It was always clear where he stood, but he never tried to run my life."



"I only asked her would she mind speaking up a little. . . we've got aids!"

HUNTER!

frank robson talks to shark fanatic vic hislop about his deadly obsession

TWO SUMMERS AGO I was catamaran sailing with a friend near the entrance to Brisbane's Moreton Bay. Great banks of storm cloud had rolled in from the west, shrouding the city — 20 miles away across the bay — and turning the sea a sullen, reflective grey.

In minutes, the wind changed from a steady nor-easterly breeze to flukey powerful gusts that came from everywhere; rogue winds that hit the sails of our little four-metre cat like punches, followed by moments of breathless calm. It was shark weather. In Moreton Bay during such conditions, the ozone takes on a chilling whiff of ammonia, and people in small boats wonder — against reason of course — if they are smelling the breath of a man-eater. One of those mad gusts turned us over and we struggled in the rising sea to clear ropes and get the boat upright. It took a long time — one hull had taken water and both of us were weak with the beginnings of unspoken panic. We could see our campsite just a kilometre away on the northern tip of Moreton Island but that kilometre, carrying the main tidal surge in and out of the bay, represents a shark freeway through which globe-trotting tigers and white pointers as big as launches ply in search of turtles and dolphins and other things that frequent the surface.

We got the boat righted as the first hailstorms, visible as greenish columns to the west, hit the bayside suburb of Brighton, tearing off roofs and carrying the iron away like dry leaves.

The wind had firmed by then, and we

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON AND VALERIE TAYLOR

reached the beach in minutes. As we ran for the tent, at about 4pm, Vic Hislop and his mate Greg anchored their six-metre runabout well off the beach 12 kilometres south of us. They had arrived with their girlfriends a few hours earlier from Redcliffe, across the bay, to camp the night on the island. Then 32, Hislop had hunted sharks in Moreton Bay and outside it for 18 years. He knew the fury of the bay's sudden storms and had taken Greg to help him secure the runabout (named *Jaws*) while the girls lashed down the tent.

Before leaving the boat, Hislop picked up a blue tarpaulin with the idea of using it for shelter if the tent blew down. Then he stepped gingerly into the tiny plastic inflatable (a child's toy) he had bought that morning for the irresistible price of $29. Lying on his stomach, Hislop's short frame extended over both ends of the inflatable. Greg jumped in too, making some noise, and seated himself with difficulty on Hislop's back.

Using a sort of breaststroke, Hislop got them moving toward the beach, almost a kilometre off. They had travelled 150 metres when Greg said: "Shark!" Hislop felt his mate trembling. He twisted around and saw, only feet behind them, a five-metre tiger shark right up on the surface, dorsal and tail waving in the air.

Lots of things went through Hislop's mind — all of them bad. His entire adult life had been devoted to hunting and killing big deadly sharks. He had fought them countless times, all alone in his boat at night, fought them at such close quarters with gaff and gun that he had smelt their putrid breath and seen down their throats.

"We're meat," he thought. "We're dead already. The worst fucking shark in the water and we're looking like a big old wounded turtle on the surface."

It was almost dark and the storm was closer. Hislop considered trying to get back to the runabout, but realised that struggling out there against the wind would excite the shark and almost guarantee an attack. The cheap inflatable, he remembered — feeling its softness — already had a slow leak. The shark, a few feet below the water now, moved beneath them from side to side, curious but wary.

Quietly, Hislop began telling his mate what they would do. First, unfold the blue tarp and place it gently on the water beside them. It floated, attached to the inflatable, and Hislop imagined the big tiger trying to work out what this new thing was. The shark hunter was thinking like a shark. He remembered the noise Greg had made entering the inflatable and imagined the tiger, perhaps 200m away at the time, feeling the vibrations in the jelly-like membrane around its snout and changing course to investigate.

The shark moved lazily beneath them, so close to the surface that Hislop could not understand why its dorsal fin didn't strike his stomach. There would be no frenzied attack, he knew, thinking of the many times he had watched tigers swim alongside dead sharks lashed to the side of his boat. The moment of attack was always casual, relaxed — the shark would seem about to swim past, turning leisurely to take out 30kg of gill section with two shakes of its head.

Hislop had not seen the shark for five minutes. He breast-stroked carefully, gaining a little toward the shore. Then Greg struck him hard on the back of the neck and Hislop lifted his face from the water in time to see it go black. Wider than the dinghy, the shark was lying lengthwise beneath.

That's when Hislop reached behind his head and shook hands with his mate. They talked about what would happen. . . how the shark would brush them soon with its rough skin; how, even in the water, one of them might have a chance to get slowly back into the inflatable and survive.

"We talked of many things," Hislop would say later. "So much time went by. We were doomed men, truly, it was that bad and I knew it. We saw the girls come out of the tent and wave at us and we talked about how they thought we were just fooling around in the inflatable. We saw them go back in the tent."

The shark moved lazily beneath them, so close to the surface that Hislop could not understand why its dorsal fin didn't strike his stomach.

The shark began executing large circles — sometimes going 200 metres from the dinghy — and Hislop thought about how a tiger shark can target in on its quarry and then go off for miles, for days, and return to the quarry as if it was attached by a string. He told Greg that if the shark didn't bump them, but came out of the water and took his (Hislop's) head and chest in its mouth, Greg was to let Hislop slide out from under him and keep going without panic toward the beach.

Then they were 50m from the shore and Greg said: "We're going to make it!" Greg was shaking like a leaf but Hislop considered him a brave man. There had been other men who had been shark hunting with Hislop at night and they had cried... . big, strapping lads sobbing with exhaustion and fear and the horror of confronting things that gnawed on the outboards and tore each other to pieces and heaved the runabout from the water like seals playing with a ball.

Hislop and his mate stepped into knee-deep water on a point called Shark Spit. The tiger, still just a few metres behind, lay in the shallows with its belly on the sand. . . watching. When they leapt ashore and stood there shaking hands, the shark thrashed up some foam and then headed into deeper water and disappeared.

Two nights later, with mixed feelings (it *had* let them *live*), Hislop sped across the bay in *Jaws* to hunt the tiger. He stayed out all night but caught only a hammerhead. Now he is convinced that, except for the blue tarp confusing the big shark, they would both have died in its teeth. And their deaths, without evidence to the contrary, would have been put down to drowning. . . just as, Hislop believes, scores of other so-called accidental drownings, boating mishaps and mystery disappearances around our coastline are really the work of 60-million-year-old sea monsters — monsters that behave altogether differently to what we, in this "enlightened" era of trendy conservationism, are led to believe.

In recent years it has become environmentally gauche to suggest capital punishment for killer sharks. But 10 or 15 years ago, whenever an attack occurred, men would go out in boats to slaughter as many sharks as possible in the hope of eliminating the man-eater.

Dozens of TV documentaries were released around this time showing well-known diving personalities killing sharks with a kind of casual relish; being careful, as the seabed became a graveyard of small "killers" (usually harmless grey nurses), to maintain an illusion of personal danger and thus make the shows exciting.

The fact remains, of course, that sharks kill 2000 people throughout the world each year. But even when someone survives an attack, chances are his eye-witness account of what happened will be challenged by an alleged expert.

This is what happened to trawler skipper Ray Boundy after he survived the ordeal of losing his friends Dennis Murphy and Linda Horton to a big tiger shark in the waters off Townsville in August, 1983. No one said anything against his story for the record, but a number of "experts" told reporters on the quiet that tiger sharks simply did not behave in the way Boundy described. Thus the rumors began. Imagine Ray Boundy, just out of hospital, his trawler sunk and his friends leisurely devoured before his eyes, and the innuendo begins. Would a tiger *really* track people for hours on end, taking first Murphy and returning the next day to eat Linda Horton? Wouldn't the shark be full from its first feed? How did Boundy survive, anyway? Weren't tiger sharks relatively harmless? And so on.

Then Vic Hislop went on TV and put his 20 years of experience behind Ray Boundy. Everything in Boundy's story sounded authentic, he said, and the tiger shark had behaved typically. If Boundy had not survived (through his stamina, and the will of the gods), all three of them would have been listed as missing, presumed drowned.

Hislop then got to the heart of his message: people have been fed incredible myths about sharks. They see so-called experts "playing" with little harmless sharks and think they are seeing the menace. They don't know anything about *real* sharks — sharks over 13ft (4m) that are man-eaters: tigers, white pointers, whalers and hammerheads, the only four types out of 200 species that Hislop regards as a real threat to man.

Weeks after the Townsville tragedies, Ray Boundy flew to Coolangatta and went across the NSW border to visit Hislop at his shark show for tourists beside Highway Number One at Tweed Heads.

He spent several hours at this bizarre and fascinating attraction: Vic Hislop's White Death Shark Show. What Boundy saw there represents the labors of Hislop's bizarre and fascinating life, but principally his obsession, since the age of 14, with exploding the myths and presenting the facts about killer sharks.

Hislop remains, unfashionably, a shark-hunting vigilante. When an abalone diver was eaten in Tasmania, Hislop was flown in to hunt his killer. He would have gone to Townsville to search for the killer tiger shark, but at that time he was searching instead for the body of a friend, Steve Barron, who was thought to have been taken by a shark in Moreton Bay. Barron's body turned up after seven days and it was discovered he had drowned. It was stinking work, trudging around in mud on Peel Island (once a leper colony) looking for his mate's body. Each morning the missing man's relatives and girlfriend came out with food for him and Hislop had to endure their grief and tell them they would probably never find a body. He was pretty well convinced, then, that Barron had been eaten, possibly by an old man-eater (sharks can live to be 85) that had hung around Peel Island since earlier this century when leprosy victims confined there sometimes swam away at night and lay in the tepid water waiting for sharks to take them.

But (and this is where it becomes obsessive) Hislop has never been paid for his vigilante missions. At the most, he gets expenses. He has fallen victim to what he calls "land sharks", and has been conned often by media people who want exciting shark footage. They promise Hislop all kinds of things (to promote his show, etc), tie him up for days, get their footage, then dump him. And Hislop bounces back for more: battling debts (unable sometimes to even pay his fuel bills), he drags his boat hundreds of miles, catching huge sharks on demand, enduring ghastly ordeals of physical hardship and danger, for what. . .?

Because he can't help himself. Because, like Captain Ahab, he is driven by something. When you first meet him, Hislop gives the impression he does it all to establish facts about big sharks. Later, when he's talked for hours in his flat above the Shark Show, his face and voice increasingly animated, his excitement such that he consistently loses the thread, Hislop gradually lets it be known that his goal is to catch the biggest shark ever seen.

He's a hunter at heart, he says, and one day, well, who knows what he might bring home. A few metres beneath us at that moment are two massive white pointers in glass tanks. They loll in yellowish fluid, their blood replaced by a chemical cocktail Hislop spent years concocting, preserved forever "in the flesh!"

Torches are provided for tourists tempted to look down the sharks' throats — what Melville called ". . . the opening maw of hell/with endless pains and sorrows there." Although one of the sharks is 20ft 10in and weighs two ton, Hislop is driven to present the world with something more horrific. He knows about morbid fascination, and understands, I suspect, how something in our national psyche cannot resist a peep down the maw of eternity.

Hislop is small and compact, deeply tanned and well muscled from years of exercise with monsters and the elements. His hair and moustache would have been fashionable in the late '60s: further proof perhaps that the world has unfolded without him in all areas outside his fixation.

As a kid, he caught eels so large they towed him about in his little canoe. When the family moved to Redcliffe, Hislop began hiring dinghies and going into Moreton Bay after sharks, increasingly larger sharks, and he can remember trouble with the boat hire man when something he hooked tore the seat out of a dinghy. At the age of 15, he was catching four or five three-metre bronze whalers in an outing.

He spent all spare time either fishing for sharks or reading about them, combined with practical research into the nature of Moreton Bay — a quasi inland sea of shoals and banks and traps for the uninitiated. He came to know instinctively which winds would affect shark feeding habits, which channels or banks offered the best potential for his set lines.

Hislop bought a bigger boat and began getting amongst "real" sharks. He tells of horrifying nights battling the creatures, water pouring over the stern from their weight on steel cables, his hands bleeding, the heart-stopping image of an 18ft tiger lying above the boat atop a swell, or trying to get over the side of the boat, or pounding the bottom of the boat "like 10 men with sledgehammers". He tells of a pointer that attacked the racing prop of his 175hp outboard and stalled the motor; of running aground in raging storms with sharks lashed to the boat; of bloodied giants standing on their tails trying to throw out his hooks; of the sickening, methodical way the monsters consume one another — or eat their own guts — as the cables flash and flay across the boat and the water is sticky with blood and chunks of evil-smelling dark flesh.

Then the shark hunter caught what was thought to be the largest shark ever taken — a pointer 20ft 10in from nose to tail. It towed him half way across the bay before he killed it.

It weighed a couple of tons and its intestines (containing the remains of three porpoises, a turtle and a bird) weighed 1250lb. This is one of the beasts now preserved at the shark show, despite advice from numerous experts that sharks could *not* be preserved.

Hislop's account of how he overcame the problem — and then spent *four years* dragging the same white pointer all over the country on the back of a truck — points to the eerie scope of his fixation. It gives you the feeling that, like Mr Kurtz in Conrad's *Heart Of Darkness*, Vic Hislop has gone over into some zone outside conventional understanding.

Formaldehyde is one of the three agents Hislop used for preservation — the other substances remain his secret. During the long process of experimentation, he was warned many times that formaldehyde

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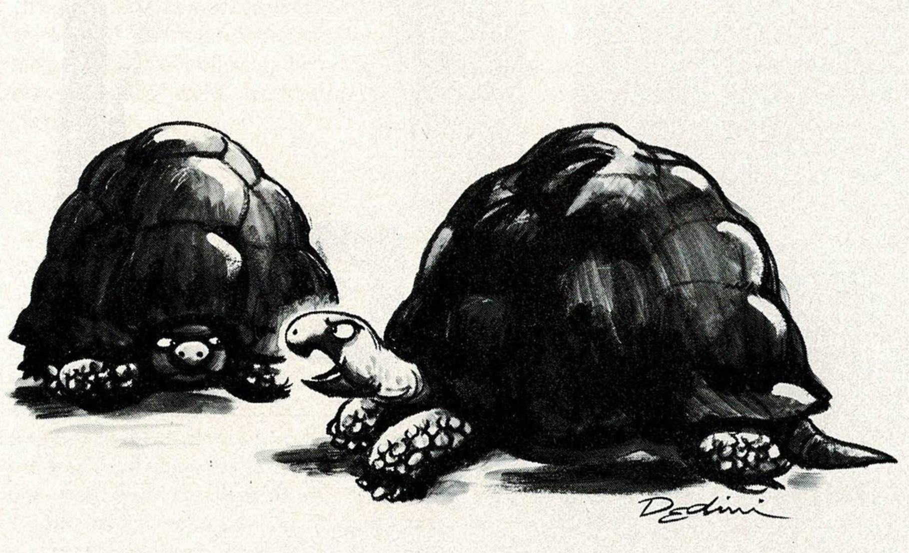


"All right, I was unfaithful. But, dammit, that was over one hundred years ago!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

20 QUESTIONS: **PIERRE CARDIN**

the world's most successful fashion licensee explains why those famous initials appear on everything from planes to polyester ties

Pierre Cardin is a phenomenon in the world of fashion. While most designers specialise in a particular aspect of the market, Pierre Cardin has attacked it all. He designs Lear jets with matching His and Hers Cadillacs for $5 million and yet the same name appears on $5 polyester ties. There would be very few Australian males without at least one item of Cardin clothing in their wardrobes. No designer has ever penetrated the mass market so effectively while still retaining the respect of the world's elite. That in itself could be enough but Cardin is also the most versatile and well-known label in the world. His name appears on more than 300 products, ranging from carpets to computers, manufactured in some 90 countries.

At the age of 28, Cardin was already a leading designer working for the house of Christian Dior. He has not looked back since and that was 33 years ago.

On the way to open his new Maxim's restaurant in Peking, Cardin did a promotional trot in double-time through Sydney. Fashion writer **Vitek** *managed to snare him for 20 questions.*

1.

PLAYBOY: Are you the biggest licensee in the world?

CARDIN: The Cardin label employs 160,000 people in 94 countries, manufacturing 326 different products with an annual turnover of more than $2 billion, and that's more than the GNP of many third world nations. It's not Coca-Cola but it's the biggest thing in fashion.

But more important to me than my finances around the world, is the lifestyle influence of the Pierre Cardin label. Having found successful markets in the Third World, we are now becoming established in Russia and China, making it a truly worldwide operation.

2.

PLAYBOY: Having achieved every fashion accolade, established yourself as arguably the world's greatest designer, and made more money than you could ever spend, you still live half your life on business aeroplanes and work a 12-hour day when you're on the ground. What's your driving force?

CARDIN: I love the challenge of seemingly impossible tasks. It was not easy, for instance, for a self-proclaimed capitalist like me to set up business in Russia or convince the Chinese that they need a wealthy Frenchman to redesign the people's look. Most of the major projects I take on these days have a seemingly impossible dimension to them, and overcoming that impossibility is the challenge. The reaction to my buying Maxim's restaurant — which is one of France's oldest culinary institutions — was quite mixed. But through the right communication, we showed that modernising Maxim's does not take away from its magic.

The clientele is just as wealthy but the people are younger and more relaxed.

3.

PLAYBOY: How much of your success can be attributed to luck?

CARDIN: Fashion is a very competitive world. You need to be active in more than just your creativity. Marketing is essential. Just an opportunity presenting itself is not enough — the *timing* of that opportunity is equally important.

4.

PLAYBOY: Some estimates of your wealth are as imaginative as your clothes. So to put it bluntly, how rich are you?

CARDIN: To tell you the truth, I really don't know. I stopped worrying about it when I had enough, and that was many years ago. Some estimates put it at $1000 million, but I think a few zeros really don't make so much difference. I need money to go on doing the things I want to do. That includes financing the arts such as theatre and ballet, and the Espace Cardin which is a very large five-level exhibition space in Paris. To open a chain of Maxim's restaurants around the world and maintain their standard costs many millions of dollars and it's only one of many projects we're working on at any given time.

5.

PLAYBOY: Your name appears on more than 300 products ranging from jets to jumpers. They include all aspects of clothing and accessories, furniture, electronic equipment, cars, food and even computers. Is there any product you wouldn't put your name on?

CARDIN: I receive hundreds of licensing requests in the mail every week from around the world. Many of them don't come up to our standard of quality so they are automatically refused. But despite the quality and the enormous amount of money I've been offered, I would never endorse a cigarette company because I don't believe people should smoke. Really, anything that is destructive such as things of war, I would never become involved with. The money doesn't matter now.

6.

PLAYBOY: As a designer, what do you think is the most important function of clothes?

CARDIN: I think they must reflect something about yourself. Whatever you want to say about yourself, about your background, position in life, or society, can be said with your clothing. Unless you are an artist, it is the easiest way to creatively express yourself. After that, clothing must be comfortable.

7.

PLAYBOY: You are an innovator and a creative person, yet you dress in conservative suits and ties. Why?

CARDIN: A lot of it has to do with age. I'm 61, not 21, and to wear outrageous clothes at my age would look ridiculous. *[Cardin wore suits when he was 21]* But also it is to do with my position in life. I am a man with many responsibilities and people look up to me. My clothes must have an air of respect and authority. The creative expression, I make through my work.

8.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorite designers?

CARDIN: I don't like to answer questions like that because the people I don't mention could be offended. But, among the classical couturiers I like the work of Givenchy. Of the newer designers I think the work of Issey Miyake is outstanding, though I don't think the Japanese look is very wearable. Designers must be divided into those who create and those who adapt. There are very few who create, particularly for men.

9.

PLAYBOY: Why have you never married?

CARDIN: I think having children is the greatest responsibility you can have. It must be done properly and that requires a lot of time and effort. I don't have that time.

10.

PLAYBOY: Does it ever worry you that there won't be an heir to the Cardin empire?

CARDIN: Not really, because after I die, it won't matter to me anyhow. Besides, my empire, as you call it, or more importantly my work, will be carried on by the people I work with now. I have made provisions for various people within the company. But I am in good health and intend to stay that way for a long time.

11.

PLAYBOY: You are 61 and look 41. Do you have a grooming regime that you follow?

CARDIN: Not at all. The exact opposite. I work very hard, eat what I like and live under many pressures. But I don't smoke, I drink very little and I don't use a chauffeur-driven limousine. Age is to do with attitude. Some of my friends jog in the morning, eat lettuce for lunch, play squash in the afternoon and have early nights but they look old — probably because they *think* old.

12.

PLAYBOY: What do you find most attractive in a woman?

CARDIN: Definitely the way of being. Beautiful eyes with an ugly nose and a skinny mouth get lost. Even physical attraction comes from within.

The way a woman moves, smiles, her mannerisms and the way she is, are what make her attractive.

13.

PLAYBOY: Who are some of your favorite women?

CARDIN: In a way, all women are beautiful; just being feminine is beautiful. But some women wear their beauty better than others. I lived for five years with actress Jeanne Moreau, who still has enormous presence, and I love the youthful vitality of Charlotte Rampling. But I work with many beautiful women every day, models who are totally unknown.

14.

PLAYBOY: It must be very difficult to buy you a present. What are some of your favorite possessions?

CARDIN: I don't think of the things I have as being possessions, probably because my friends use them more than I do. The yachts, the aeroplanes and all the toys are really there for my friends. I get more pleasure out of watching them play than playing myself. But I do particularly love my apartments in Paris.

15.

PLAYBOY: To have everything you want must be difficult enough, but to have done everything you want could be a problem. What are some of the greatest highlights of your career?

CARDIN: Every time I do something I isolate the most difficult factor. And every time I achieve that factor I feel the "greatest highlight" of my career. I have had so many moments in my life, in retrospect it is hard to remember the way I felt at the time and isolate the best. An intense feeling of accomplishment is very satisfying and I have been fortunate enough to feel it often.

16.

PLAYBOY: It has been said that you are an absolute ruler in your kingdom. Are you difficult to work for?

CARDIN: I'm thorough and I expect the people around me to be the same. Also, I'm involved with the company at every level — the owner, designer, chief executive and decision maker. But sometimes I sweep the floor in the work room and when I do, I do it well.

17.

PLAYBOY: What could Australian men do to improve their standard of dressing?

CARDIN: Oh, it's happening! But it won't be a sudden awakening, it's a gradual development. This is my fourth visit in 15 years and the changes I see every time are enormous, and particularly since my last visit three years ago. Australian men are very down to earth. It's a quality they must not lose. But if Australian women show their men that they want them well dressed, the attitudes will go on changing. Men dress to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex, just as women do.

18.

PLAYBOY: How does the Australian Pierre Cardin market compare with other countries?

CARDIN: The Cardin label operates on many levels throughout the world. We make jets and Cadillacs for the rich and couture garments for the elite. But at the same time, we try to bring design to the people. In the '50s I was the first couturier to make a ready-to-wear collection that was *affordable*. We adjust the price structures to the market we are dealing in. Our product in the communist world is cheaper than it is in Paris. In Australia we fall somewhere in the middle. There is not a big market here for $10,000 one-off originals. So we try to bring designer goods to people at a price they can afford. The Cardin turnover in Australia is now around $35 million, which for a population of, oh not so many million, is very good.

19.

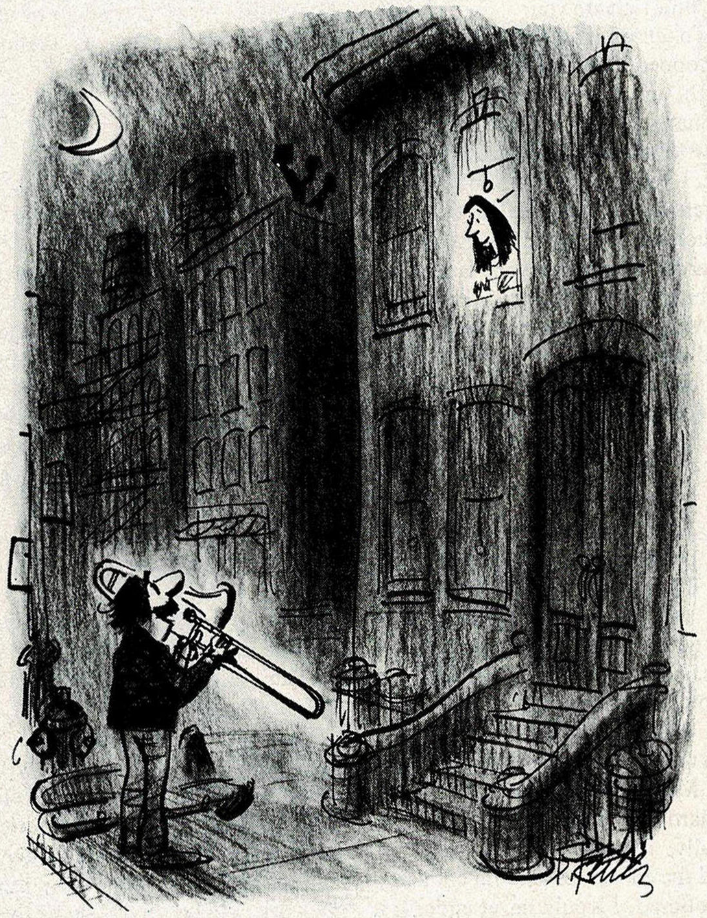
PLAYBOY: If you had not been a designer, what do you think you would have been?

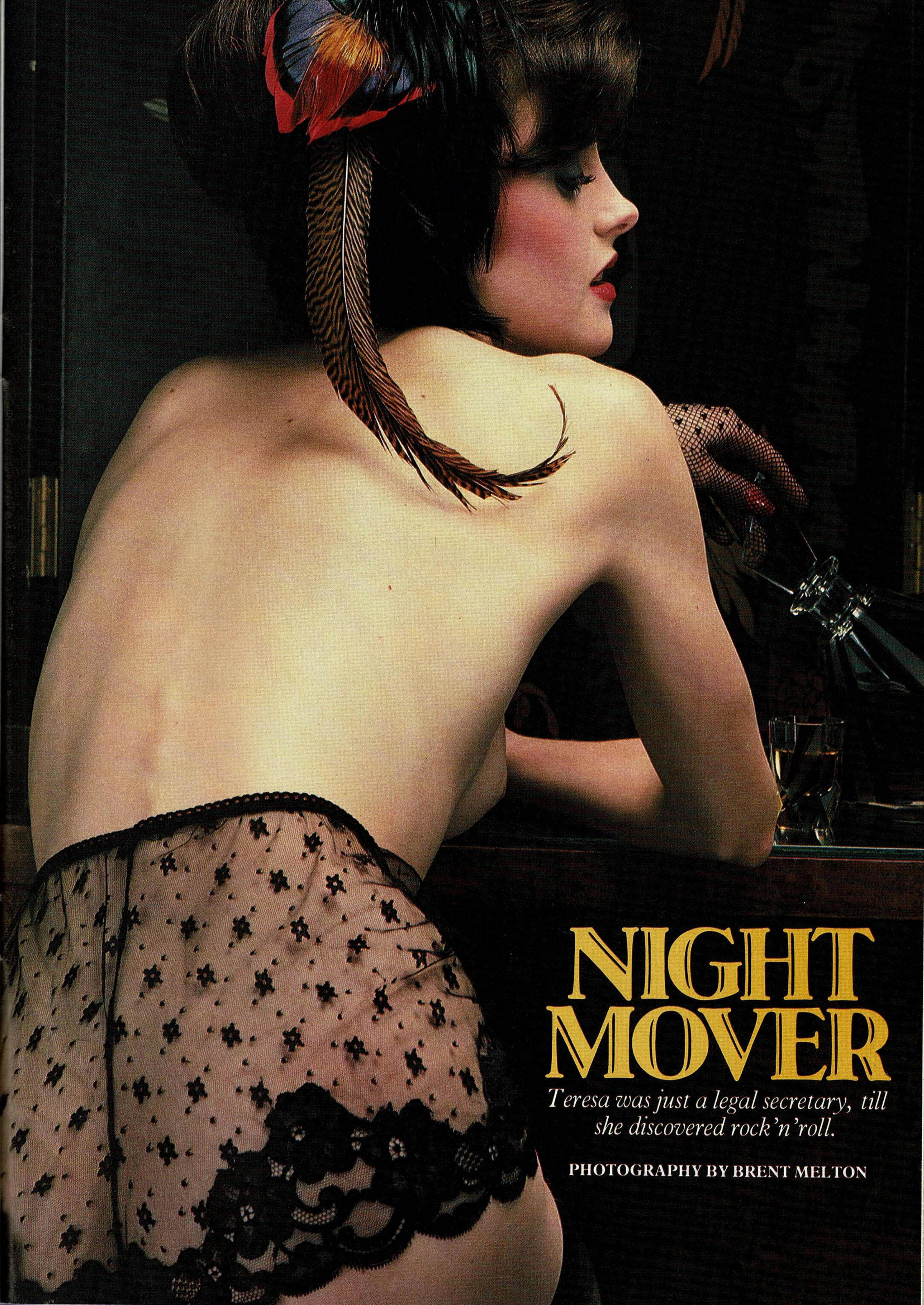
CARDIN: A different application for the same talent would have been to be a painter. But I am thinking of starting a career as a ballet dancer *(smiles)* though I think because I've left it so late, I may not be as successful as I am as a designer.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the age of elegance has gone forever?

CARDIN: There will always be people to whom elegance is as natural as breathing. But it requires the ability to express it and the time to do so. In today's lifestyle, most people don't have that time. Up to the '40s, elegance was an intrinsic part of the look, most well-dressed people were elegant. But fashion has broadened its base and become such a personal thing, that today you can wear nearly *anything* and be in fashion.


"I'd like to present a part of my vast repertory of growls, smears, shouts, moans, groans, and exclamations."



NIGHT MOVER

Teresa was just a legal secretary, till she discovered rock'n'roll.

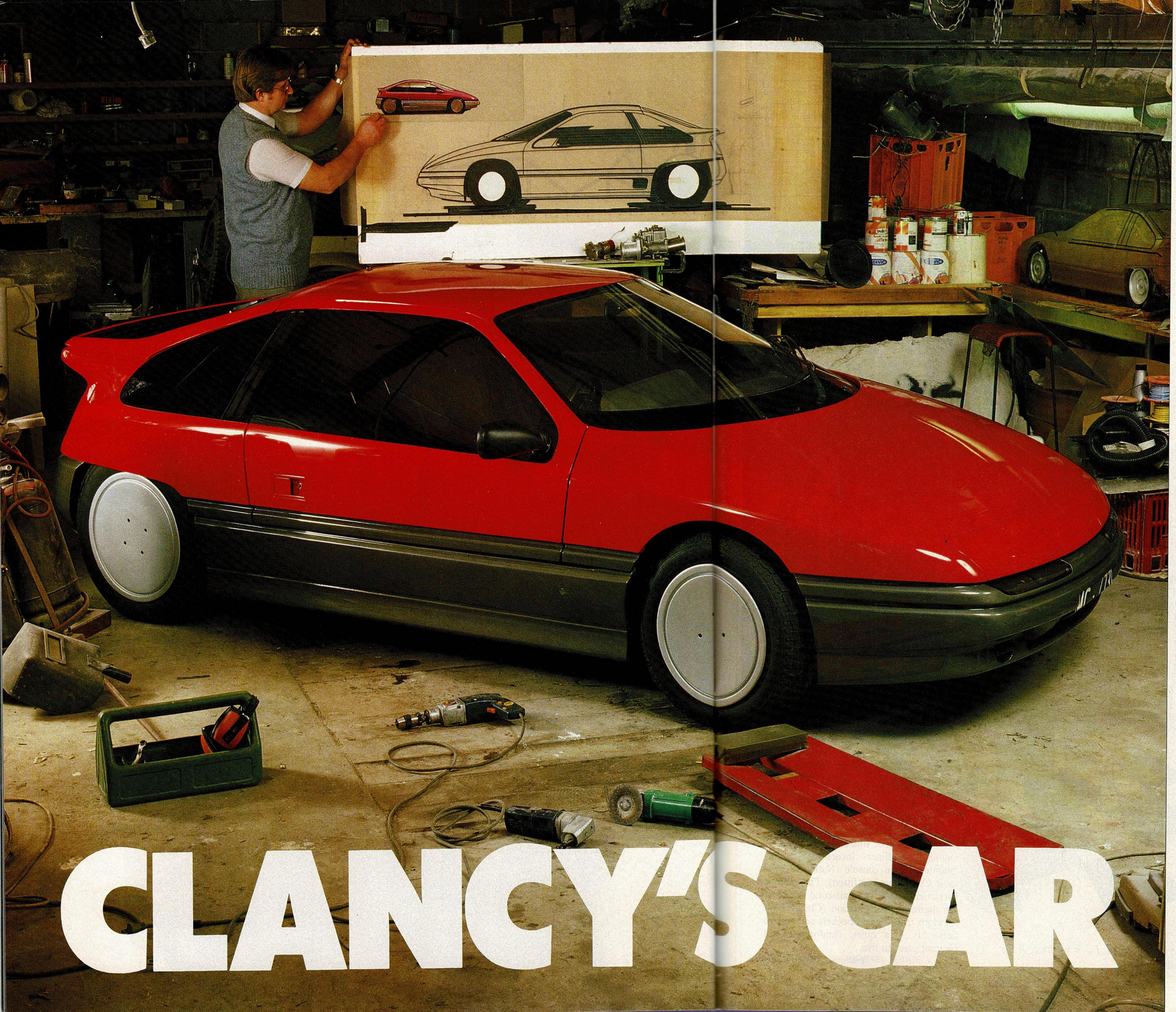
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRENT MELTON

There was a time when Teresa Thompson was just another Sydney commuter, ruled by the 9 to 5 routine. For four and a half years she was a secretary/receptionist at the Law Foundation of NSW. Then she sold her soul to rock'n'roll and became a creature of the night.

Now she sings with a band called Moon Bathers and between gigs works as a deejay. “The guys in the band are very straight,” she smiles. “They would never have expected me to take my clothes off for Australian PLAYBOY. *I can't wait to see their faces.”*

The pictures were shot in an all-night session at the Sydney Antique Centre. Easy work for Teresa. "I loved the setting, I loved the costumes and I loved people making a fuss over me. There's a bit of the vamp in me and shooting through the night in a big, spooky antique market really turned me on." The feeling is mutual, Teresa.

CLANCY'S CAR



motoring editor rob luck introduces the ultimate in do-it-yourself dream machines

THE YEAR 1963 was a vintage one for home-crafted specials. On my block alone, there were a half-dozen under construction and a dozen more on the drawing boards. I remember "Fibs" Franklin had a pile of twisted tube that he said was going to win Le Mans. Wally the Welder spent all winter zizzing together a gadget called a "spaceframe" and we joked it was "all in his head". Down at the Horsepower Hotel, usually between the twelfth and thirteenth schooner, Morrie "Motor Mouth" Morrison would let slip that his Australian Ferrari would be "on the road" within 12 months.

Twenty years and a couple of thousand sherbets later, the best of them look like the aftermath of an explosion in a farm machinery shop. The few DIY Dreamcars that actually did crawl out of the garage on all fours looked like they were immediately involved in a level crossing smash. The smarter operators towed the remnants to the scrap metal yard and never mentioned the subject again.

But what we have here is Clancy's Car and, if not for Clancy himself, it could have gone the same way. It certainly started out the same: like yours and mine and Franklin's and Wally's, it was born in the depths of a meaningful drink, sketched on a restaurant table napkin, and articulated a couple of dozen times during communal exchanges of pain-killers. But after the party was over, Dr Michael James Clancy trucked off home, took a firm hold of his hungover head and began chalking a chassis layout on the garage floor. He scribed some measurements, fantasised a body-skin and theorised some mechanicals. Then he drew up a game plan, jumped into his overalls, rolled up his sleeves and got down to it.

He rarely lifted his head for the next four years.

It's no fairy-tale. It took more than 8000 hours of work, spliced in between a regular workaday commitment. It absorbed patience, energy, time, money and resources like a sponge. It required the development or acquisition of different skills ranging from

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CHAMPION

draughtsman, designer, sculptor and modeller to engineer, welder, fabricator, moulder, fibreglasser and electrician. It drove him to drugs — he took perhaps 4000 or so "hits" of caffeine. He learned to communicate with his family from behind welding masks, separated by a wall of tubing and plumbing. He endured the contrived tolerance of acquaintances, indulged himself mightily in his toils and deprived himself of the luxury of leisure time.

It was a solitary task: a man alone in his double garage with his inspiration. From time to time, there would come a knock on the garden gate. Clancy would wander out, open up, drag the Alsatian from the visitor's throat and try to explain the purpose of the junk-like scramble of parts lurking in the dustbowl of a workshop. For a long, long while, he probably came across as another obsessed eccentric.

But late one sunny Sunday in September 1983, a monster growled in the bowels of the garage and came lumbering out for its first look at daylight. Suddenly, the disbelieving spectators looked back in earnest. What they saw, they hardly believed. . . it was something straight out of a European automotive salon. A device that embodied images of the future in the reality of the present. A vivid symbol of automotive Future Shock.

But it wasn't just a styling exercise. It had a real engine, suspension and wheels, and a place for two to sit. The registration plate said it could be driven on the road, and the exhaust sounded like it meant business. Yep, this was a really truly car. An exotic with the ultimate status symbol attached — it was personally designed and built.

I met Dr Michael Clancy and his car at his Melbourne home. He calls it the Mirella TS230 which sounds suitably European considering the car's looks. But it's not contrived — Mirella is his wife, the mother of his two teenage children, Michelle and James. Although Mirella is a French word (for an opera), Mirella (the lady) is of Italian extraction. Mirella, the car, is almost 100 percent Aussie. The TS230 stands for turbo sport 2.3 litre.

Michael conceived the design as a two-seater, mid-engined sports car and handed some sketches to his brother-in-law Clive Potter, chief designer for Ford. He gave him the vehicle specifications he wanted, too — 90in(228cm) wheelbase, 56/57in(142/145cm) tracks, lowest possible overall height to accommodate two people, a transverse engine and minimal luggage in a body no more than about 12ft(365cm) long.

He might have been writing the specs for the Fiat X1/9. He got something quite different. The first design renderings showed a conventional-looking coupe: pointy nose, wedge profile, notchback roofline, high tail. Something closer to the current Honda Prelude. It developed from there, into something very different. The design was developed along the lines employed by a major car manufacturer. First of all, a three-eighths scale outline is drawn up with tape on a wallboard; the tape can be easily shifted around to instantly redesign parts of the car. An outline is settled upon, and a three-eighths scale model is made from modelling clay. It comes in briquettes, costs something like the equivalent in gold billets and needs careful handling. It is critically responsive to temperature. Mirella surrendered the family microwave in the interests of styling progress.

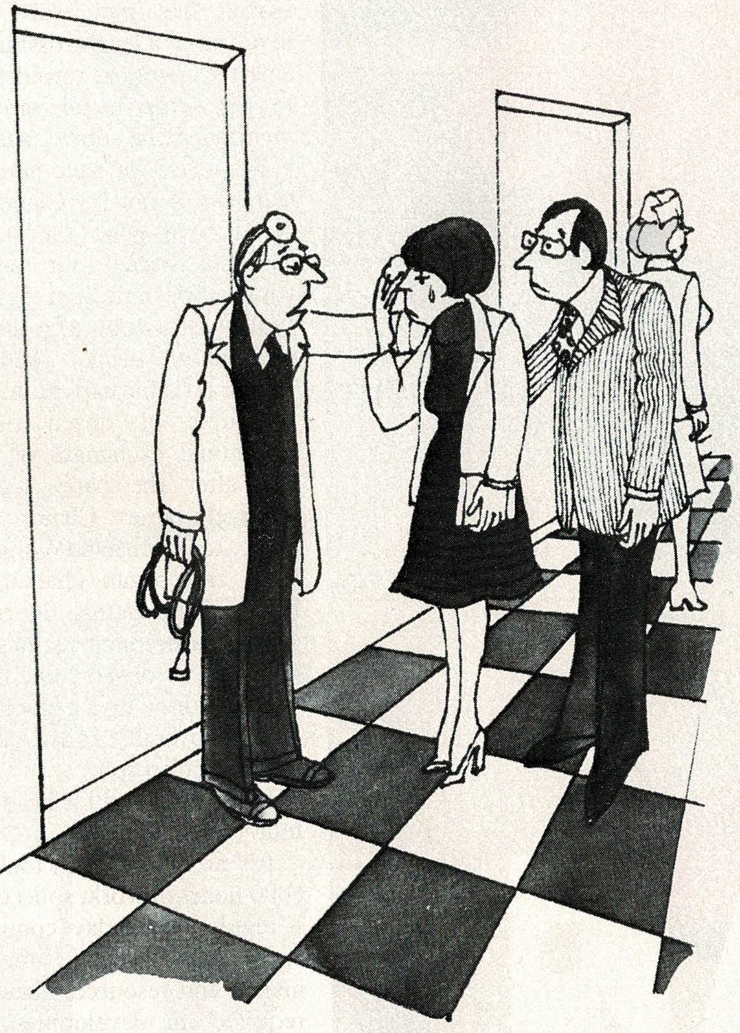
The small clay model was sculpted to a working concept while the full-size chassis was built. It was fashioned like a Meccano set from mild-steel tubing, with a space for the engine and places where the suspension parts hooked up. To get it clean and straight, it was welded up on "railway girder" RSJs bolted to the garage floor. The suspension bits were nailed in place — the front end from a Toyota Corona Mk2 (double wishbones), the rear end from a Datsun 240Z (lower H-arm, McPherson struts). A Peugeot 404 rack and pinion steered it, and body roll was controlled by stabilisers from a Holden and a TD Cortina.

Time to go into the hardware business. Plywood formers were stacked over the framework, chicken wire and plaster/cement render daubed on for shape. An outline was made from more plaster and finally a thin layer of the modelling clay for Clive Potter, Steve Park (a modeller) and Michael to work on.

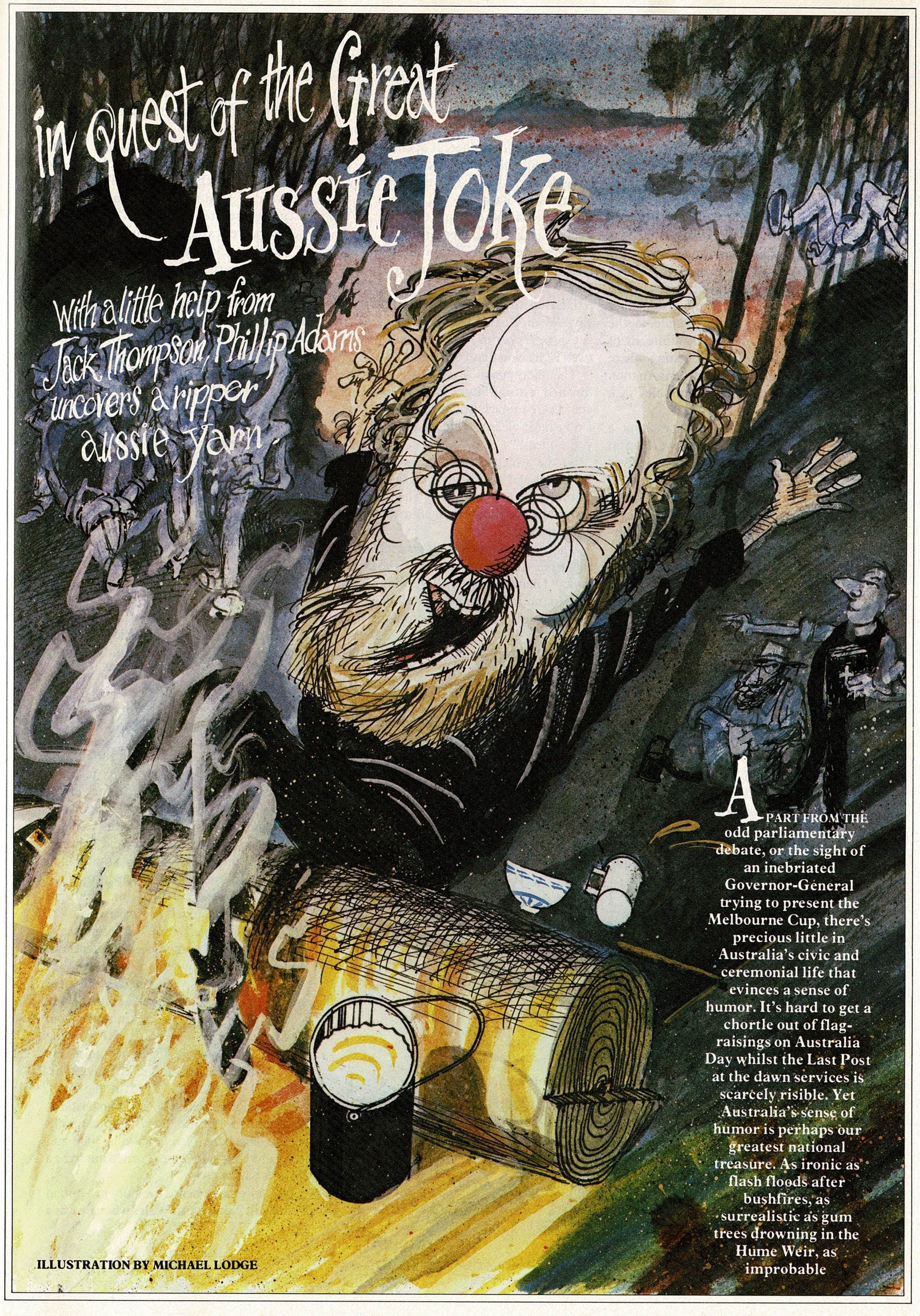
When the shape was formed, Michael Clancy made the moulds. Patterns were pulled straight off the full-size clay for the doors, guards, panels and windows. Moulds were made to draw off the fibreglass body panels and glass inserts for the fixed windows (except for the windscreens). The front is from a CX Citroen, cunningly disguised under the frontal body sculpting; the rear deck is from an Alfa GTV.

Every inch of the interior was moulded, too. Smooth panels form the dashboard, pillar covers, door sills and door liners. A moulded roofliner incorporates roof-mounted stereo console (National Panasonic Cockpit unit is fitted). The cabin is hermetically sealed and air-conditioned. It has digital instrumentation (Clancy built it), cloth trim, Scheel buckets and superb finish. It is a quiet, comfortable and pleasant place to live.

(continued on page 136)



"His last words were 'My American Express card, I don't want to leave without it'."



in quest of the Great Aussie Joke

With a little help from Jack Thompson, Phillip Adams uncovers a ripper aussie yarn.

APART FROM THE odd parliamentary debate, or the sight of an inebriated Governor-General trying to present the Melbourne Cup, there's precious little in Australia's civic and ceremonial life that evinces a sense of humor. It's hard to get a chortle out of flag-raisings on Australia Day whilst the Last Post at the dawn services is scarcely risible. Yet Australia's sense of humor is perhaps our greatest national treasure. As ironic as flash floods after bushfires, as surrealistic as gum trees drowning in the Hume Weir, as improbable

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL LODGE

as dingoes masticating infants, the truly antipodean joke soars over our misbegotten landscape like Utzon's operatic wimple.

Hence my decision to sponsor the telling and retelling of the Great Australian Joke each year on the birthday of Lennie Lower. It will be my contribution to the Bicentennial and, despite the enormous expense involved, I ask nothing more for myself than the Order of Australia. First class, naturally.

My search for the GAJ has taken me into bars and cloisters and has seen me staggering Voss-like beyond the Black Stump. Yet I finally found it, the only joke worthy of Lawson and Banjo Paterson, a joke big enough to bring a smile to the tightly stitched lips of Patrick White, in, of all places, the backblocks of China where I've been travelling with that reincarnation of Chips Rafferty, the admirable Jack Thompson.

Jack warmed up with a story about a couple of bushies who'd been working in northern Queensland. Given the vicissitudes of rainfall, they'd had to leave their farms and seek casual employment. A bit of fencing, a bit of shearing. Finally they'd accumulated a few bob and were considering the future.

"What are you going to do now you've got a couple of quid in your pocket?"

"Thought I might go and take a look at Sinney."

"Yeah, I hear Sinney's a bit of all right."

"Well, I reckon it'll be worth taking a look at."

"Yeah, but it's a long way. What route are you taking?"

"Oh, I thought I'd take the missus. After all, she stuck with me through the drought."

Not bad, but not *the* joke. But a few minutes later I heard the story that I'd been looking for, the humorous version of the Holy Grail, of the Golden Fleece. Imagine, if you will, Jack walking from King's Hall to the steps of Parliament House and relating the following to a vast, hushed and expectant crowd who consequently fall to the ground in paroxysms of patriotic chortles.

It's during the Depression and, late one evening in a country town, an old swaggie knocks on a lonely door. It opens, revealing a man with his collar back-to-front. The swaggie says: "Oh, I'm terribly sorry to disturb you, Father."

"I'm not a Father," says the bloke, "I'm a Church of England clergyman."

"Whatever, I'll be on my way."

"No, no, no. Tell me what we can do for you."

Unused to religion, the swaggie's a bit shy. "Well, I'm going around seein' if I can get some tucker in return for an odd job or two. I cut wood and stuff like that."

The clergyman says: "Sadly I've just finished cutting our wood. However if you'd care to stack it at the back of the house I'd be most pleased. And, of course, I'll give you a meal."

So the swaggie stacks the wood, washes his hands and stands shyly on the verandah at the back of the house. The clergyman insists that he enter, sitting him down at the kitchen table.

There's not much conversation during the meal. At the end of dinner, the swaggie says: "Thanks, Father, I'll be on my way."

"No, no, relax. Be comfortable. You can sleep out on the verandah tonight if you like."

"Thanks very much, but I've got to be getting along."

"Well then, before you go, let me pour you a cup of tea."

The swaggie pours some into his saucer, blows on the surface and drinks it down. Meanwhile the clergyman has opened his Bible and is having a good read.

The swaggie looks at him curiously and says: "Must be a good book." The clergyman lifts his eyes and says: "As a matter of fact, it's *the* good book."

"Oh yes. What's it about?"

"Surely you know what the Bible's about?"

"Well, I've *heard* of the Bible."

"You've never read it?"

The swaggie's a bit embarrassed. "Well, I don't read, you know."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of, my man. That's why there are people like me involved in the church. We're able to read the word of God and pass it on to our less fortunate brethren."

"Yeah, well what's it about?"

"Well, it's about quite a number of things. All sorts of stories. Stories of the Flood, of our Savior. This particular part that I'm reading now is about an extremely powerful man of God. A man called Samson who came from a little town called Jerusalem. And he had a woman called Delilah. And these particular verses describe him joining Delilah in the fields whilst she was grinding the corn. Suddenly they were descended upon by 5000 Philistines. Samson called on God, picked up the jaw bone of an ass, slew 3000 of them and completely routed the rest."

The swaggie looks at the minister in astonishment. "And would this be a true story?"

"Of course it's true. It's the word of God."

"He must have been a pretty strong sort of bloke."

"Oh, an extremely powerful man. As a matter of fact, he was capable of tearing down temples with his bare hands. Simply by pushing over the pillars."

"Fair dinkum?"

"How could it be anything else. It is, as I've emphasised, the word of God."

"Yeah, I see."

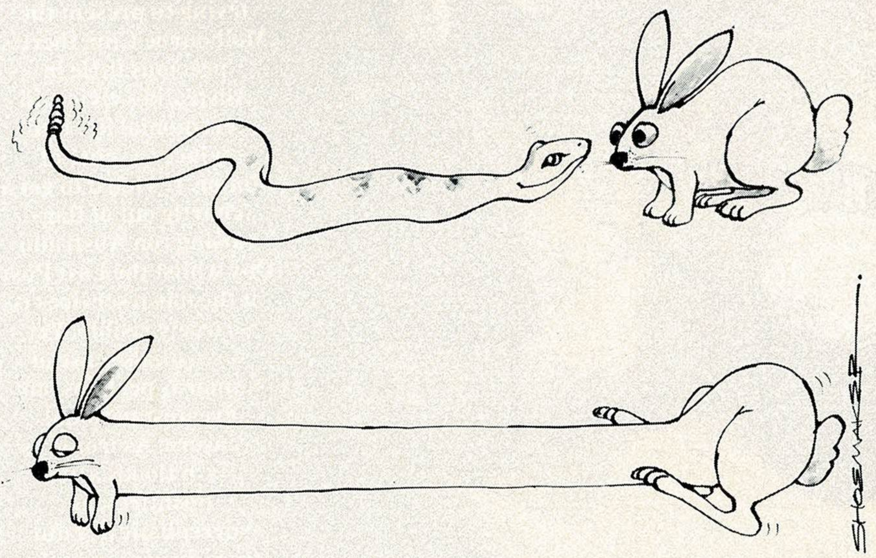
The following evening, late at night, the swaggie's looking for somewhere to camp and sees, in the middle distance, the glow of a campfire. He wanders up. Tentatively. Observing the protocol of the bush.

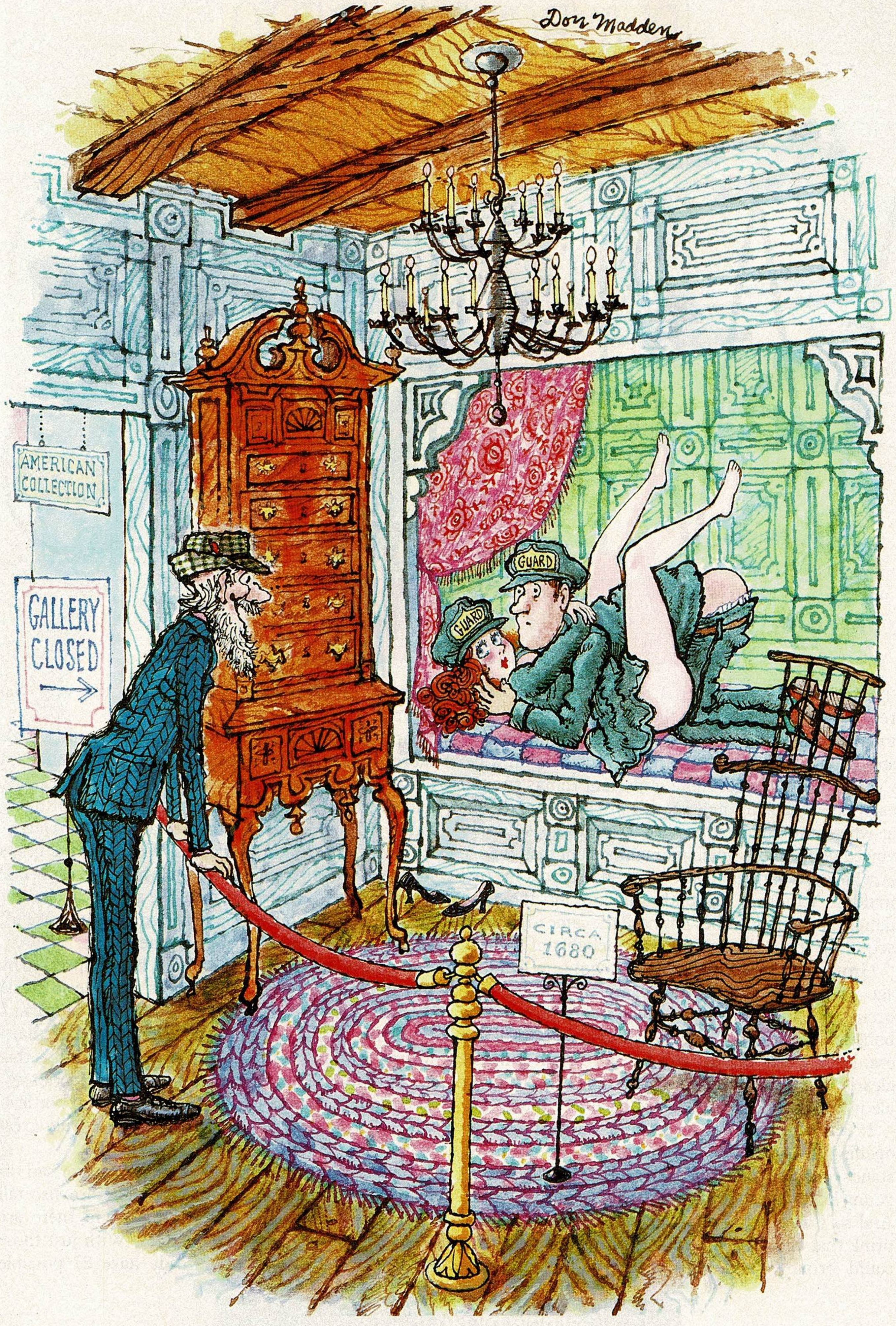
Beside the campfire is an old rabbiter brewing up his bunny stew in a four gallon kero tin. Seeing the swaggie standing in the shadows he says: "G'day. Come and get warm and help yourself to the stew."

The swaggie gets into the bunny stew very appreciatively and the rabbiter says: "What do you know?"

"Nothing much. Oh yeah, I did hear something. A terrible story. About this big bloke called Simpson. Simpson from Jerilderie. A real bastard! He's going around ripping up the telephone poles. He was out in the paddock one day giving his girlfriend Delicious a grind in the corn, when all of a sudden 5000 Filipino bastards appeared. So he says Gawd help us, picks up the arse bone of a cow, kills 3000 and completely roots the rest. Turned out to be a bit of a poofter."

Jack tells me he heard the story in a pub in Trangie in New South Wales when he was a kid.





"Ah! Early American Sex!"

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO SUMMER WINE

WHITES

there are a million ways to be seduced by the wonders of white wine

THERE WAS A TIME when I thought all wines were red, in much the same way that I thought all girls were unapproachable. Fortunately, my ideas on girls were straightened out some time before my ideas on wine.

A man *needs* to get those important things straight early on in life. The male age of consent (that is the age at which the girl next door consents to his squeaky-voiced demands) is much more important than the age at which the barmaid consents to slide across his first middy. Acquiring an understanding of the deep delights of drinking does not have the same urgency as acquiring the feeling of the deep delights of women.

Growing up in Australia 25 years ago —my drinking age of consent and the other age of consent both occurred in the late '50s — we had a very cheerful and bohemian approach to wine. Like all good boys of that era, I was a beer drinker and I believe I can still taste clearly in my mind the wonderful tang of a crisp cold ale in bars that have long since become rubble.

It was later that I chanced upon one of those eye-opening discoveries about women that, once learned, stands one in good stead forever. Namely, not all young ladies like to drink beer straight from the bottle. And so I went on to discover the delights of wine: a drink that could be shared with women, a drink that could bring you closer together and increase the chances of everything working out the way you desired.

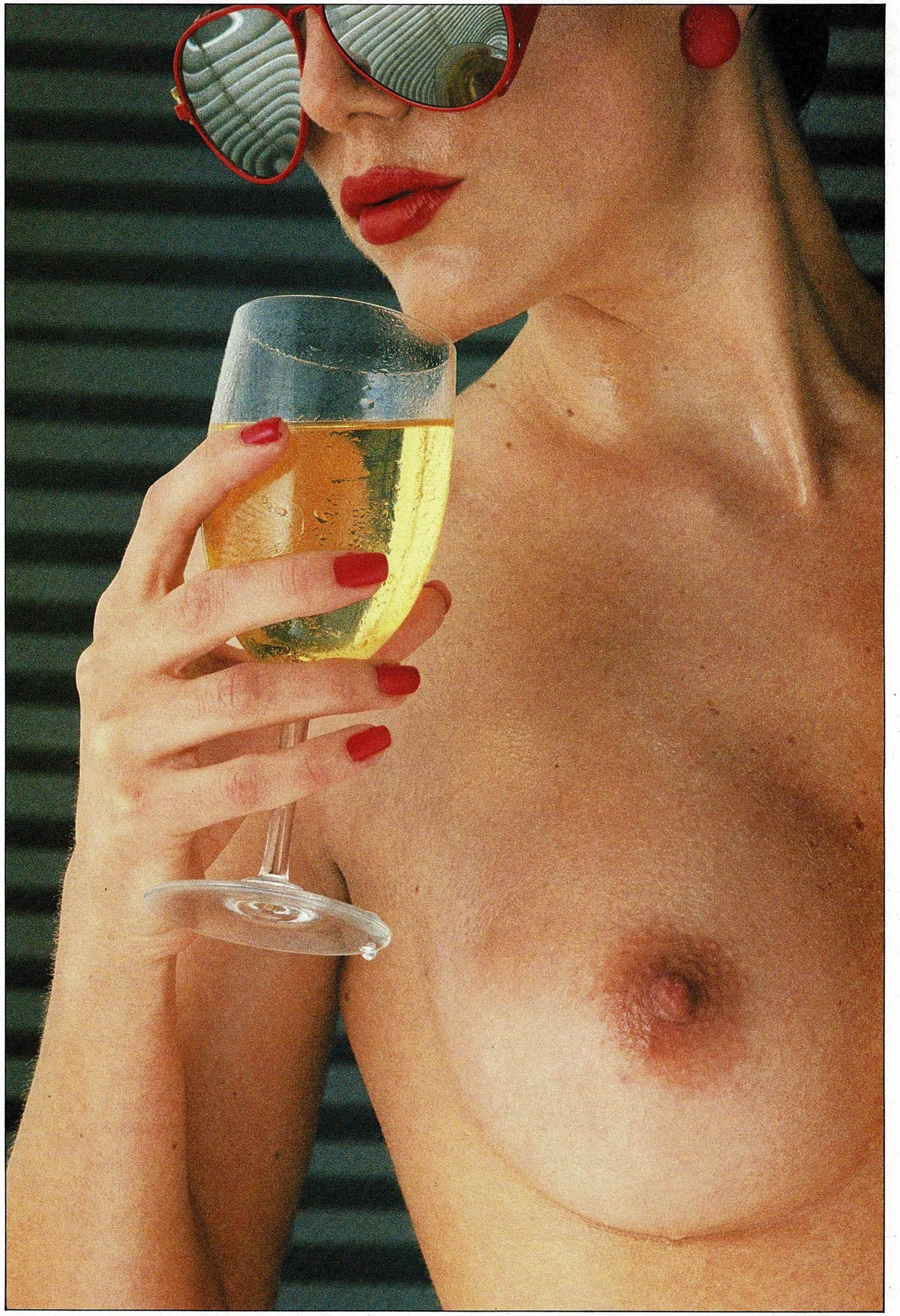
And my introduction to wine was not only a little more boisterous than most, it was also unusual in that I kicked off on the red and not the white. This rarely happens today. In the past 20 years, the wine drinking habits of Australians have turned around completely. You may have heard the figures. We now drink heaps more white than red. Most of the white is in casks and flagons; a fair bit of red is too. The statistical chances are that anyone starting on wine today would take off with a slosh of moselle from a wine cask.

If you've just tasted a good wine, been impressed by it, you're likely to ask, well why is that one so good? What makes it different to all the rest, and how can I find that sort of wine in the future without actually having the label in front of me? Well the truth is that it's as easy or as hard, depending on your experiences, to find a good bottle of wine, or even a great bottle of wine, as it is to find a good woman or a truly great woman.

Just as women can be broadly categorised as blondes, brunettes and redheads, there are also tall ones, medium ones and short ones and there are French, Italian and American ones. With just those nine basic categories you already have 27 possible

article by ian mactavish

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER LUXTON



combinations, and you'll find as many variations on your bottle shop shelf as you'll meet in girls in a lifetime. Unfortunately, there's simply no short and easy way to know it all.

The boom in white wine consumption has come about for a number of reasons. Firstly, price is an obvious factor. Produced in massive volumes from irrigated and cost-efficient vineyards in huge wineries, and sold in that great Aussie invention, the bag-in-the-box, white wine in casks is now a fixture in most fridges in Australia. Secondly, quality has improved enormously. Even cask wines are well made — they are good, value-for-money drops, better than their *vin ordinaire* equivalents in other countries.

Our standard bottlings are certainly better than the average. Australian top wines are taking on the best in the world and doing well. Twenty years ago our whites weren't worth investigating. Today they are. Third factor, I believe, is the ladies. Today's Aussie girls like to have a say in what they drink. They like white wine and many of them know quite a lot about it. They know what they want and they have the money to spend on it. Women have emerged as important supporters of the Australian wine industry.

Anyway, I'm not saying that one introduction is better than the other, it's just that times have changed. The main thing is that you *do* get involved because drinking wine offers one of the greatest ranges of pleasurable experiences that you can have with or without your clothes on.

I agree with Evans's Theory of Consumption which holds that a man only has a certain number of bottles of wine allowed to him in his lifetime, and that he'd be bloody mad not to make every one a good one!

Len did his sums a few years ago and calculated that, with a certain number of years to go, at an average of a bottle a day, he only had whatever number of thousands of bottles he could drink. The figure probably sounded like an enormous number of bottles at the time, but, believe me, the sheer number of taste experiences available from the world of wine means that he could still get nowhere near tasting all the subtle variations by drinking that number of bottles. His Theory states that you should always choose the very best bottles available to you on any given occasion so he resolved to start near the very top. You shouldn't waste a single opportunity on cheap rubbish, particularly the *same* cheap rubbish day after day. Len's involvement in the wine trade means that it's easier for him to stick to the Theory than it would be for most of us. But I offer it as a thought. Certainly I would rather spend my time drinking bottles with some degree of interest, than slurping the same old cask stuff day after day.

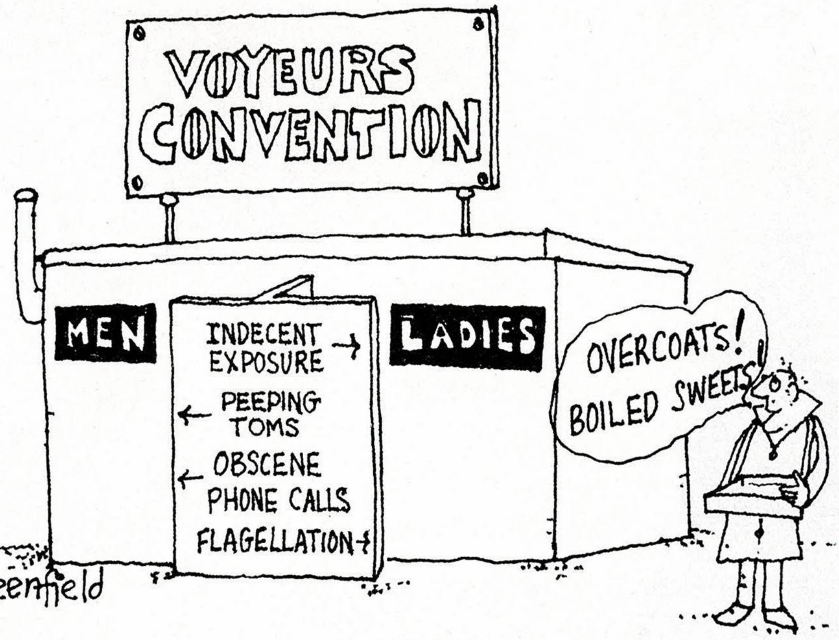
But what are these flavor variations, I hear you say. A bottle of wine's a bottle of wine isn't it? Okay, maybe there's something between moselle, white burgundy and chablis, but what else is there? All this gets us to the most fundamental questions concerning wine.

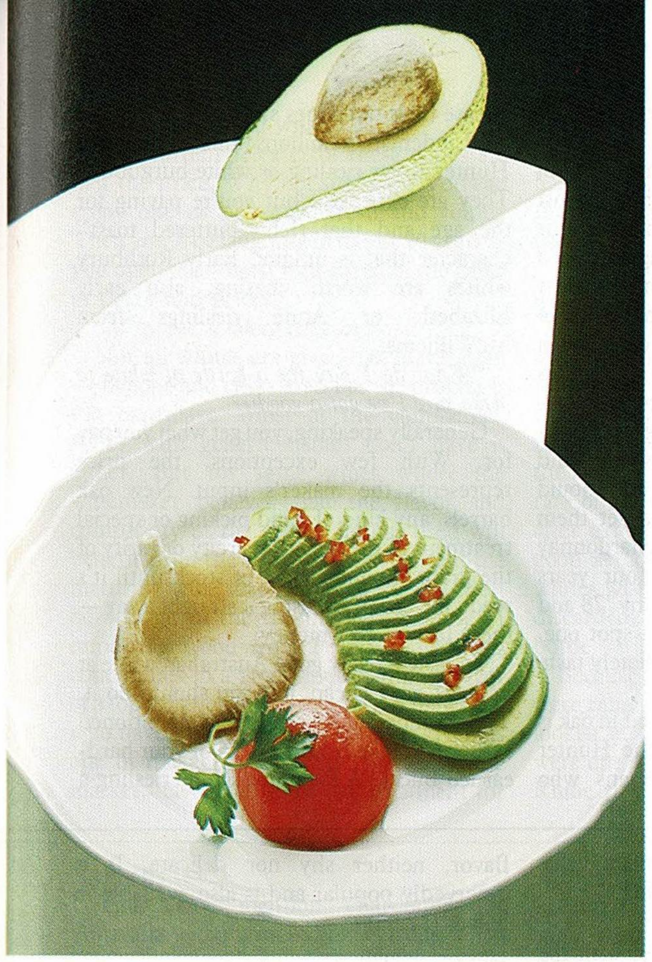
The massive surge in white wine sales has given the winemakers the funds and the courage to develop the quality of their wines. We are seeing developments across a range of varieties; chardonnay, sauvignon blanc (or fume blanc), chenin blanc — grapes which make the great wines of France — may provide the basis for the great Australian whites of the future. We are seeing continuing experiments with colombard, marsanne, verdelho and sylvaner. Our old friends Rhine riesling and semillon continue to be planted. Our winemakers now have the chance to go all out for quality. This costs money — for them, and for you, eventually. But it's worth it. Chardonnay and semillon, for example, are two white varieties that benefit most from maturation in new oak barrels. It adds a dollar or two to every bottle, but there's no other way to get the wonderful complexity that makes a mature chardonnay so attractive. Selection of only the best fruit also adds enormously to the final cost, which is why you'll find our best chardonnays with an asking price of around $8 — $12. Others are getting up over $20. They are certainly good wines and the price probably reflects the time and effort that has been put into making them. At the same price, you are looking at some quite good French white burgundies and you'll find yourself thinking very carefully before choosing. Perhaps the best guide as to what you might choose if you find yourself far from home in a strange bottle shop or restaurant involves a review of the most *Commonly Asked Questions* about white wine in general. The answers should help broaden your summer drinking.

"What's the difference between generic and varietal and which is better?"

Generic refers to wines made to a certain style which everybody is meant to understand, such as white burgundy, chablis or moselle. They may be made from one named grape or be a blend of several grapes. The practice of generic names started in a well-meaning but misinformed young Australian wine industry. The names are derived from European wines. A real white Burgundy is made only from chardonnay grapes grown exclusively in a small area of Burgundy in France. At their best, such wines are the greatest dry whites in the world. A real Chablis is also made from chardonnay grapes in a small area of Northern Burgundy surrounding the little village of Chablis. Such Chablis is not as luscious or full-flavored as the great burgundy whites and is best described as crisp and flinty. A real Moselle is made from riesling grapes grown along the Mosel river in Germany, one of the most northerly and slowest ripening wine growing areas in Europe. In good years, the best wines are just ripe when the snows of winter are arriving. These are fragrant and lusciously sweet wines.

Unfortunately, one man's idea of what constitutes an Australian "chablis" is not exactly the same as the next. The variation in character and quality is considerable and the same applies to the other generic names. But it is a naming system that is not likely to change overnight, and imperfect though it is, it does offer a very rough guide to what you should expect. A chablis should be light and dry; a white burgundy more full flavored, richer but dry, and a moselle





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THIRD DIMENSION

should be fruity and sweet.

Varietals are wines named after the grape from which they are made. Some of the newer wineries started using these varietal names a few years ago to help clear up the inadequacies of generic naming. The two forms of names now exist side by side, often in the same wine companies. In general the better quality wines carry the varietal names, eg chardonnay, semillon, Rhine riesling, sauvignon blanc or chenin blanc. This system should give you a clearer idea of what to expect in a wine you haven't tried before. Chardonnay should be recognisable as chardonnay no matter who makes it, but there are differences from area to area and maker to maker. A good way to fix the characteristics of each grape in your mind is to try a chardonnay, a Rhine, a semillon and a sauvignon blanc from two or more companies that make one of each. Say Orlando from South Australia, Rosemount from Upper Hunter, and Tisdall from Victoria.

"Does a white wine get better as it gets older?"

Everyone knows that reds improve with age and some better than others. Most Australian reds are better for three or four years in the bottle; some of the big ones need 15 or more. But what about whites? Most whites we make are drunk within the year of bottling. A good thing in many cases, but a great shame in others. Many of our whites are very attractive when they are young — you get the very essence of the grape, fresh and fruity even if it's not sweet, and refreshing. But there are a few you should try to keep your hands off and set them aside. Every year helps. A good chardonnay really cries out for three or four years ageing. Alas, you won't find many '78 and '79 chardonnays around. If you spot one, grab it and try it. You'll immediately taste the richness of age.

Semillon that has been matured in oak is also a long keeper, especially the Hunter ones. Thank God for Lindemans who release their old wines slowly. You *can* buy old Lindemans semillons (amazingly called Hunter River riesling *or* white burgundy). They are expensive but you're paying for the age and that rich "buttered toast" character that is unique. Early Rothbury whites are worth chasing, also early Elizabeth or Anne rieslings from McWilliams.

"What do I pay for a bottle of white to make sure I've got a goodie?"

Generally speaking, you get what you pay for. With few exceptions, the price represents the maker's input. New oak barrels, any kind of hand picking or special treatment of the grapes, scarcity or rarity of the grape, holding wine in stock until it's ready instead of releasing it straight away — these factors cost money.

To taste a really good Australian white at its peak ain't cheap, but you should do it. The Lindemans semillons mentioned earlier will take from 15 to 25 of your hard-earned bucks. A Petaluma Rhine riesling a couple of years old will be $15.

The current releases of these wines are half the price. Why not stock up? You can enjoy one or two now, fresh and young. Then you'll be laughing in five or 10 years as you open the others, well ahead of the game in flavor and price.

"Why put a white wine in wood?"

Not all whites are given oak maturation — flagons and casks aren't as the process is too expensive. Most of the commercial styles with generic names don't have it either. But for some wines where the winemaker believes that the flavor and complexity of the grapes he has used will benefit from the additional flavors that the maturing wine takes up from the oak itself he will go to the trouble and expense of importing wood from France. The wood contributes to a large, mouth-filling flavor of a top semillon or chardonnay. Killawarra, who have for the past two vintages given us one of the best value chardonnays on the market, have used some oak treatment for the first time in the 1983 vintage to keep in line with what the market wants. Good oak handling is not all that easy to put your finger on, but you miss it when it's not there.

"What sort of wine can you expect to find under those screw-off caps?"

Those screw-off caps you've seen appearing over the last few years are called Stelvin seals. A French invention, they were devised because the world's wine manufacturers were chewing their way through the bark of the Spanish cork trees at a great rate of knots. Now the Stelvin seal seems, after extensive testing, to be every bit as good as cork, especially for young Aussie whites where most corks will be drawn and discarded within a few months of hitting the bottle.

Because of tradition, our winemakers were reluctant at first to leap into a cap that looked at home on a soft drink. Yalumba were one of the first with their Pewsey Vale Rhine riesling some years ago, and that is not a bad wine. One of the problems is it almost does the wine waiter out of a job, removes some of the tricks of the trade, and certainly lacks some of the romance of the cork-drawing ritual. But the short answer is that perfectly good wines are now under Stelvin and you can expect to see many more as the cost of cork continues to rocket.

Well, that's the end of the theory. Always remember that the best way to enjoy wine is not necessarily the best way to learn about wine. Enjoyment could be just the two of you on the deck of a beach house with a single bottle and a pile of comfortable cushions. Learning involves opening a number of bottles at the same time and tasting them against one another with a group of people who have a desire to discuss what they are tasting. This is usually best when one of the group really knows what he is talking about. Meanwhile, sit back, sip and enjoy!

TOP DROPS FROM TOP MAKERS

The wines appearing in this list have two things in common: they are Australian and they are good value. Apart from that, they come from all over the country, they are chosen because most of them are in your bottle shop or on wine lists and they represent the enormous range of styles this country can produce. A couple are hard to find but worth the search because they show that Australia can produce not just creditable copies of great wines but some delicious originality as well.

RHINE RIESLINGS

Leo Buring White Label DW series ($6 - $12)

The DW stands for dry white and you will find a selection of numbers after the DW. I'm not being specific as to bin numbers here because they vary from year to year and from area to area. Some are Barossa wines, some are Clare Valley and Watervale and some are from Padthaway further south. Some are blends of these areas. Your wine merchant may have just one or, lucky you, a selection including some older ones.

Orlando (Around $6)

Another top SA maker of Rhines, absolutely clean and clear in their flavors. Again a variety of wines to be found behind the tasteful but colorful labels. Auslese, kabinett and spatlese are words that also indicate degrees of sweetness. Read the labels for good descriptions.

Peter Lehmann ($5.50)

Barossa Valley producer of an extensive range of wines that represent excellent value for money. Try the Rhine riesling.

Tisdall Mt Helen ($8.80)

Fairly new winery in Victoria with the best wines coming from the higher area, Mt Helen. Their winemaker John Ellis helped put Rosemount on the map with their first vintage in 1975. He makes wines that are distinctive for their clear varietal definition. Excellent high price range Rhine riesling.

Yalumba Heggies ($7.30)

From a high, cool vineyard above the Barossa. Lighter, less fruity style but with elegance and good acid balance that should ensure that it is worth laying down for a number of years.

Petaluma ($9.20)

One of our most expensive and undoubtedly one of our best. Simple understated label conceals a positive burst of bouquet and flavor inside the bottle. Brian Croser is uncompromisingly good at the small number of wines he chooses to make.

Hardy's Siegersdorf ($7.20)

A top of the range wine with good restaurant distribution. Not too expensive but definitely a wine with classic flavor, not just flowery fruit. A finely structured aristocratic wine.

Stanley Leasingham (around $6)

Good value maker of Rhine riesling. The Bin 5 and Bin 7 wines appear each year and both are fine fragrant styles. The Bin 5 is a softer wine for earlier drinking, the Bin 7 is more complex and deserves cellaring for a couple of years.

Seaview ($5.20)

Seaview have earned a fine reputation for their red wines but they are no slouches at making fine whites. The Rhine riesling and white burgundy enjoy a large following. The Rhine, in particular, is one of Australia's best-selling wines. It is a very approachable wine with a full generous flavor, neither shy nor delicate. It is deservedly popular and is also available in halves ($2.95).

CHARDONNAYS

Wynns Coonawarra ($9.90)

Noted as our best red wine area, Coonawarra nonetheless produces some fine whites. This chardonnay is in the medium price range with a good color and, even when young, that full luscious chardonnay flavor.

Orlando ($5.10)

In the lower price range. The '81 and '82 wines were outstanding; plenty of fragrance and flavor for such inexpensive wines. The '83 is more austere, not as immediately inviting but a very welcome wine nonetheless.

Killawarra ($5.60)

Another surprisingly inexpensive wine. Again it has proved itself over the last few vintages. The '83 has for the first time a touch of oak to go with the goodly measure of fruit flavor. They seem to make heaps of this wine and it is reliably found in many places.

Krondorf ($7.80)

The word I associate with Burg and Wilson's wines is elegance. Crystal clarity of flavor, never flabby or overdone. Very impressive wines that should repay several years cellaring.

Rosemount ($6 - $10)

Shook the international wine scene when they walked off with a Double Gold Medal a year or two ago in Bristol against the world's best. Rosemount have a fine track record for chardonnay. Their standard wine is medium priced and most acceptable. Their show reserve wines are more expensive and harder to find but have that extra intensity of flavor the tougher selection process brings.

Tyrrells ($12)

You can't mention chardonnay in Australia without including Tyrrells. Their Vat 47 of any year is superb. Another winner against world competition in France. Very hard to find so you may content yourself with their Old Winery Pinot Chardonnay.

SEMILLON

Lindemans ($6 — 20)

Start with the big boys. For many years, Lindemans have made stunning wines from this grape in their Hunter winery. They have various four figure bin numbers that change from year to year. Try one of their current release wines, either the Hunter River riesling, or the chablis or the white burgundy (they are all semillons) against one of their earlier releases which are still easily available. See why visiting experts regard the Hunter semillon as unique. Taste for yourself the magical development of that buttered toast character.

McWilliams Anne or Elizabeth Riesling ($6.80)

Thrown a little into the shade by Lindemans, but also very well made and attractive wines. The Elizabeth is widely available, particularly on wine lists, and not too expensive. Again try to find one a few years old, especially the Anne, the better wine.

Orlando ($6)

Recently released an '81 semillon from the Barossa. Not the guts and earthiness of the Hunter wines but very fine drinking.

Saxonvale ($6.75)

Consistently good semillons from one of the newer Hunter wineries. Skilful use of wood maturation and excellent value.

Rothbury (from $5)

For some 10 years, Rothbury have produced a range of fine Hunter whites that age particularly well. They appear under several labels, from different paddocks, and are graded in excellence by a tasting panel named on the back label. Let price be your guide.

SAUVIGNON BLANC

Knappstein's Enterprise ($8)

Tim Knappstein was one of the first to produce first class wines from this grape that is new to this country. At its best it displays an almost grassy, herbaceous character. An excellent dinner wine.

Katnook Estate ($10)

From Coonawarra. Not only do they make delicious chardonnay, their sauvignon also shows they have mastered this newish grape.

Rosemount Estate Fume Blanc ($7.20)

An excellent wine, with that grassy sort of character and a touch of oak to add to the complexity. Good light drinking style when you want to try something a little different.

Taltarni ($7)

Frenchman Dominique Portet has set up this winery in Moonambel in Victoria and he is particularly interested in making good sparkling wines but his reds and whites also are excellent. This sauvignon is a big and almost chewy wine that should please the more macho palate. Comes in half bottle too.

From the West

A couple of wines from the older winemakers in the West. The newer wineries in Mt Barker and Margaret River are making absolutely superb wine (notably Leeuwin Estate) but their wines are not yet widely available.

Houghton's White Burgundy ($5.50)

Well known across the land for many years, this is the wine that introduced many rough red drinkers to whites. The latest vintage from a blend of chenin blanc and tokay is a beauty. Lots of fresh fruit and good balancing acid.

Moondah Brook Estate Verdelho ($5.50)

An unusual grape but a very enjoyable wine. Big on flavor, but still with a crisp acid finish. This is what you should expect from an Australian white burgundy style.

DESSERT WINES

Primo Estate Beerenauslese ($10)

Translated from the German, beerenauslese means selected berries. Yes, they do actually sort out the best grapes with the right degree of over-ripeness to produce a luscious after-dinner wine. A rich gold color and taste to match.

Petaluma Late Picked Rhine Riesling ($12)

Another masterpiece from Brian Roser with the incredible flavor that can be extracted from grapes that are left to develop so much longer on the vine. Worth driving miles for.

Brown Bros ($14)

This company makes a very large range of very good wine. Their "noble" riesling is one of my favorites — a beautiful gold color with luscious flavor. Made from grapes affected by botrytis — the noble rot that takes excess water from the grapes and concentrates the flavor and sugar inside. When the grapes are crushed, you get less juice, oh how delicious it is!

Please note I've deliberately avoided giving vintage dates. Most of the wines will be current vintage '82 or '83, but you never know your luck, you may find something from an earlier year. Prices are also current recommended retail, but your local shop may have them on special.

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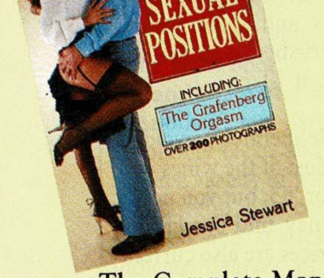

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HUNTER!

(continued from page 95)

"People just don't realise how often sharks are close to them while they're swimming."

could wreck his lungs and later cause cancer. But he went ahead, without protective gear, even after the terrible accident. He was using a trim-tab pump off his boat to pump the preservative into a shark via a length of Holden brake lining when the tubing burst in his face. The pain, he says, was incredible. His eyes were full of formaldehyde and he rushed to a tap, running the full force of the water in both eyes. Then he was raced to hospital, where a team of experts was standing by.

Lying blind in the ambulance, Hislop was convinced that his eyes "would look just like the eyes of sharks I'd already preserved. They would be fixed and white — because that's what the chemical does, it fixes tissue." But he had saved his sight by blasting his eyes with water. Six weeks later, he could see again.

So many people had taken one look at Hislop's great white shark and declared they had "never seen anything like it". It convinced him that the next stage in enlightening the world about big sharks would be to take the preserved pointer to the people. Like a strange one-act circus, he towed the shark to Cairns, to Sydney and to a thousand little towns in between.

In outback Queensland towns like Roma, Hislop spent hours explaining esoteric details of shark behavior to people who had never seen the sea. They came, in response to newspaper advertisements, hundreds of kilometres from stations and properties to gaze upon the wondrous, awful thing and to watch Hislop's video films of battles with sharks.

Free enterprise being what it is, Hislop soon had to contend with an imitator who roamed the country with a *frozen* white pointer, much smaller, on the back of a semi-trailer. Hislop took out more advertisements, denouncing his competition and declaring his shark to be the only preserved "in the flesh" travelling specimen.

When he felt the need to relax, Hislop would park his pointer in some little town and go off with guns and knives to hunt wild pigs. "I don't like killing harmless things," he explains. "I hunt wild pigs with a knife because that's a challenge. So it's pigs or dangerous sharks. I mean, what else is there?"

If this sounds a little too gung-ho to be true, at least it is not a contrived macho image. Hislop is a straightforward fisherman; what people think of him seems to be of little importance. As for fear, he says, without intentional irony: "What frightens me sometimes (about the risks of shark hunting) is that I don't get scared."

Hislop became frustrated with the limitations of his travelling shark show and began searching for a likely venue to establish his long-imagined permanent display. He looked all over the country, then even in Hawaii, before leasing an old automotive garage beside the highway at Tweed Heads, opposite a small picnic area named — in a rare display of aldermanic humor — Faux Park. Into the garage he moved his preserved specimens, his countless shark jaws, teeth, photographs and bits and pieces.

I pulled up outside VIC HISLOP'S WHITE DEATH SHARK SHOW and spent 10 minutes just reading the signs: MY CHANCE TO SHARE A LIFETIME OF SHARK HUNTING WITH YOU. WORLD RECORD SHARKS CAUGHT AND DISPLAYED IN THE FLESH BY VIC HISLOP. SEE THE CROCODILE VIC FOUND INSIDE A GREAT WHITE SHARK. A MAJOR TOURIST ATTRACTION — YES, THIS IS THE SHARK SHOW YOU HAVE READ ABOUT. ACTION-PACKED MOVIES ON SHOW NOW!

At one corner of the building is suspended a fibreglass replica of a white pointer eating a smaller shark; two sailfish are mounted like bookends on wrought iron outside Hislop's flat. Five shark heads emerge from a concrete wall like hunting trophies; boats of various sizes litter the ground and out the back. Still bearing the huge glass display case shaped like a coffin is the flatbed truck in which Hislop and the white pointer motored thousands of miles spreading awe, fear and "cold, hard facts".

In the reception area, a teenage girl sits behind a counter that is covered with neat rows of eight-inch rubber white pointers made in Hong Kong. Just beyond is an old yellow Mini with a squashed-in roof and a color photograph on the windscreen showing how Hislop had dumped a white pointer on the Mini to provide a sense of scale.

Further inside, beyond a set of yawning shark jaws positioned so that tourists can peep through for photographs, beyond a display about how Hislop caught a shark and sent it by air to Melbourne for a group of Japanese sculptors to work from, three separate theatrettes run continuously. Hislop's voice bounces off the walls of the empty chambers (it's 11 am on a Monday during the tourist off-season) and the white pointers in their see-through tombs are made more sinister by shadows and a prevailing acrid smell of ammonia and fish.

A baby tiger shark (they are almost a metre at birth) is displayed beneath a first-person caption: I DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A KILLER, BUT WITHIN HOURS OF BEING BORN — THAT IS IF I ESCAPE MUM AS SHE WILL EAT A LOT OF MY 55 BROTHERS AND SISTERS AT BIRTH — I WILL EAT MY FIRST LITTLE FISH. THEN AS THE YEARS GO BY I WILL TEAR APART THOUSANDS OF TURTLES, PORPOISES, STINGRAYS AND — YOU GUESSED IT — MAYBE EVEN A HUMAN OR TWO.

Upstairs in his sparsely furnished flat, Hislop tells me that one of the biggest myths about killer sharks is the conservationist theory that they act as undersea vacuum cleaners, devouring sick and dead marine life and thus justifying, in our eyes, their existence.

"The opposite is true," he says. "Big sharks rarely eat all of what they kill, and what they do eat is disgorged — a filthy stinking mess in the sea — sometimes only hours after being consumed. A killer shark can eat a man and then disgorge him to eat another. They *don't* get full — ever." Hislop shakes his head and sighs as if shouldering the burden of a million misconceptions.

"Big sharks will maim and kill porpoises, seals, turtles, pelicans, crabs, stingrays, whales — all the things we *love* in the sea. And they take a few bites and leave the rest to rot. They're mongrels, fair dinkum, bloody mongrel killing machines!"

Sharks have no motherly instincts, he goes on, eating as many of their young as they can before the survivors speed off.

"I was towing a big tiger to shore once," he says, "and she gave birth as we went along. She was dead but the babies came out fulla life. They skipped and jumped and dived away, some of them actually *overtook* the boat and disappeared ahead of us."

Speeding off, as he was saying before, on lives dedicated to maiming and killing and disgorging.

Hislop is a conservationist insofar as he believes that intensive fishing of the world's oceans and destruction of fish breeding areas will soon eliminate edible marine life in commercial quantities.

"But no one is thinning out the sharks," he adds. "So the sharks are building up to buggery — you have no *idea* how many are out there — while the fish get scarcer. Following that through, it's likely that sharks will one day eat more and more people. They're running out of food, and *we're* doing it!" (I don't like the way this theory is going, but Hislop, leaning forward with a strangely intense expression, is off and running.)

"If sharks did decide to eat people, you wouldn't be able to put your toe in the water! People just don't realise how often sharks are close to them while they're swimming. It's only because the sharks are wary — because we are not their natural food — that more attacks don't happen."

We move on to other myths. For instance. . . you may have heard, like me, that sharks are scared of dolphins. And that dolphins, wonderful creatures that seem for some reason to empathise with man, have

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saved humans by driving off attacking sharks. The facts are, says the shark hunter, that big sharks are not scared of *anything*. They eat full-grown dolphins with ease. They eat baby dolphins and terrorise schools of dolphins for months. "Whenever I cut open a shark," Hislop explains, "I nearly always find dolphin remains."

So if dolphins are as intelligent as man is beginning to suspect, big sharks must, for them, represent the ultimate threat?

Hislop nods slowly, thinking about something. I ask if he has ever experienced the unaccountable sense of happiness dolphins seem to instil in humans when they escort a boat, or come alongside to be scratched or petted.

"Many times," he says. "But listen to this. The first white pointer I ever caught in Moreton Bay was 14ft. I'd been after him for ages and he was obviously preying on dolphins — the bay is full of them. Me and a mate put the lines out for the shark and turned in. I woke at dawn with my mate shaking me. The pointer was on the line and, typically for a white, he was attacking the outboard shaft instead of trying to get away. He had the shaft in his mouth and sheets of water were coming up over us. I got the rifle and shot him up close, then gaffed him.

"The instant he stopped frothing and lay quiet, the dolphins turned up. It was sunrise and, no kidding, there must have been 150 of them. They came up all around us! In formations of threes and sixes, doing their little acts and dances and tricks, doing everything but talk to us. They were saying thank you. People will laugh, but I *know* it, and so does my mate. It nearly brought tears to our eyes. Incredible!"

More recently Hislop went to the Barrier Reef to try to save a rare Minke whale trapped in a lagoon, under attack by 45 tiger sharks. From an open dinghy he and a local boat skipper killed 15 of the sharks, allowing the whale to escape (it died soon after of advanced starvation). But while they were in the lagoon, Hislop says, the whale hung about their dinghy and seemed to be trying to communicate with them.

"It knew we were friends. Simple as that."

Hislop admits he has no interest in statistics, but they show that 87 people have been killed by sharks in Australian waters. If Hislop is correct about confirmed deaths being only a fraction of the actual toll the real tally would be infinitely greater.

"Thank Christ sharks haven't figured out what they are *really* capable of," Hislop says. "They could take anybody from just about any boat on the water. With dinghies they would only need to hook a tooth over the gunwhale and sink back in the water to capsize the boat. They could jump in the air and crush larger boats beneath them.

"Not so long ago, they found a bloke on a largish yacht, bitten off at the waist. The shark had just come out of the water and snapped him off. People who really *know* about big sharks realise these things are not fantasy but quite possible."

Hislop scoffs at advice he has read that people under attack should punch and kick the shark. He tells of a solicitor who had survived an attack off the Gold Coast in which he lost a leg. Floating out there, his leg gone and the water red with blood, the man had looked at the highrise buildings and calmly realised, "he was no longer a solicitor".

"Out there we're just meat to them," Hislop explains. "We are so *useless* against them! Totally *useless*." He takes me downstairs again to show me color blow-ups of Rodney Fox, who miraculously survived a white pointer attack off South Australia in 1963. The photos show how Fox's entire chest had been torn open exposing his lungs and other organs. But he survived. . . and nine months ago, between taking tourists on shark hunts in the Great Australian Bight, Fox found time to officially open Hislop's shark show.

There's no doubt that what Hislop has assembled at Tweed Heads is unique in Australia, perhaps in the world. Suzi Quatro visited recently and spent more than an hour looking around.

Hislop is contacted regularly by academics from around the world wanting practical advice or asking the shark hunter to take them out in search of a particular specimen.

He says money has never interested him, "But it doesn't help to know the land sharks are cashing in on everything I've done."

Again I ask him why he does it — why he allows himself to be ripped off, used, exploited. Why he risks his health (he has coughed up blood as a legacy of experimenting with formaldehyde), and his life, for no obvious gain at all.

He mumbles that after his death people might "realise what I've learned and what I've done." But I sense that isn't really it. Then he says: "You never know what I might catch one day. No one knows. . . they found a fresh shark tooth recently that was four and a half inches across the base. They say there are white sharks 115ft long. . ." Hislop grins sheepishly.

"I don't want to be silly about it. Maybe I'll catch a pointer as big as 23ft — bigger than my own record. . ."

At that point, a friend of his comes in with a clipping from that day's newspaper. The photograph shows a large shark being weighed and the caption reads, in part: "Two charter boat captains teamed up for 10 hours to conquer the shark, saying the ordeal bordered on a religious experience. . ."

I read it to Hislop, interested to hear his reaction. "Sounds a bit poofy," he says. "What's it mean?"

If you don't know, I thought, how the hell could I? Later, I thought of the correct reply. It means, I should have said, that a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

PARTY?

(continued from page 58)

"The (Liberal) Party came to be identified with the more fortunate. . . we did not seem to be a caring party."

impressed by the number of seats the Liberals lost in the last federal election. I tend to be more impressed by the total percentage of votes cast in favor of the major political groupings and, as far as I'm concerned, there was no catastrophic fall in the percentages polled by the Liberal-National Coalition in March. It only needs a few mistakes among those in government for the Coalition to pick up the small swing to regain federal government."

It is all part of the numbers game syndrome and the Valder committee paid very close attention to figures. ". . . since 1977, the Liberal Party's vote nationally has remained virtually static at about three million. The ALP, on the other hand, has increased its vote since 1977 by nearly 1.2 million to 4.3 million.

"Our loss of support is most obvious in metropolitan areas. There the number of Liberal seats has dropped from 47 in 1977 to only 21 in 1983. Today the Liberal Party holds not much more than one in four of the 78 metropolitan seats in the House of Representatives. The record is no better in provincial or rural areas. There the Liberals hold only three of the 14 provincial seats and nine of the 33 rural seats (the Nationals hold 16).

"It is often said that the main reason for the decline in the party's support in recent years has been the decline in the youth and women's vote. The reality is that the party has been losing support right across the board and in every state except Tasmania. While none of this makes comforting reading for the party, it should not be forgotten that we need only a 2.3 percent swing in present boundaries to win the next election."

Expressed in another way, the voters in those 20 to 25 critical, swinging seats on the suburban fringes of Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane only have to withdraw a small share of their support for Hawke and another government is on the skids.

Certainly, Donald Horne, an associate professor of political science these days, doesn't underestimate the significance of those kinds of figures. He recalls that a similar disarray existed in the Liberal ranks after Whitlam led the first Labor Government to power in 23 years as did in the first few months of the Hawke administration.

"In 1973," he says, "I remember sharing a conference platform with a man who is now a very prominent member of the Liberal Party. He sincerely believed that it would take the Coalition three elections to return to the Treasury benches. Then, as now, governments tend to lose elections rather than oppositions winning them."

The Valder report does not, however, examine in any truly objective or detailed way the real reasons for the party's declining electoral support. Surely, it does touch on the subject; it is something it could not ignore. . .

"Loss of credibility; often our performance in government did not match our rhetoric. . . Too often we were seen to be inconsistent, too pragmatic and, finally, too expedient. . . The party came to be identified with big business and the more fortunate; we did not seem to be a caring party. . . We were seen to have become too negative, even reactionary."

Sensitive to the dangers associated with the membership's loss of confidence in the party and its leadership, the report then breaks off in the midstream of its mea culpa confession to cut into the familiar field of self-eulogy. It reminds members not to under-estimate the many achievements of the Fraser Government, seven years of strong, resolute leadership, the determined and responsible approach taken by Fraserism to the difficult task of rebuilding Australia's economic position and laying a foundation for investor confidence. And, almost as an afterthought, it credits the Labor Party with some electoral nous—whitewashing in the process, perhaps, the painful truth that the Fraser Government did everything it could to lose an election which a drover's dog could have won.

"Our opponents also presented an unusual challenge. With the pragmatism not previously demonstrated at federal level, they switched to a leader with greater electoral appeal, submerged their internal differences and put forward policies which, although often at complete variance with ALP platform, were carefully designed to attract a wide range of voters."

If the committee was paying grudging admiration to Labor for a professional campaign, the sentiment was tinged with the essence of sour grapes. It was almost saying that the Libs have exclusive rights to campaign tricks; that the socialists didn't play cricket and had switched to a new ball when the Liberal tail was exposed on an unplayable wicket.

The sentiment sounded a variation on that tired refrain that the old boys of Timbertops and their classically finished girls have a pre-ordained right to manage the affairs of the nation. "The non-Labor parties throughout Australian history do tend to despair when they are out of office because they believe they are destined to govern," says Horne. "They find the role of being in opposition puzzling. In opposition they say all the right things, mouth the good intentions to satisfy their party membership. But I have the feeling that their declared policies in opposition bear little resemblance to what happens when they regain office."

Not that the oft-repeated inconsistency between opposition promises and Liberal government action really concerns students of history and politics such as Horne. He feels the commentators and Canberra-watchers read too much into the Liberals' apparent disunity and the foreshadowed changes in policy direction.

"I could, of course, be wrong and, if I am, it would mean that instead of being a pragmatic party keeping to a policy of managed capitalism, the Liberals would pursue a system of free capitalism which we have never had in this country. If they were really going to believe in the free market rather than maintaining the *laissez faire* attitude, they would represent a revolutionary party. If that happens, half the country would fall to pieces.

"The free market philosophy is utter rubbish. They know themselves that if the government was to withdraw all its support for capitalist activity, Australia would be ruined," comments Horne.

Was the stuff of revolution contained either in the Valder blueprint or Andrew Peacock's manifesto laid before the party's federal council meeting in Sydney last October? Not bloody likely. Despite the overall theme of liberalism expounded both in the Valder document and the Peacock state-of-the-party speech, the seeds of a new order have as much chance of germinating as Hawke has of becoming the first president of the Socialist Democratic Republic of Australia.

Perhaps the most critical comment in the Valder report was expressed in these words: "The almost universal advice given to the committee was that the Liberal Party must affirm the validity of its basic principles and put them into practice. The party was founded in 1944 on the principles of individual choice, economic freedom, the family, the expansion of wealth through private enterprise, the use of this wealth to assist the disadvantaged and the decentralisation of political power." Inherent in the words "almost universal advice", was an admission that this was precisely what the party loyalists and grass-roots members wanted to hear.

It sprang as music to the ears of Sir John Cramer, the party's longest serving member and the man who set the scene for the formation of the party by setting in motion the machinery to dissolve the United Australia Party. The steady move to the left to embrace subtle changes in societal attitudes had long been an anathema to Sir John. And there was more. . .

"The tradition on which the party was established stretches back deep into our nation's history. Long before Federation, men and women convinced of the great liberal values — personal liberty and freedom, individual rights and responsibilities, democratic government, a free press, education and economic development — played major roles in shaping Australia. The creation of one Australian nation through federation was one of the great achievements of liberalism in Australia.

"This sense of mission and purpose has always characterised liberalism."

When the federal council meeting came along within a few days of the release of the Valder report, leader Peacock took up the catchcry, adding the bonus that the next Liberal government would limit its intervention in the economy to the minimum needed to ensure the efficient operation of a free market. The Donald Hornes were right on the button.

No matter how convinced are the John Cramers that the old ways are the best, there is no way that, as the Liberals regroup to satisfy their lust for power, they will be reverting to those euphoric days and the basic philosophy which heralded the second and more permanent coming of Robert Menzies.

Though it concedes that an over-pragmatic approach might have been part of the reason for the fall of the Fraser Government, the report acknowledges by omission that there is little room for the paternalistic style of government practised by Menzies when a party is trying to woo a better educated, questioning electorate.

"Political parties cannot ignore change. . . a major challenge to the Liberal Party is to relate our philosophies more directly to the issues of the 1980s and to market ourselves in a way that ensures we regain and maintain our electoral appeal."

Ironically, to achieve this, the Liberal Party appears to have adopted as its campaign theme a phrase that became fashionable on that battleground which remains an embarrassment to the survivors of the Menzies-Holt-Gorton-McMahon overlap, the Vietnam war: Let us win the hearts and minds of the Australians.

As the Liberals grow accustomed to the unfamiliar role of the opposition and dress their ranks to reinfiltrate the middle ground, ponder on this Valderism:

"It has been said that there is nothing more powerful than an idea whose time has come, and the Liberal Party cannot be impervious to the importance of winning the battle of ideas. We maintain that we can win, and indeed are making great progress in, the intellectual argument.

"The committee has been most encouraged to observe the amount of pro-Liberal ferment both in tertiary institutions and throughout the whole intellectual community."

Nothing is forever in politics. Neither conscription nor chauvinism, neither white Australia nor black power, neither conservatism nor socialism.

It is no longer fashionable to recall, as Menzies did, those poetic lines penned in the 17th century as the Queen passed by: "I did but see her passing by, and yet I'll love her till I die."

It is more important for today's ambitious politicians to keep a close eye on the dominoes.

Ask not for whom the domino falls. . . it falls for thee.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES

The seeds which were to flower as the Liberal Party were sown in the aftermath of the federal election of August, 1943, when the voters overwhelmingly pledged their support to the war-time Labor Government of John Curtin. That election, in fact, not only vindicated the course set by the Curtin administration but reflected a total lack of confidence in the conservatives' ability to overcome the internecine factionalism which had split their ranks.

Not only did the conservative parties fail to clip Curtin's wings in the House of Representatives, but they also lost control of the Senate. For the first time since 1916, Labor held absolute power in federal Parliament.

In defeat, the shattered anti-Labor forces found it impossible to speak with one voice. Arthur Fadden, the Country Party boss and leader, by default, of the disjointed opposition, cried foul and was heard to utter those words which were to become very familiar as the years and elections rolled by: "The electors have given a blank cheque to Labor without realising how dangerous it is to do so." Robert Gordon Menzies, the United Australia Party leader who had committed Australia to war before resigning the prime ministership in the face of Coalition dissension, was a shade more objective: "You do not have much comment left in you if you have been hit on the head by a sledge-hammer or run over by a traction engine."

Menzies, his taste for power whetted by his brief residency in The Lodge, prepared to chart his political comeback by rebuilding the splintered UAP in his own image. But events which had begun to unfold even while the ballot boxes were being stored away were destined to overtake him. His and ultimately Australia's fate were shaped over a series of weekly luncheons in the Blue Room cafe in Rowe Street in the heart of Sydney's old stockbroker belt. The regular lunch-time conspirators included John Cramer, Harold Brown, Lyell Scott, Ernest White — most of them disenchanted members of the ailing UAP and all of them avowed anti-socialists.

They were convinced that the UAP was a lame political duck. Formed in 1931 as a fusion of anti-Labor politicians prepared to sink their differences to lead Australia out of the Depression, the UAP had served its purpose. They believed that different social attitudes, fresh challenges and expectations demanded a new political banner under which the conservative forces could rally. They needed a born-again party sworn to a new declaration of human rights embodying policies that would meet the changing demands of the post-war years, express the importance of individual freedom and combat "the grave and sinister trend toward complete socialisation of the nation and subjugation of human personality."

The group made its move in October, 1943. Cramer was delegated to call upon Alex Mair, former NSW Premier and ex-officio president of the state branch of the UAP, to request the formal dissolution of the party machine and the formation of the Liberal Party. Mair eventually agreed and the Liberal Party was off and running in NSW.

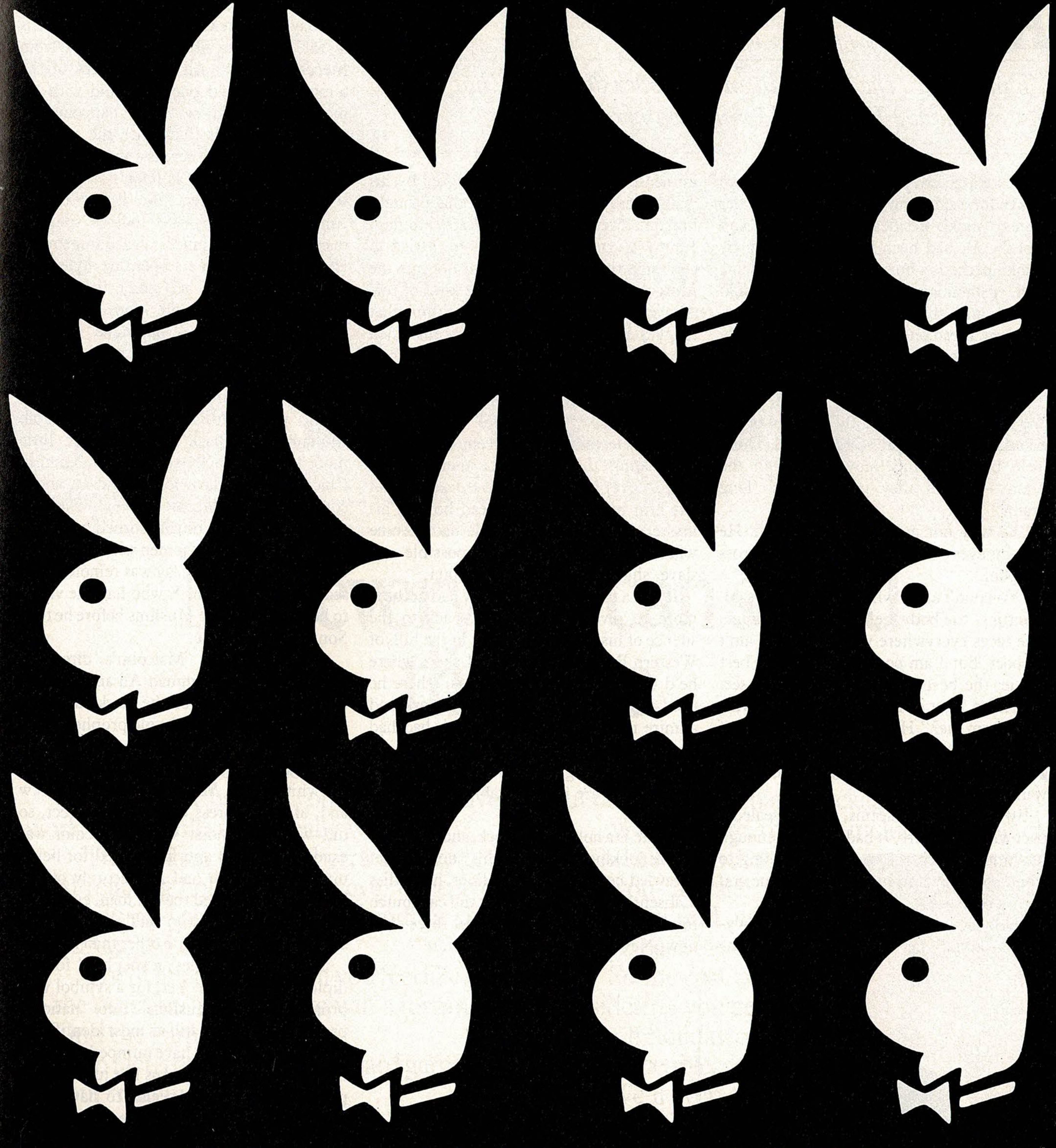
Initially, Menzies was reluctant to embrace the new party. But with his UAP base in the largest state already gone, he had no alternative other than to climb aboard the NSW-oiled wagon to bring the other states into line.

There were still deep divisions within the anti-Labor forces but the fear of socialism overrode factional rivalry and political ambition. One by one, true blue party leaders, who saw Curtin and his lieutenants as the harbingers of the new socialist wave threatening to engulf the world in the vacuum which would form in the wake of Hitler's inevitable defeat, agreed to talk Liberal turkey.

Months of sensitive negotiations culminated in a conference of 80 delegates, representing 18 separate political organisations, in Canberra in October, 1944. Before the delegates closed the doors to deliberate in private on a new-look party and a strategy to regain lost political ground, Menzies explained that the meeting had been called, "in an endeavor to produce unity of organisations among those who do not support socialism as the solution of Australia's political and economic problems."

When the doors opened at the end of the four-day conference, the Liberal Party existed at a national level, cloned from conservative refugees from the political wasteland of the '43 election.

Menzies was later to describe the political philosophy of the new Liberalism thrashed out at that conference as, "founded upon the encouragement of private enterprise as the driving and creative element in the economics of society, and at the same time the imposing upon that enterprise of social and industrial obligations appropriate to a modern and civilised community."



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ALI

(continued from page 40)

> *"I'm like. . . the best paintin' you ever did see. What else I got or can do? How can I walk away from me?"*

after taking his Saturday Night jive to Tokyo for a sideshow match with a wrestler named Anoki. Besides looking greedy and foolish, Ali had been kicked in his leg by Anoki, perhaps a hundred times in the same spot, sustaining serious injuries that would later require treatment back in the States. He went ahead on an official visit to Korea, though, knowing that he had damaged himself.

"This is a scary business," he said, sitting one near-dawn morning by the pool of the Seoul hotel. "And I'm scared as hell. Those little blood circuits movin' through the brain — when they pop, then so long brain."

"So why not move on?" you asked. He kept his eyes on the half-light moving across the pool.

"You don't know what it means," he said. "Getting the body feelin' like a big engine. The faces everywhere you go. Hell, I ain't no poet, but I am poetry. I'm like the best movie, the best paintin' you ever did see. What else I got or can do? How can I walk away from me?" He paused for a couple of beats, then said, "Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly. . . everybody gotta die, the way he want to."

By that point, it seems, he had sealed a pact with the future. It had not been enough for him to reach the top; he was going to come back down in his own good time and all in one piece.

"Nobody's greater than the heavyweight king," he used to say with the immense pride of a man unmarked by his trials. Oddly, it was that pride that brought him out of retirement to face Larry Holmes. Jimmy Carter had sent Ali to Africa to convince the nations there to boycott the Moscow Olympics; it was the kind of role Ali coveted. He never stopped to think that the US hadn't backed the Africans when *they* had boycotted the Montreal games. The trip was dismal. The black leaders laughed at Ali, avoided him, even looked at him as a lackey and a fool. He returned angry, determined to redeem himself by dominating the stage once more with a success over Holmes. It was a decision that left him in a corner, his head bowed, his mystery stupidly exposed. He had become what Cassius Clay thought impossible — a slave, shackled to his own persona.

It was a relief when he finally had nothing more to give, and travelled back to the silence of his Deer Lake camp in the hills of Western Pennsylvania. Deer Lake is where he'd trained for so many fights, where he used to sit around after a day's work and admire the huge boulders that he had had put there, and the "real wood" of his rustic cabins. "The big trees, the big rocks," he would say, "are indestroyable, like me."

●

There is a hole in Ali's sock, and he knows you're looking at it. With his shoeless feet sprawled before him on the floor, he studies it absently and says, "I never did care much for dressin' up. I only got 'bout three suits now. Never had much more before."

It is Friday, a day for the Muslims like Sunday is for the Catholics. This mosque is in the poor area of LA, light years from Mecca and from Ali's embroidery of the temples he would one day build with his money. (Who knows what happened to those?) The air is thick with the smell of jasmine, and often there is a shout from the crowd: "Go on! Say it! Don't stop now!" Wallace Muhammed, the leader of the American Muslims and today's speaker, doesn't need much encouragement. Hypnotically, with a serpentine style, he's going to say what he's come to say. For hours, he will rattle the sabres just a bit, boost materialism, harangue against superstitions, numbers players and Saturday night princes.

To the few Americans who knew about them when Ali came along, Elijah Muhammed's Black Muslims were little more than a whacky storefront religion in Chicago, an enclave for mysticism and a corruption of Marcus Garvey's Back to Africa movement. Elijah scorned boxing as a slave trade run by fat men with cigars, and the name of Cassius Clay was remote to the sect. It was Malcolm X who had the vision to hook Clay for the Muslims before he took Sonny Liston's title.

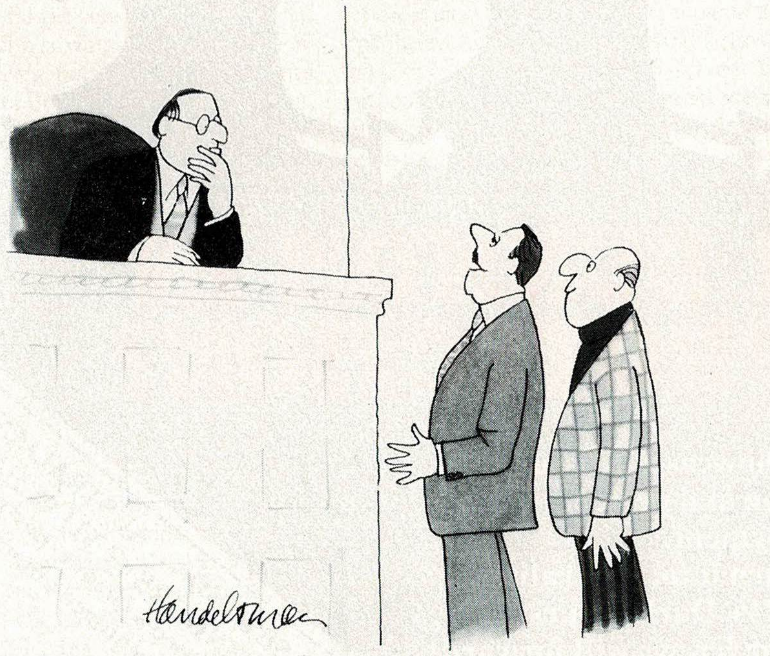
Overnight, with Malcolm's direction, Clay became Muhammad Ali and brought the media eye down on the black outriders. In no time, it seemed, the old prophet Elijah was talking about Muslim spaceships that circled the earth with ray guns levelled on the white devils. Muslim membership grew and, after the press explained the sect, so did white paranoia. While Malcolm was excommunicated and later killed for being uppity, old Elijah had Ali securely on his knee. Ali truly loved the old man, even if he didn't understand him half the time. He also loved having a cause other than himself.

Today, Ali is no less a shepherd for the diplomatic Wallace. Yet, for a symbol who projected the Muslims into national prominence, who is still its most identifiable figure, who is said to have pumped a fortune into the religion, Ali seems like just another parishioner here. He seems to have been given no official status equal to his eminence, especially now that he needs it the most. With our heads bowed to the floor once more, he whispers: "I jist wanna be an advance man for Wallace. Go 'head, and git the crowds ready for his comin'. Or like that saint — what's his name — love the animals, give up all his riches just to save the people?"

St Francis of Assisi?

"Yeah, that's him." He says this with touching humility, and it makes you wonder if Wallace and his new Muslims are going to be around if Muhammad Ali ever really needs to be saved in one way or another.

Heads back down to the floor again, and Ali rasps: "Heard a man pissin' blood 'cause of bein' hit in the kidney, have ya? What a man pee, nobody knows. Heard a man's on drugs, have ya? Ever *see* that man on drugs?



"However, my client agrees that he did, in fact, leave a dead body in the road, and is prepared to face the music on a charge of littering."

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Then no man ever landed on the moon, and Elvis ain't dead. Ya deeeg?"

Finally, Wallace ends the ceremony, and Ali makes his way out of the mosque, doing magic tricks for the kids. He drops behind the wheel of his Rolls-Royce, and we are off on a slow drive. You ask him why he settled in LA, and he says that "one place jist like another." Others believe he did so because he likes the glamor nearby, but mainly because it was perfect for wife Veronica's chase after stardom.

"I had 'nough glamor for a thousand men," he says, and he won't say anything about Veronica except that she's "got style and taste".

You wouldn't have heard those words from Ali in the days when the Muslims made him divorce his first wife, Sonja, because her dress and behavior were too flamboyant to fit the Muslim mould. His second wife, the young Belinda, was the epitome of his view of Muslim femininity, diffident and long-suffering. They were happy for a long time, until Veronica came along, cool and ambitious. The second marriage ended when Belinda, tired of all the rumors, got on a plane, went to Manila and marched right up to the suite where Veronica and Ali were nestled. She only stayed a few hours, nearly wrecked the suite and Ali, then got back on the next plane out of Manila. Even Muslim women apparently have their limits.

After a while, Ali stops the car. He is looking sadly at the ruins of a Bel Air home. It belonged to basketball player Kareem Abdul-Jabar and it had burned to a shell a day or so before while the Los Angeles Laker star was on the road. It is drizzling now, and smoke still waves spookily up from what was once a multi-million dollar estate. Ali just sits there, shaking his head. "See what it all means?" he says. "Money and stuff? Means nothin'. Money's a devil. Jist like that, and you lose it."

He glances again at the smoldering ruins. "Let's go," he says, "I don't like lookin' at bad luck."

•

Back at the compound, the mansion is dark and still. He flicks on the light in his study, and right away a half dozen parrots begin a frenetic screech: *Aleeee! Aleeee!* "Shut up!" he yells, but they are still at it as he leads you off for a tour of the rooms.

The decor looks as if it has been lifted from Versailles. Everywhere, rugs of extraordinary tapestry, priceless antiques and recreations, all accumulated by Veronica. "They gonna photograph the place," Ali says, "at one of the magazines. Veronica got taste, don't she?" He says it has cost $750,000 to furnish the house. Upstairs, Veronica's room is pure antebellum southern belle, except that the baby dolls scattered on her bed and along the windows are black. Ali's own bedroom is neat and bare, a stoic's quarters.

"You see," he says, "I don't care 'bout much. Jist a bed and blanket do me fine. Wouldn't care at all if I give it up, and jist take a simple apartment somewhere. Jist stay on the road, helpin' Wallace in the Mooooslem world. Like that St Francis, a, a, what's his name?" Of Assisi, you say. "Yeah, like him. People say I'm broke, but that's jist another lie. Like me takin' drugs. I support eight families, bought homes for 'em all. I don't even know how many kids."

Still upstairs, we move into a vast recreation room, filled with fight posters and other memorabilia. A hand-carved tiger, six feet long, stands in a dark corner, its yellow eyes peering out. "Deng Xiaoping gave it to me," he says. "I liked it, and he say, 'Take it.' Deng's a nice little man. Deng not dead. You know who he is? Leader of China. We standin' on the Great Wall of China one afternoon, jist me, him and his man who speaks English. He ask me how fast do I hit a man, somethin' like that. Faster than a snake's tongue, I say. And I'm showin' him how to jab with his short arms. He only about four and a half feet high. I say my jab used to go out at four thousandths of a second, and he don't know what to say to that, but he laughin' and havin' a good time. Then, he say the strangest thing, somethin' about. . . mountains can't grow any higher, and no matter how much we keep diggin' they don't git any lower. Somethin' like that. Still don't make any sense to me."

"Marvin's a con artist."

From a pile of pictures, you pick out one of Ali with Idi Amin, and Ali opens his eyes wide. "Wasn't he sumpin'," he says. "We're havin' a big dinner at his palace one night. I'm a guest of honor, and there's everything to eat at this table longer than a block, all kinds of people there. We havin' a good time, and he's got a dwarf sittin' next to him, who he's feedin' soup to with a spoon. Then, he suddenly hollers down at the end of the table to me. 'I want to fight the great Muhammad Ali!' he yell. I git to kiddin', say he must've had a nightmare. Then, he goes under his table and comes up with a satchel. Dumps the money right out on the table. 'That's two million dollars,' he say. 'You a champion or a coward?' He wants to fight me six rounds. The guests are oohin' and aahin' at all the money just layin' on top of food on the table. I say no thanks. He gonna kill me if I whup him. I go back to eatin', and then when I look up there he is, pointin' a big gun at me. The whole table's quiet. People startin' to git up. The dwarf scoots away. 'Now, what you say, Muhammad Ali?' he say. You know, I don't curse much, but I say 'Go fuck yourself.' I'm mad and scared at the same time. Nobody at the table now. He holdin' that gun right on me. I can hear my heart, and then suddenly he drop the cannon right in the soup in front of him, and the soup splashes all over his uniform and face, and he let out a laugh that could chase the ghosts away. He sure was a crazy man."

On the way back down to the study, he pauses at the top of the stairs and looks oddly at a $3000 robe that once belonged to Elvis Presley and is now spread nicely on the wall. Beaming and proud, Elvis took it off his back and gave it to Ali backstage one night in Las Vegas; a few nights later, Ali wore it into the ring when he fought Joe Bugner.

"Poor fella," he says, of Elvis. "Everybody dead, it seems. Gettin' kind of creepy, ya know what I mean?"

He's still looking at the robe, when you ask him the question that you have been trying to avoid from the start. He doesn't even look at you, but answers: "Maybe. Could be. Yeah, I believe I got brain damage. I believe so." Just like that, like he's announcing he's got a cold, or an upset stomach.

He turns and walks down the long staircase towards a big Leroy Neiman painting of Cassius Clay with his hands raised toward the sky. So there it is, short and hard: the betrayed meeting the betrayer 20 years later. There is nothing left here of the young Clay who was so obsessed with eluding the sorry cutout of the ring wraith, the broken-down old fighter. "They used him badly," Clay once said of Joe Louis, "and he wasn't too smart and he stayed on too long and now his head's messed up. Fightin's just slavery, and I'm no slave for anybody. You won't see me hangin' on too long, shufflin' around like I don't know where I am." And here is the man — his brain circuits dulled now and bound to get worse — who kept chipping away at his legend and his youthful ideal until there wasn't much left to it.

•

Down in the dim study, Ali goes through his mail, while the racket from the parrots outside fills the room. "I don't know what to do 'bout them," he says of the parrots. "Sometime, they make me think of faraway places, other times they just noise." He looks at a couple of pieces of mail, and tosses them to you. "You can't believe the mail I git," he says. "See that chest over there. I got 27 chests like that filled with mail. People always writin' me." He asks you to read the two letters. One man says he has discovered a chemical for treating burn victims; he wants a million dollars. The other man says he's going to walk around the world and wants Ali to contribute, whatever he can, to Ali's favorite charity. Ali takes the letters back, and scrawls on the envelopes: *Man wants a million. Man wants to walk round the world.* "People in need, sometime I help," he says, picking up the ringing phone.

"Hello, momma," he says, smiling. "How's my beautiful girl?"

"How's your baby, momma?" he says, "Momma, I'm 42 years old."

They talk a while, and he ends by saying "Yeah, momma, I'm all right. I still alive, ain't I?"

Putting down the phone, he says, "She the dearest thing in the world. Always wanted to marry a woman like my momma."

He blows into his cupped hands, and says, with his eyes suddenly drooping, "I git so tired sometime. I git so cold. Let's go over, sit by the fire."

He's quiet for a while, sitting close to the fire, rubbing his hands together. It is comin' down time and you just hope that tomorrow some kid can find the way to his door and ask him to come out and play.

"Why did you go on fighting, Ali?"

He just sits there staring into the flames, the light and shadow playing across his face.

"Everybody do it," he finally says.

"What?"

"Git lost," he says. "I just git lost, that's all."

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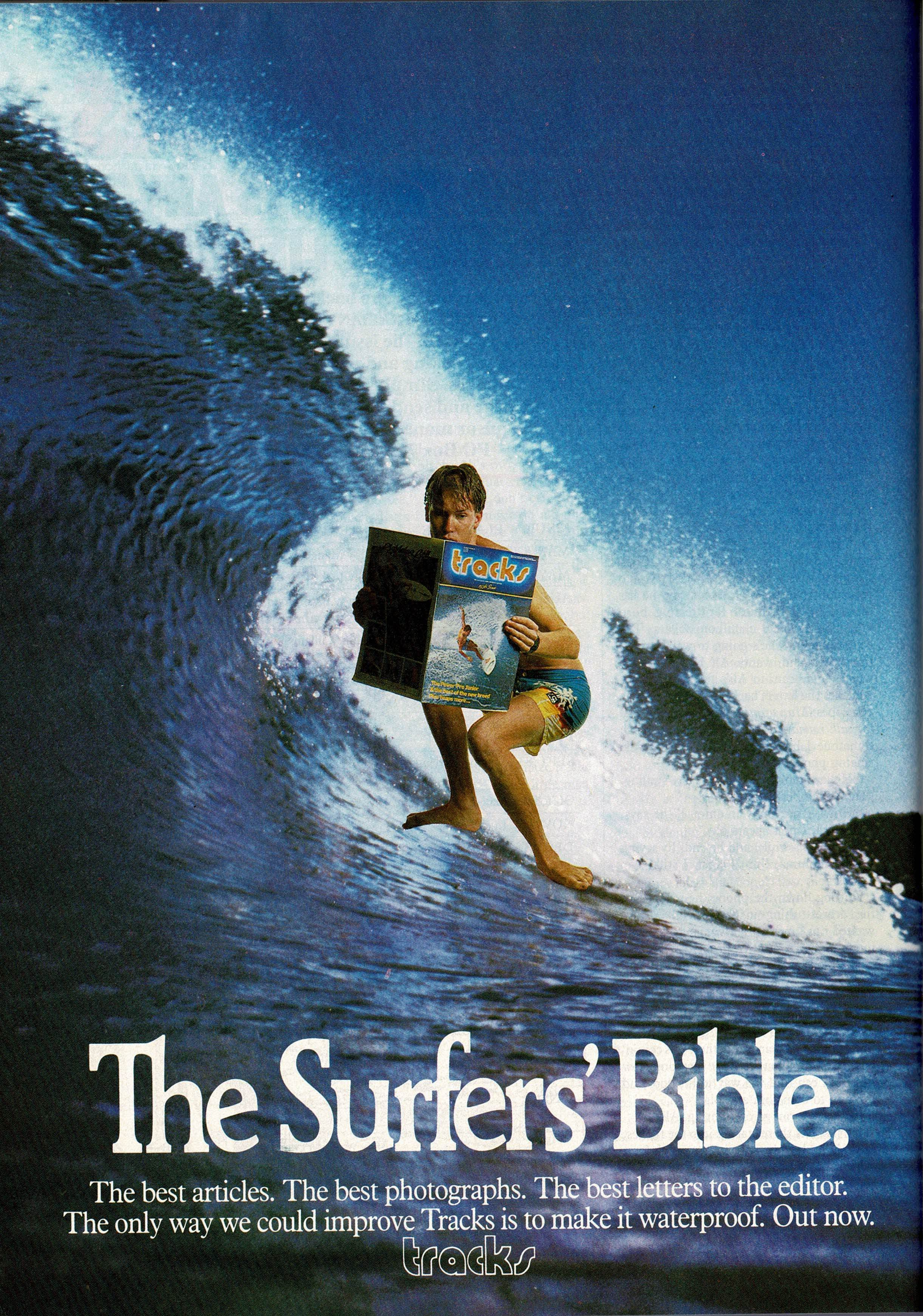
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FARNHAM

(continued from page 35)

I thought that going with LRB would be a good move. And I was absolutely flattered that they came to me.

Girl. When I went into rehearsals I just picked out the longest pair of legs and they happened to be my wife's. We dated through all that time and got married not long after the show finished.

PLAYBOY: How did you propose?

FARNHAM: It's funny you ask, because we were talking about it only the other night. In *Charlie Girl* I had a few entrances and there was one particular stage where I was off-stage for about 15 minutes. The girls' dressing room was downstairs and I used to go down there and talk to Jill. And one night, for some reason — I don't know what made me do it. . . well, I do because it's obvious — but I ran downstairs and asked her to marry me in between my entrances. She said yes and it was on for young and old. The newspapers went crazy, I went crazy, she went crazy, everyone went crazy. It was a very hard period. Ian Meldrum, who I've always felt close to, helped Jillian through all this. She was getting a lot of flak from kids on the phone, and a lot of flak from my manager at the time, Darryl Sambell. She got a lot of flak generally and Ian was fantastic in advising her and helping her through it. She absolutely adores Ian Meldrum.

PLAYBOY: Was there pressure on you not to get married?

FARNHAM: Oh yeah. They saw a buck in me at that time and naturally they figured, which did happen in its way, that the people on my side — I hate calling them fans, it's a rotten word — but that the people on my side might get offside. My marriage offended a lot of people and I still get reminded of it, which is a bit disconcerting. I still get the 18 or 19-year-old girls, *beautiful* girls, coming up to me and saying, "I was a fan of yours when I was four," and married women coming up and saying, "I was a fan of yours when I was 17 and when you got married, my heart got broken." Well, it concerned me that they were upset, but not from a professional point of view in that I was worried I was going to lose my following. But I *honestly* hoped they were going to be happy for me. It sounds naive and I know I get a bit *nice* in saying this, but I honestly wanted them to be happy for me because, Jesus, I was so happy and still am.

PLAYBOY: Another highlight of your career, which also gave you kudos, was your ABC TV series with Debbie Byrne.

FARNHAM: That was fun.

PLAYBOY: What was she like to work with?

FARNHAM: She was great, and I didn't know she was going through all those drug problems because I was totally naive to it. I don't really want to get into that thing about Debbie because that's her story and I think if people let it die, then she's going to be able to cope with it. But if they keep putting it up and throwing it in her face, she's going to keep getting crazy from it which is a real shame.

PLAYBOY: But there *is* an incredible contrast there, where the two of you successfully converged and then you went your way, which was up. But Debbie went right down the tubes in the classic cliche pop-star-takes-the-big-dive: drugs, heroin, Odyssey House.

FARNHAM: This business does start to get on top of you. It kind of takes you over and you can really lose yourself in it and I guess that's what Debbie did. Mind you, she's been in the business since she was 12 and was a very, very big star with the *Young Talent* team and all, and I guess it really mucked her up. I was lucky. I think I stayed a little bit more level-headed. And thank Christ I did, I'm bloody glad I didn't get into that shit. But Debbie was a thorough pro and one of the most talented people, and I really mean this, in the world. She can eat Cher and Liza Minnelli, eat them because she's really alive. She's so talented that it's unbelievable. She really needs someone who can look after her. I couldn't do it, and I don't know who could but it would be great for her.

Talking about Debbie is odd because it reminds me of something someone was saying to me recently. We were in America and I was having a talk with a couple of the road crew and we were discussing this "nice" thing which surrounds me. I told the road crew that I thought about all the geniuses in the world — Edgar Allan Poe and his masochistic tendencies, and Lewis Carroll, a cocaine addict — and it struck me that all these very fine talented people have done all sorts of real weird things to themselves. It really amazes me how they have to be fucked up to be great. I don't know what it is.

PLAYBOY: Your publicity suggests you made an almost instantaneous decision to join LRB. The story goes that you were rung at your beach house at about 1.30 am, that you agreed to attend a band meeting in the city at 10 am, and that afternoon you were already at work in the recording studio as the newest member of LRB. Did you really make such a quick decision to join?

FARNHAM: I got the call and said, yeah. There were rumors going around for almost a year before I joined the band, but there was never any truth in any of those rumors. At least not from my point of view. In fact, when the rumors first began, well, I would never have joined the band then. But later, after I formed the Farnham Band, we took a break. I was off the road for about six weeks to write some songs for the next album, and I was at a beach house in Sorrento. It was there that I got the call and said yeah. I got the call just at the right time. It made me think of what I was doing. I thought to myself that going with LRB would be a good move. And I was absolutely flattered by the fact that they came to me, and, I've been told since, only me. They did consider some other guys, but I was the first guy they contacted. They could have chosen anybody in the world if they had a mind to, so the flattery bit got to me. You'll get me every time with a bit of flattery.

I also thought joining the band would give me exposure in the rest of the world, which couldn't do me any harm. I'd never wanted such exposure before, ever. I don't know whether it was because I was frightened of it, or frightened of failure or whatever, but I'd never had the ambition to do it before. I thought the band would give me exposure and maybe I could impress enough people to make a success of it, so that was it. See, I've got my eye on America. America, like it or hate it, is the bull's-eye. If you ain't made it in America, you ain't made it in the world. The only thing that worries me a little bit is that success over there might alienate people here. That seems to be the track record.

PLAYBOY: Possibly such an attitude might have changed here following the obvious advantages of Men At Work's success.

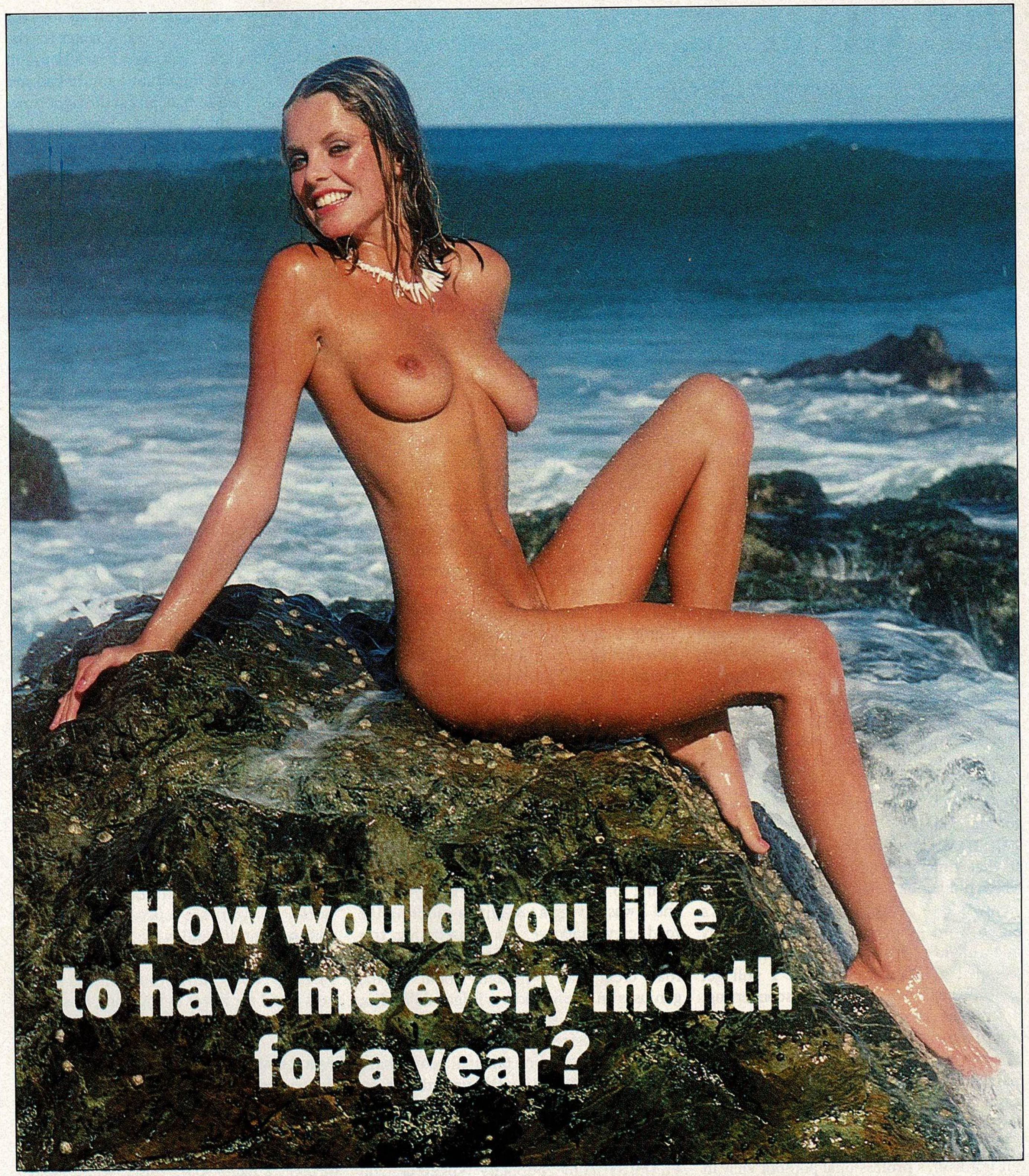
FARNHAM: I don't think people are aware of just how big they are. But people are starting to work against them and they're being rubbished for being successful. I have friends who are successful business people here who have experienced the same thing, and I can't believe it. Elsewhere in the world, if you are successful, you are admired for it, and why the bloody hell should you be pulled down for it?

PLAYBOY: Of course your friends at the rock press are adept at knocking Australian acts who become, in their opinion, I suppose, *too successful.*

FARNHAM: They do that and it's a great shame that they do. One example of how they do it is that I was sitting in this very room with a few of the guys in the band, and a girl from *Rolling Stone* magazine. She said to me, "I liked your album, John," and I said, "Thank you." She said she reviewed it in *Rolling Stone* and I said, "Great." She said, "Did you see it?" and I said, "No, I didn't, I don't buy *Rolling Stone.*" She said she wrote a very good review of it and I thanked her. But then she said she had to tone it down a lot because my image wasn't the *Rolling Stone* image. I nearly jumped off the chair. I thought, Jesus, that's unbelievable. If they're going to write something, let 'em write what they really think or leave it out altogether. Bastards. Still, I guess that's part of the game too.

PLAYBOY: Who's been most helpful to you in your career?

FARNHAM: There have been all sorts of



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people in all sorts of ways. In what way do you mean — professionally or personally?

PLAYBOY: I would presume *professionally* but maybe to you that's not the most important help you've received.

FARNHAM: I've had great patience from the people I've worked with over the years. Darryl Sambell was good in the early days until he believed his publicity. Ian Meldrum was great for me because he taught me a lot. I've never been an ambitious person, never been into Burning Ambition. So Glen Wheatley, I think, has helped me most of all because he is developing in me, through his own peculiar ways, an ambition. I am now starting to get ambitious. I'm starting to want. Jillian has been great because she's so understanding and I don't have to take my work home to her.

PLAYBOY: You said you're not ambitious, or haven't been until recently. Well, you haven't done badly for a bloke who's not ambitious.

FARNHAM: That's what's weird about it. I think one of the things that's helped me most is that I'm prepared to take guidance. I'm not temperamental, I consider myself reasonable, and I'm prepared to take advice. But another big influence on my career was Kenn Brodziak. He helped me a lot in growing up and just getting some professionalism. And the folks, they've backed me up all the way and that's all I can ask for.

PLAYBOY: But *ambition*. You've said you've now acquired it. What *is* your ambition?

FARNHAM: I would like to rip America in half. I'd like to really take it through the mill. I'd love that, not for any other reason but that it's going to support my habit. People rubbish Graham Goble in the band, for example, and they say to him, "Why don't you write songs about Australia?" I get offended when people say that. If you're in any business, and get right down to strippin' all the glitter and tinsel and shit off this business, and it is a business, you know. And whatever business you're in, it's your biggest market that you're after. And if you're not going for the biggest market then I guess you're going to stay where you are. The biggest market for this band is in America — 260 million people have got to hear you sing to them. That's it. And I would really love to take this thing right through the roof. With the degree of professionalism within this band, the things we could do with the proceeds of taking this thing through the roof will be phenomenal. We can indulge ourselves a little, which I don't think there's any harm in. I used to think there was harm in self-indulgence in this business but, oh Jesus, I just think we could do so many things.

PLAYBOY: You said you'd like to make it big in the US to support your habit. I know you weren't referring to drugs, but what habit were you referring to?

FARNHAM: This is a drug to me. I know that sounds cliche'd, and this is going to sound terrible, but I get high on *singing*. It pumps me up, it gets me going and I really get up there. It's an amazing and fantastic feeling. Footballers would get the same feeling. You get in there, and really ready for it and every bastard get out of your way or else they're gonna get flattened. That's the way I feel when I'm out there performing. I really get smashed.

PLAYBOY: Hurricane Farnham?

FARNHAM: Yeah, that's real funny. I loved that. I got shit from the band for it. A friend of mine from Ireland sent me some English news clippings and they described me as the typical Aussie blond tanned macho man. Which I've got pinned up on the bedroom wall for the wife to see. By the way, I've just realised this is the first time I'm going to be able to buy Australian PLAYBOY purely for the articles.

PLAYBOY: You don't normally read it for the articles?

FARNHAM: Bullshit. Oh, no. I buy it for the girls. I always buy it for the girls, but this time I'll buy it for the article. Just make sure the girls are good.

> *I started the Farnham Band and began to get a kick out of what I was doing and I realised I should have taken more interest long ago.*

PLAYBOY: What about getting old. Does that worry you?

FARNHAM: It never used to worry me at all. In fact I couldn't wait to get some lines so people would stop calling me pretty, and I never thought age would worry me. But I was depressed for a week when I hit 30. Now I'm 34 and it doesn't worry me much again. The only thing worrying me about getting old is that there are so many things I want to do within rock'n'roll. Probably, whatever happens, I could always put a three-piece suit on and go back and do some cabaret work, and thoroughly enjoy it while I'm doing it. But there are many things I want to do with this band and on my own, and I ain't got many shots left. I think that's what's given me a bit of ambition too. I sat on my arse for 10 years with Sadie and then I started the Farnham Band and began to get a kick out of what I was doing, and suddenly I realised I should have taken more interest long ago. I never really got involved with what I do. I never used to think about it. I'd go to Sydney and do a week's work there, whip around the clubs, make a lot of money and go home. Never did a thing. Never considered it. Never sat down and wrote a song or tried to play the guitar or trick the piano, nothing. Never thought about what I wanted to do, where I wanted to go, and I guess age has made me think about that.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a nervous breakdown?

FARNHAM: I'm not the nervous breakdown type, touch wood. I don't think. Lots and lots of things go wrong, lots of things worry me, but I've been told I'm a typical Cancer. I'll go to bed and lose sleep over something for three weeks and not do anything about it. But I'm the same with the dentist. I'll have to get a toothache before I go to the dentist. My dentist, Alan Aylett, is a fantastic guy who knows all the dentist jokes in the world, but I got him with two beauties today.

PLAYBOY: For example?

FARNHAM: I asked him how you get a dentist off your back fence. You just make sure your first warning shot goes through his forehead.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll become a "hip" rocker?

FARNHAM: If you're getting right down to it, this is what I would prefer. I would prefer to be on top of the charts rather than, say, be on the front cover of *Rolling Stone*. There's no two ways about that. Think about it — *Rolling Stone* might sell 20,000 copies in this country and all it does really is impress people within the industry, which is okay. But I'm not in the business to impress other singers or other people in the industry. . . I'm in the business to entertain people, and to get as many people on our side as I can, and to get the music across to as many people as I can. All getting in *Rolling Stone* does is give you credibility within the industry fringes. It's a good magazine with some fine writing, but there's also a lot of journalistic bullshit.

Yeah, getting right down to it, people keep coming up to me and saying, oh, about your, ah, image. And sincerely and honestly I've never set out to put across any image. All I did was be neat. Kiss, that's an image. Or the Rolling Stones. They've got their bad boy thing, and I can see Mick Jagger sittin' at home smokin' his pipe goin', "Yeah, they're probably thinking I'm doing the drugs now." Glen Shorrock once said a long time ago, in an interview about the '60s, that all you have to do is to be seen or to look like you were taking drugs. I think a lot of the hip people (*clicks fingers*) are a bit frightened of longevity. They jump on all these weird and wonderful things and they're gone within a year or so. Hip people are frightened of getting caught up with anything that's got any longevity. I love jazz, and I love very "out there" jazz, and all sorts of different stuff. Not a lot of it lasts a long time, but it does for me. I don't know. . . am I making any sense? My teeth are starting to ache. I just had to have this bastard out, and I *hate* the dentist. I'm a big girl when it comes to the dentist. I think it's the feeling I'm most scared of. But about my image, all I do is be neat.

SEX · BETTINA ARNDT

This month, two letters dealing with that most deflating of problems — impotence. It's a sexual problem which plagues thousands of men and an area of sex research in which there have been some exciting recent developments. New discoveries offer hope to impotent men whom, in the past, therapy has failed to help.

My problem is that my erection, although of regular dimensions, is fairly weak. At its hardest it hangs downward, in an arc like a banana. At no time is it so hard that it cannot be bent back on to itself (I cite this only as an example of its condition).

This weak erection compounds my concern about myself sexually. I am of course aware that I can function from a child-producing point of view, but this not the whole point of sex, as I am sure you will agree.

I am 22 years old.

— E.S., NSW.

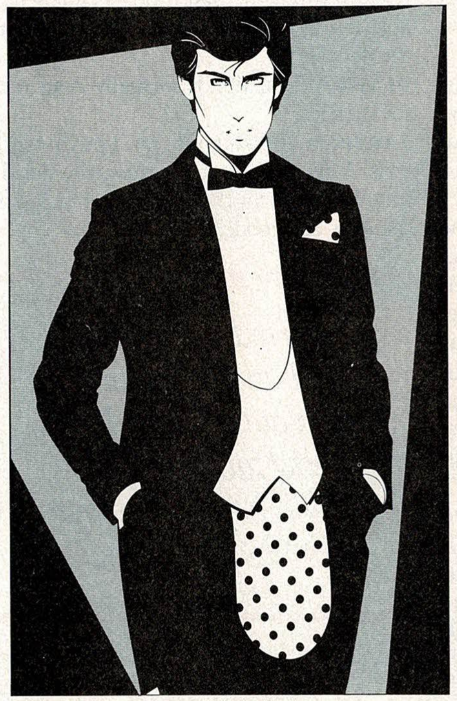
Very recent sex research finally has produced some clues to complex erectile problems such as the one you are experiencing — lack of full rigidity on erection. Until two or three years ago, we knew very little about the causes of erectile failure. It was assumed that most cases of impotence were due to psychological factors — fear, anxiety, tension. New research has now shown that up to 40 or 50 percent of erectile problems have a physical component.

The rigidity problem you describe is, in fact, one of the classic symptoms of a problem in the penile vascular system — that is the flow of blood into, through and out of the penis. Erection is caused by blood flowing into the penis through large penile arteries and a network of smaller arteries. This blood then flows directly into spongy bodies (the corpora cavernosa) which swell and expand causing erection. Finally the blood leaves the penis through a system of veins.

The exact mechanism of erection is not yet understood but we know that during erection there is a constant flow of blood in and out of the penis and the rate of flow is controlled by a hydraulic system involving valves which are operated by both chemical and nervous mechanisms.

Problems can develop in both the inflow and outflow of blood, and it is also possible for abnormal leakages to occur from the spongy bodies — this sometimes accounts for rigidity problems such as the one you describe. The arcing of the penis may also be due to blood flow problems but sometimes scar tissue forms plaques on one surface of the penis causing bending or bowing (Peyronies disease). So it seems possible that something is amiss in your penile vascular system and I would recommend you seek referral to a vascular surgeon specialising in erectile problems. The Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists (ASSERT) will be able to recommend an appropriate person in your area.

The address of this organisation is 21 Carr Street, Coogee, 2034. Tel: (02) 665 6660.



impotence can be the most deflating of problems

I've been reading your article in June PLAYBOY, and in particular your reply to CRB of Qld. While I don't have his problems at all, as my wife couldn't be satisfied by me and finally left after a disastrous marriage, I now have the problem of no erection at all. This state of affairs is preceded by little or no control of a climax.

I'm 27, and have never really had a long, worthwhile and loving sexual relationship. In fact, my life is now a bit of a mess, because being a shift worker, my social opportunities are rather limited. When I do meet someone I like, and I seem to be fairly attractive to women, once in bed with no erection, it's "Goodbye — nice to have met you!" You can imagine what this does to my self-confidence. I think I may have already lost a lady whom I care for very much and want to marry.

My doctor is now giving me a fortnightly injection of a German drug called Primoteston, which I think may just be starting to improve things although I've only had two injections. He also tells me to relax, take it easy, go to bed with a bottle of champagne, and be thoroughly decadent. I will try this of course, as I fully understand what he's getting at.

Some time ago I read in one of your articles of a surgeon in Perth (I think) who does an operation on one's testicles so that it is possible to "pump up" an erection. Would you be kind enough to give me some more details on this, as I feel that if my present treatment fails, I will have to try this solution.

This letter really is a cry for help!

A.A., Qld.

I have a great deal of sympathy for you. It must be very hard to start new relationships after a history of sexual problems leading to a marriage break-up. What worries me most is I suspect your sexual problem has never been given the attention it deserves. It sounds as if you have never been assessed by someone skilled in sexual therapy.

As I have mentioned, the very recent discoveries regarding physical causes of impotence mean that many doctors attempting to help men with erectile problems may well be barking up the wrong tree — offering treatment which has now been shown to be useless. It is very likely that the hormonal treatment your doctor is giving you is *not* appropriate for you. The testosterone injections prescribed by your doctor were very popular in the early '70s when it was thought erectile problems could be due to a hormone deficiency. Recent research, however, has revealed that in most cases these injections have no value, apart from the placebo effect (ie, if you think an injection will make you better *and* your problem is simply due to anxiety, you may stop worrying long enough for your erections to return of their own accord). In *rare* cases, where a blood test reveals a hormone deficiency, testosterone can be an appropriate treatment for impotence.

Your doctor may well be aware of this research and is relying on the placebo effect to work for you. He certainly is assuming your problem is due to anxiety and hence is giving you correct advice in trying to make you relax.

As for the Perth surgery, what you are referring to is penile implant surgery where a surgical prosthesis is inserted into the penis to provide an artificial erection. This operation is fairly readily available in most major cities. There are urologists in Brisbane performing the surgery and recently there have been great improvements in both the design of the available prostheses and the surgical techniques used for the operation. Penile implant originally consisted of semi-rigid silicon rods which are surgically inserted into the spongy bodies of the penis. A newer model contains a silver central rod which allows greater flexibility — the erection can be tucked away when not required. The "pump up" version you mention is a hydraulic system which operates through pumps located in the testicles. This inflatable prosthesis does have a somewhat higher complication rate and is very expensive. The prosthesis alone costs over $9000 (non-refundable!).

The rapid development of new surgical techniques for vascular problems may mean a problem which today is untreatable but tomorrow can be cured. If you have had a surgical implant, the cure may come too late for you. So there's need for caution. But this still may be a good solution if careful assessment shows your erectile problem can't be treated.

LOWDOWN ON ERECTILE FAULTS

And this brings me to important news that is playing havoc with sex therapists' assumptions about impotence and its treatment. In recent years there have been some exciting developments in the diagnosis of erectile problems.

Finally, techniques have been developed which can begin to tease out whether an erectile problem is psychological or if something physical is also throwing a spanner in the works.

In Sydney, much of the research work developing new diagnostic techniques has been conducted by vascular surgeons at the Royal North Shore Hospital. There is a reason for this. Out of the 40 to 50 percent of impotence with some physical basis, in perhaps 30 percent there is a vascular or penile blood flow problem.

The research has unearthed fascinating explanations for some cases of impotence which previously have failed to respond to treatment through normal sex therapy using behavior therapy techniques.

For instance, there are men who are able to gain a perfectly normal erection during foreplay but lose it when they start having intercourse.

The explanation for the loss of erection may be due to the newly discovered "steal syndrome" where movement of the pelvis during intercourse causes blood to be "stolen" from the penis to the moving muscles in the buttocks.

So vascular problems can account for bowing of the penis, lack of full rigidity and loss of erection during intercourse. Other symptoms of penile blood flow problems include an erection where the head of the penis erects but the shaft stays soft or vice versa; bowing of the penis to one side or the other; the non-erect penis may feel cold or change in color; the penis may be slower to erect than usual and never fully rigid; it may be difficult to maintain an erection for any length of time, even in very stimulating circumstances; and finally, a gradual loss of erectile ability may occur over months or years.

Once the source of the vascular problem is located, it is sometimes possible to offer surgical treatment. When disease such as arteriosclerosis has affected large arteries supplying blood to the penis, surgical correction is often possible replacing damaged arteries, cleaning out blockages and widening constricted vessels. At present, if disease has affected the small penile arteries (as may be the case with diabetes, hypertension or polyarteritis), surgical treatment is not yet available. Research is proceeding on revascularisation techniques where grafts from vessels in other parts of the body are used to reconstruct a new blood supply for the penis, but these methods have not yet proved successful. Some of the leakage problems mentioned earlier also can be surgically corrected.

All this research is very new and you may find your doctor is unfamiliar with the latest developments in this area. If you are seeking a referral from your doctor to a specialist, it may help to show him an excellent article which appeared in *Modern Medicine*, (October 1983), titled Vascular Contribution To Erectile Impotence by Warwick Williams and Rodney Lane.

male contraceptive cream here by the 1990s

MALE BIRTH CONTROL?

A man walks into a pub, sits down next to a good-looking woman and opens his shirt. Now this, you will appreciate, is fairly typical behavior for the Aussie male. Except the woman quickly pulls a torch from her handbag and shines it on his chest. Looking for contagious little crustaceans perhaps? Or galloping herpes?

Not exactly. This is 1991 we're talking about. If the bloke's chest glows a light iridescent blue (just the way your hand glows when it's been stamped under a special light for identification by a bouncer in a disco) it means he's got protection.

Nonsense! you cry. No bloke in his right mind is going to let anyone inject him with something that turns him blue. It is something American biologists are working on now that could prove to be an alternative to the vasectomy. Some herald it as the most exciting development in birth control since the discovery of oral sex.

It is a contraceptive ointment blokes rub on their chests that's somehow absorbed into the system. The compound has already been tested on monkeys, has proven highly effective and, most importantly, shown no major side-effects.

Development of the compound has reached the point where researchers are ready to start experiments with human volunteers.

All we have been able to find out so far is that this substance contains both the male hormone, testosterone, and the female hormone, estradiol. The two combined have been found to suppress the body's natural production of testosterone, which stimulates the body to produce sperm. The compound has been 12 years coming, no pun intended. The people working on its development claim it neither reduces the sex drive nor affects potency.

The reason you can't rush around to your corner pharmacy and buy it next week is that another decade of testing will be necessary before it can be safely marketed. Even then, its marketing applications will have to be carefully considered.

The stuff that glows under a special light is just one possibility. How else is a woman to tell if a man has had his daily rub? And what man is going to complain about that daily dose?

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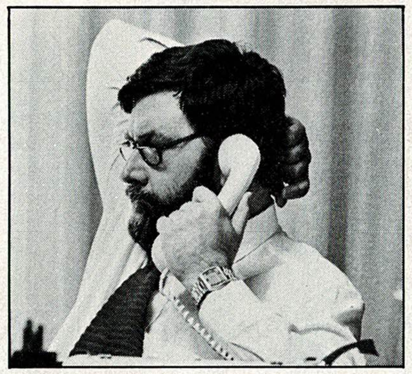

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW — BARRY JONES, INTELLECTUAL HEAVYWEIGHT OF THE FRONT BENCH AND MINISTER FOR SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, TALKS ABOUT THE FUTURE.

MEET AMAZING GRACE, THE THRILLER FROM MANILA, WHO HAS A MUTUAL LOVE AFFAIR WITH SYDNEY.

ENTREPRENEUR'S QUIZ: HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE THE BOSS? HERE'S A QUIZ TO SORT THE CHIEFS FROM THE INDIANS.

CLANCY

(continued from page 108)

It's about BMW standard ride with Ferrari-level handling, so it can hold its own against all comers.

A glass room-divider separates occupants from the engine compartment. The engine is a healthy mother: Dr Clancy wanted bulk grunt, so he picked the only six that he could easily obtain to fit in laterally with its own transmission unit. It came from the Australian Austin Kimberley — not one of the vehicles which stands out in local automotive history as a success story. Nothing wrong with the mill, though. And Clancy gave it a speed needle with the addition of a Garrett TO3 turbocharger. He engineered the draw-through manifolding, fitted a wastegate to eliminate turbo lag and made it boost-adjustable from around four to 14 units.

On a setting of about six, I found it would leave generous rubber samples on the roadway en route to reaching 100km/h in under nine seconds. A good BMW time. Tweak the boost setting, and the watch can be stopped below the eight-second mark, which puts it up with Porsches and the like.

The lusty engine produces around 220bhp and Michael had a brace of final drive units made up to provide anything from drag-racing low-down performance, to 230km/h top-speed cruising. The engine drives a big "air" plant and fat alternator to push the electrical gadgets around, but is fully balanced, and properly cooled with a massive radiator and engine oil cooler. The panavision wrap-around whale tail on the rear provides force-fed airstream for this equipment in the high-pressure areas, and rapid extraction of hot air through the low pressure section.

While the engine has the shove of a jet-fighter and the pulling power of a brace of Clydesdales, it's also the ideal town car. The gearbox can be used like an auto — with two or three serving most traffic congestion, and fourth handling the longer blocks. Driving it downtown, you get a lot of those benign, what-a-nice-little-harmless-gadget looks at the traffic lights, and it's quite satisfying to put them in your rear-view mirror when red changes to green.

The low body height (44in or 112cm) should have made the car a crawl-in cubby-hole, but the swing-up hydraulic doors (like the Lambo Countach) make it an easy drop-in job. And a low body means low centre of gravity, so the thing points into the corners like a racer, and runs around the turns like the Mighty Mouse at the funpark. Some of this is due to a suspension set provided by Lovells (springs/dampers/rollbars) after the car was completed and Michael loves to play with the adjustable Koni shockers and tweakable bars to get really trick handling with sedan-car ride. Right now, it's about BMW standard ride with Ferrari-level handling, so it can hold its ground against all comers. And with a low overall weight (under 2000lb or 900kg), the brakes can stop it in a wink.

It's meant for jet-setters who travel light and fast. When I drove it, there was room for a wallet full of credit cards and a street directory in the cabin. There was a gap between the engine and the rear deck about the size of the boot on a Lambo Countach. Clancy hadn't bothered to fill it in with a compartment at the time. When he does, it will probably be as cramped and hot as the Lambo cubby-hole.

I looked hopefully under the sloping arrow nose. Nothing there. It was full of compartments for the occupants' legs, suspension mechanicals, spare wheel and other utilities. Cute little storage boxes could be made up to fit in odd corners, but Clancy just isn't interested. He's not concerned with developing the project into a space-efficiency exercise for storage, and anyway it's as good as most two-seaters, exotic or practical, with vastly more spacious interior.

Considering that it looks like a million dollars, the car's a bargain at about 10 grand's worth of materials and equipment (discounting man hours of course).

Looks aren't just for styling either. Ford engineers got out their scales and gauged a Cd figure through the wind of around the low .03 mark. World class in other words, and good enough to produce remarkable fuel economy (30mpg — 9.41/100km) moderately driven. It's also practically noiseless (wind) at 160km/h.

In the brief period since it first emerged as a genuine, fire-breathing identity, there have been a long-list of callers and well-wishers. Ford's European engineers and designers have been to see it, and most of the local motoring aficionados have drooled over it. It got its engineering bill of health, and ran smoothly through local (Victorian) registration — one of the toughest in this country. It produces less emissions at the end of its stainless steel exhaust pipe than most emissions-approved factory sedans, and it is designed for the absolute minimum of maintenance and service.

It has one major problem for everyday driving: poor access when parked in the street. Yes, it's practically impossible to push through the crush of people gathered around wherever it stops. It could have become a kerbside comedy piece. Instead it ended up as an automotive masterpiece. And no, there won't be any reproductions. Salute Clancy.

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